JUVENAL'S SIXTEEN SATYRS OR, A SURVEY OF THE Manners and Actions OF MANKIND.

With Arguments, Marginal Notes, and Annotations clearing the obscure places out of the History, Laws and Ceremonies of the *Romans*.

By Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON, Knight.

Ἄπορον πόριμον

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

My very Good Lord,

HENRY

Lord Marqueſs of DORCHESTER,
Earl of KINGSTON, Viſcount NEWARK,
Lord PIERREPONT and MANVERS,
And one of the Lords of His MAJESTIES
moſt Honourable Privy Counſel.

MY LORD,

When your Lordſhip laid your commands upon me to interpret Juvenal, *it was an honour I beheld with fear, having heard of no man that ever had attempted to render him in ours or any other language. But your Lordſhips encouragement tranſported me through all difficulties; And with as much diffidence as I began, with ſo much conſtancy I proceeded, and now aſſume the boldneſs to bring the* Satyriſt, *in my* Engliſh, *to kiſs your Lordſhips hand, from which*

I received him, like an old Roman Coin, *hard to be read, but worthy the pains and ſtudy of our beſt Antiquaries.*

Indeed, if my ability had reached the height of my ambition, I would have dedicated (out of the learning of the Greeks *and* Romans, *wherein your Lordſhip is ſo great a Maſter) not anothers verſe, but my own Proſe: and that of no common ſubject, but ſuch as your Lordſhip daily reads. But it ſhall be happineſs enough for me, after the learned* Authors *of* Sciences *and* Laws *have taken up your* ſerious time, *if the Authour I preſent, may entertain your hours of recreation; which I would not promiſe to my ſelf, but that he* delights *with* profit; *for your Lordſhips* recreations *are more* ſerious *than moſt mens* ſtudies, *your very* mirth *being* obſervations *upon* men *and* buſineſs, *which your Lordſhip knows was the deſign* Juvenal *aimed at, and accompliſhed, to the general benefit of Mankind.*

But the Sun *may ſooner let fall his beams upon a ſolid body, and not caſt off a* ſhadow, *than* merit can *exiſt without* detraction. *No marvel therefore if theſe well-deſerving* Satyrs, *have ſtirred up, againſt their* Authour, *ſome envy, or folly, in all ages. In his own time, the vices he endeavoured to correct, were grown ſtubborn, as he ſayes of the Grammar-ſchollers,* ready to fall upon their Tutour;

tour; *Then his ſtile was held* too clear, *and more than he expreſſed was apprehended, for the guilty have quick ſenſes. Afterward, he appeared* obſcure, *eſpecially to remoter parts, and was looked upon like the* Moon *in an* Eclipſe, *drowned in the ſhadow of a forreign clime, only becauſe they would not take pains to approach his* ſplendour: *as we ſee* De la Cerda *hath lately done, borrowing* light *from* Juvenal, *to clear the* darkneſs *of* Tertullian.

Laſtly, there ſprung up a Sect of formal Stoicks, *little people, that for a few* wanton words (*which was all they underſtood*) *caſt him out of their hands: juſt as a Pigmie ſhould throw away a diamond bigger than himſelf, only becauſe the* tent *it ſtood upon was* black. *To none of theſe exceptions (if my hopes fail me not) will the* Engliſh Juvenal *be liable. For our Nation hath long ſince diſclaimed the* Roman power *and* crimes *together: and ſure no* Engliſhman *will now degenerate, after we have for ſo many ages been delivered from their* bondage, *to confeſs himſelf* ſlave *to their vices, with being troubled at any thing this book contains; And therefore I have made it plain and eaſie; not doubting but the ſame ſharpneſs of wit, that once diſpleaſed the vitious, will be now underſtood with pleaſure by the vertuous Readers. Who may be aſſured, that to* perſpicuity, *I have joyned* modeſty, *or elſe it never had approached your Lordſhips ear: And if*

I could (which is the exception I make againſt m ſelf) have added eloquence, I had then fitted it for your Lordſhips acceptance.

But though I am too much compoſed of earth to aſcend to my deſires, I know your Lordſhip participates ſo much of Heaven, as to deſcend to the acceptance of intentions. Yet when your name (now flying in the breath of every Univerſity) ſhall hereafter be inſcribed in volumes of ſuch language and learning as I wiſh, *thus far my* Dedication *will be happieſt, as being* firſt *authoriſed by your Lordſhip, which I am confident will gain it a general good reception; for the nobleſt will follow your opinion, the reſt your example. But if there be ſome that diſlike my way, becauſe I go not theirs, I ſhall contemn their ſpleen, ſince the judge (from whom no ſcholar will appeal) hath given ſentence in favour of*

Your Lordſhips

Moſt humble Servant,

ROBERT STAPYLTON.

The

The Preface.

IF we pay reſpect (and worthily) to *ſpeculative Authors* that inform the *underſtanding*; how much more is due to *Juvenal*, for inſtructing us in point of *Manners*, teaching the world to *know* and *practiſe virtue*, and perſecuting or (more properly) baiting *Vices* with his *Satyrs*? So that while he delights his *worſt* and *guiltieſt* Readers, like an excellent Phyſitian, he does a cure upon them, by pleaſure opening of the way to benefit: and that good not limited within the narrow bounds of his own age, or climate, but communicated and alike uſeful to all Ages, to all Nations; for the ſad cauſe which he himſelf foretold, *viz.*

Poſterity can no new vices frame,
Our Nephews will but wiſh *and* act *the ſame.*

And if the ſame *nettles* that ſtung his *Latian Shepherds*, over-run our ground; I ſee no reaſon but to him that weeds them out, the ſame honour ſhould be done by us, which *Rome* gratefully returned. But though *Juvenal* failed in his attempt, and was inforced to leave ſins, as he found them, *in præcipiti*, *at their Zenith*, becauſe the *Empire* he endeavoured to reform, was at the *higheſt flood* of *humane proſperity*, but at the *loweſt ebb* of *divine Graces*. Yet I am confident, his ſucceſs will be much better now, when he admoniſhes a *Kingdome* as eminent in *knowledge* as in *Luxury*, where he will from henceforth attend the Noble in their chambers, & the People at Church-doors; that ſuch as have ſcaped the *Preacher*, may fall upon the *Satyriſt*, and then, no doubt but they will reform, if not for *Chriſtian duty*, yet for *ſhame* to be thus *divinely* reproved by a *Heathen*.

I could have wiſhed my Author (that gives us the characters of all degrees and qualities of men) had left us his own character: for certainly his heart wherein the whole world was comprehended, like a *Circle* inſcribed in a *Triangle*, was beſt able to deſcribe it ſelf. But for as much as I conceive it will be expected, my *affection* to him ſhould ſupply what his *modeſty* forbears, I will give you a *draught* of him, as he is repreſented to my judgement.

That

That *Juvenal* was incomparably the best *Satyrist*, the *learned* know, (whose testimonies I shall quote in their due place) nor do I doubt, but the *unlearned* will acknowledge it, when experimentally they find him, by so much more powerfull in *Hexameters* then *Archilochus* in *Iambicks*, by how much it is more difficult, to make evil men *condemn* their *wickedness*, then to *hang themselves*. That he is likewise a rare *Poet*, is testified by his Verse, flowing like a River when the wind breathes gently, *smooth* besides the banks, *strong* in the current, and not inclining to *roughness* but (according to nature) at reaches, windings of design. But this is only *Juvenal's Picture* in *Perspective*, and looked upon at sides; whereas if you view him in a *right line*, you will then behold a true *Philosopher*; not one of those that *dispute* of Virtue and Vice, but that with inimitable *sweetness* of *Language*, and *Majesty* of *Sentences*, sets before our eyes the loveliness of the one, and the deformity and horrour of the other; with all the skill and *perfection* of *Philosophy*. This is my serious opinion; did I say mine? sure 'tis *Plato's* too, if these words be his, Συνέσεως ἄκρας ἐστὶν, φιλοσοφοῦντα μὴ δοκεῖν φιλοσοφεῖν, καὶ παίζοντα διαπράττεσθαι τὰ τῶν σπουδαζόντων. *It is the highest point of science, to be, yet not to seem a Philosopher, and to*

do ſerious things in jeaſt. Where note, that *divine Plato* who declares againſt *Hypocriſie*, and calls it the *greateſt injuſtice* to *appear* juſt, and not to *be* ſo, approves notwithſtanding of this *diſſembled Philoſophy*, by which the vulgar (while they laugh at *folly* made ridiculous by a *Satyr*) are cozened into wiſdome.

Now if (with *Plato*) you confeſs *Juvenal* to be a *Philoſopher*, I hope I ſhall prevail with you to allow him to be a *little obſcure*, at leaſt in *Terms* of *Art*; yet indeed, if he be not *cleer* even in the moſt *difficulteſt places*, you ſhall blame your ſelves, for not peruſing my *Annotations*, to which you are directed. And to incourage you to take that pains, let me aſſure you, he writes no *idle word*, but ſuch as will recompence your ſearch, with the knowledge of ſome ancient *Ceremony*, *Law* or *Hiſtory*. But leſt you think I have *ends* in praiſing him, or that *affection* ſwayes me, I come now (according to promiſe) to quote *unqueſtionable judgements* upon *Juvenal*.

Firſt his Tutour *Quintilian*, in the tenth Book of his *Inſtitutions*, ſpeaking of *Satyriſts*, admires *Lucilius*, praiſes *Horace*, honours *Perſeus*, then adds; *But, after all theſe, we have* Juvenal. A greater elegancy than this, I obſerve not in all the works of that great *Rhetorick-Maſter*, where-

wherewith he marſhals his Scholar then living, in his true place among the *Satyriſts*, that is, *laſt* in time, and *firſt* in merit. *Julius Cæſar Scaliger* goes farther yet, and ſpeaks more plainly; *Perſeus* (ſaies he) *writes an affected Stile, and is phantaſtical, boaſting in an aguiſh kind of Learning; all things elſe he neglected, and being deſirous to be* read, *was yet unwilling to be* underſtood, *though now we underſtand him to a ſyllable.* Whereas *on the contrary*, Juvenal *is neat and clear, and abſolutely the* Prince *of* Satyriſts; *and ſo exact in all he writes, that nothing is liable to the cenſure of the* Criticks. *Then comparing him with* Horace, *he calls* Horace *a* Jeerer, *contented with the title* Sermonum, *of* Diſcourſes; *inſerting ſome* looſe ſentences *in* common talk, *yet* ſtudied; *not regarding his verſe, but ſo he ſpeak pure* Latin, *his care's taken. Whereas in* Juvenal, *all things are quite contrary, he is furious, he aſſaults and kills. His ſtile is extreamly handſome, in which together with the* Roman purity, *he hath the happineſs of excellent connexions. His* verſe *is far above* Horace, *his* ſentences *ſharper, and he ſpeaks things more to the life. At laſt the great* Scaliger *concludes, that* Juvenal *is to be prefer'd before* Horace *by as many degrees, as* Horace *is to be prefer'd before* Lucilius. Which reaſons of *Scaliger*, *I. Lipſius* confirms

firms with these *additionals*. *Who can be displeased* (saies *Lipsius*) *to see* Iuvenal *preferd before* Horace *by* Scaliger *the Father? Who in my opinion, among many the elegant judgements he hath given, never pronounced a greater truth; certainly he passes a just sentence upon* Iuvenal. *In heat, in height, and liberty* (*which is of the essence of a* Satyr) *he goes beyond* Horace; *He touches Vice to the quick, reproves, cries out upon it: Now and then he makes us laugh, but very often mixes bitter stinging jeasts.* And writing to *M. Muret*, *Lipsius* tells him, *that in reading* Iuvenal *publickly, he did well and seasonably, for sure if ever any times needed a Satyr, ours do; and in Satyr, none so fit to rectifie Manners as* Iuvenal. After these learned *Criticks*, it would be presumption for me to speak more of *Juvenal*; only this, I have for my Country's sake taught him our Language, which if you allow him to speak intelligibly and profitably, you may please to naturallize him by your Votes.

The

THE
Life of JUVENAL.

D. JUNIUS JUVENAL *was born (as appears by* Umbricius *his Complement to him, in the close of* Satyr 3*) at* Aquine *in* Campania; *his Father or Foster-Father ('tis uncertain whether) being a rich free-man of that City. In his younger years he layed a regular foundation of His studies, beginning with* Grammar *and the Ferula: Afterwards He applied himself to* Rhetorick *under M.* Fabius Quintilian, *declaming (as* Divæus *hath it) untill He was of middle Age: But finding, his declamatory admonitions to dead* Sylla, *moved the ashes in His Urn, as much as the present successor to His* Dictatorship, Domitian Cæsar; *weary of an Art, that neither had an object in nature for Speculation, nor a subject for Practice, He left the pleasing, but unprofitable fictions of the Orator* Quintilian, *to prosecute the bitter but wholsome truths of the Satyrist* Lucilius; *which He did with an imitation*

tion ſo far beyond his pattern, in all perfections of Learning, Wit, and Judgement, that He read his Satyrs, *not only with the general applauſe of the people of* Rome, *but even his learned* Rhetorick Maſter (*as we may probably collect from his tenth Book of* Inſtitutions) *became a hearer and admirer of his* Poetry: *till the Emperour was moved againſt him by the great man at Court, the Player* Paris, *who had conceived an implacable hatred to* Juvenal, *for falling upon him,* Sat. 7. *where ſpeaking of the* naked *and* empty fame *of* Poets, *he ſayes, rich* Lucan *may be contented with it, but not poor* Saleius Baſſus, *or* Sarranus, *or* Statius *that (notwithſtanding his ſo crowded Poem of the* Theban *War) might have ſtarved, if he had not ſold his new Play of* Agave *to* Paris: (*who doing what the illuſtrious* Camerini *and* Bareæ *would not, or could not do*) *beſtowed the places of Colonels, and Serjeant-Major-Generals upon thoſe that preſented him their Tragedies of* Pelopea *and* Philomela.

This Satyrick Complement *ſealed the Poet a Commiſſion for a Colonels place in* Egypt; *for* Paris *neither able to endure ſo ſharp a wit, nor to accuſe ſo clear an innocence; and ſeeing no way to be even with the Author of this Satyr, but by being himſelf the Author of another, frames a Revenge out of the very ſubject of his anger, beſtowing*

ſtowing upon Iuvenal *a foot Regiment of ſix hundred.* "*An old Manuſcript relates it thus*; "Domitian *diſpleaſed with* JUVENAL *for* "*glancing at his favours to* Paris, *yet not da-* "*ring publickly to doe any thing againſt the* "*man, baniſhed him under the name of an ho-* "*nourable imployment in the wars, making him* "*Præfect of a Cohort bound for* Ægypt. *Where he died with grief to have ſo cruel a State-trick put upon him, as ſome Hiſtorians would perſwade us; but they meaſure his ſtrength by their own weakneſs, not by the large dimenſions of that heart, which delivered ſuch bold and gallant things as his Book records; Convincing likewiſe thoſe ignorant Chronologers: For take notice of the laſt lines of Sat.* 4. *and you will acknowledge, when thoſe were writ,* Domitian *was dead; But if you will have a clearer inſtance, peruſe theſe words in Sat.* 13,

Is this news to one born when *Capito*
Was Conſul, above threeſcore years ago?

Now if you pleaſe to calculate the time, and reckon lx. years from the Conſulſhip of L. Fontelus Capito, *who was Collegue with* C. Vipſanius *under* Nero, *in the year of the foundation of* Rome *eight hundred and twelve, you ſhall find that* Juvenal *not only ſurvived* Domitian, *and the*

ſhort

short reign of Nerva, *but the* 21 *years of that excellent Emperour* Trajan; *and in the second year of* Hadrian, *being* A. V. DCCCLXXII. *he writ Sat.* 13. *to* Calvinus *so that if time (that hath moulder'd to dust the Wonders of the world, burying the very Tomb of* Mausolus) *had left us no other Monument of this* Roman *miracle, but his own Works, they will instruct us, that after his exile he enjoyed his Country, lived long in peaceable and happy times, and died crowned with the* Emblems *of Mortality and Eternity,* Gray Hairs *and* Lawrel.

THE

The first Satyr of JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Authour, by the Wits *misled*
To hear their tedious Poems read,
To be reveng'd, will now reherse,
But scorns the follies of their verse.
For he no bold Romances *writes,*
No fables *of the* Gods *recites,*
His Subject is man's horrid Crimes,
His End to disabuse the Times.

SHall I *but* hear still? never quit the score?
Vext with hoars a *Codrus Theseids* o're & o're?
Shall he unpunisht read to me long Plays?
He elegies? huge (*b*) *Telephus* whole days
Unpunisht spend? or vast (*c*) *Orestes*, writ
Oth' sides, indors'd too, and not finisht yet?
No man his own house better knows, then I
The (*d*) Grove of *Mars* and (*e*) *Vulcan*'s *Grotto*, nigh
Th'(*f*) *Æolian* Cliffs: what stirs the winds, What pains
(*g*) *Æacus* inflicts on souls, What (*h*) *thief* obtains
The Golden Fleece, What fair Yong-ashes fly (cry,
From (*i*) *Centaurs* hands; these (*k*) *Fronto*'s plane-trees
And Marble pillars with *fierce reading* burst,
Y'have these from the best Poets, and the worst.
We therefore from the (*l*) *Ferula* have took
Our hand, and those (*m*) *vain Hortatives* forsook,

The Wits or small Poets with their volums of Romances, Plays, &c.

Pulms Trees and Pillars split with reading of strong lines.

Wherein we counsell'd *Syllæ* to become
A private man and sleep secure at home,
Since most you meet are Poets, to forbear
Paper that must be spoil'd, fond pitty, there.
Juvenals reasons why he writes *Satyrs*.
But why the great (*n*) *Auruncan*'s way we go,
If you're at leisure, and dispos'd, wee'l show.
When the soft Eunuch marries, (*o*) *Maevia* goars,
Bare-breasted, with her Spear the *Thuscan* boars.
When all the *Senat*'s wealth's out-vi'd (*p*) by one,
Who to my youthful beard, offensive growne,
Correction with his nimble sizzers gave.
When part of *Nile*'s slime, that *Canopian* slave
A slave made a favorite.
(*q*) *Crispinus* flaunts it in his (*r*) purple cloke,
Which flying back, his shoulders still revoke;
A Summer-*hoop* his sweaty fingers swing,
Nor brooks a heavier stone should *load* his Ring.
'Tis hard, not to write Satyrs: for what's he
Of such a stupid patience, as to be
By this corrupted *City* so controll'd?
Or who so made of *Iron* that can hold?
When, fill'd with's own bulk, in his new Sedan
A lazy Lawyer.
(*s*) *Matho* the Lawyer comes; and then (*t*) the man
That his great friend accus'd, and will the rest
O'th' spar'd Nobility e're long digest;
The petty-Informers fear the great ones.
Whom (*u*) *Massa* fears, *Carus* with gifts attends,
And *Thymile*, her aw'd *Latinus* sends.
When they shall justle thee out of thy right,
That labour for their Legacies by night,
The bounty of lust.
Whom (th'easiest rise) to Heav'n th'old Lady heaves;
To *Proculeius* one poor (*w*) ounce she leaves,
To *Gill* eleven, each hath his weight and measure,
Heir to her wealth, as he advanc'd her pleasure;
The *price* of his bloud wasted let him take,
And turn as *pale*, as he that on a Snake
With naked feet improvidently treads,
Or he in (*x*) *Lions* who at the *Altar* pleads.
A wicked Guardian.
What fury, think you, my parcht liver boils,
When with his train the people's walk *he* spoils,
That robb'd the Orphane, buggar'd now? When this
Condemn'd by Senate but not *punish'd* is?

For

For what's the harm that infamy can do,
The purse safe? th'exile (y) *Marius* quaffs from two, An unjust Governor.
Of th' *angry gods* he hath a *blessing* won,
But thou, *victorious Province*, art *undone.*
Are not these, *Horace*, worthy of thy Muse?
Shall I wave these? what should I rather chuse? The subjects the *Wits* write on.
The Tale of (x) *Diomed*? or (a) *Hercules*?
The (b) *Minotaur*? the (c) boy that in the Seas
Dy'd fluttring? or the (d) man of Art that flies?
When the adulterers goods, which Law denies (e)
The Wife should have, are by her husband took,
The Pimp her husband, that is taught to look, A mercenary Wittal.
Up at the seeling, and ore's liquor showes
The trick of sleeping with a (f) waking nose.
When for a Regiment of foot (g) he stands A Spend-thrift suiter for a Regiment.
Whose *stable* hath devour'd his *house* and *lands*,
That has not left of's father's wealth to lay
One wager, whilst in the (h) *Flaminian* way
So flyingly he whirles his Chariot on;
Nay when he was the (i) *Boy-Automedon*,
He held the rains, and to his mantled Love
Brag'd what a Chariot-driver he should prove.
Would it not make one Tomes with Satyrs fill
In high ways? when that (k) *forger* of the *will*, A voluminous Will-forger.
Born upon six men's shoulders (on both sides
The curtains tuckt up, windows open) rides
Lolling (l) *Maecenas*-like; a blessed Rise,
Got by moist wax and parchment in a trice.
Ther's the great Lady that, for *rich wine*, brought A Lady-Poysoner.
Her thirsty Husband *poison*, and hath taught
(Subtler (m) *Locusta*) her rude neighbours how
Through *fame* and *men* to bear *black corpses* now.
Do, what short (n) Gyarus *or chains deserves,*
If that's be made by't: Virtue's prais'd, but starves. Vice depress & vice flourishing.
'Tis Vice to which their *Palaces* they owe,
Fair Gardens, Tables, and that goodly show
Of Plate which on those Tables they set up,
And Silver Goat that stands without the Cup.
For Fathers-in-Law that covetous Daughters keep,
Men-Brides & loose yong Gallants (o); who can sleep?

If nature will not, ſcorn a verſe indites,
Such ſtuff as I, or *(p) Cluvienus* writes.
E're ſince *(q) Deucalion* ſail'd the ſhowre-ſwoln flood,
To th'Oracle that on *Parnaſſus* ſtood,
Since in ſoft ſtones a warm ſoul gently flow'd,
And naked *maids* to *men* wife *Pyrrha* ſhow'd:
what men do, their hopes, fears, diſtaſtes, contents,
Sports, words, this rhapſody our Book preſents.
And when was known more fruitfulneſs in Vice?
When avarice ſo powerful? when the dice
In ſuch requeſt? *nor do our gameſters lay*
Their purſes down, but ſet their trunks at play.
What Battails their arms-bearing Stewards fight
You ſee; and do you think his ſenſes right,
Can at one throw eight hundred pieces loſe,
Nor pays his ſhiv'ring man the coat he owes?
Who built ſo many *(r) villa's*? when was't known
Our Fathers with ſeven Courſes ſupt *alone*?
A *(s) little Basket* now before the door
They ſet forth, to be ſcrambled by the Poor.
But firſt he views your face, for fear you crave
By ſome falſe name; if known, your alms you have.
Our *(t)* ancient *Trojans* ſummon'd are aloud,
For they themſelves with us the threſhold croud.
Give to the *(v) Pretor*, give the *(w) Tribune*; hold,
The *(x)* Freed-man, I came firſt, and will be bold
To keep my place, why not? though neighbour born
Unto *Euphrates*, as theſe ear-mark's torn,
Like caſements, would confeſs, though I deny.
Five houſes worth three thouſand pound have I,
To make a *(y)* Gentleman what more's requir'd?
Is not illuſtrious *Corvinus (z)* hir'd
To keep ſheep neer *Laurentum*? I've attain'd
More wealth then ere the *freed-man (a) Pallas* gain'd;
The *(b) Licini* ne're knew ſo great a ſumme;
Then let the *Tribunes* ſtay, *let wealth o're-come,*
And *ſacred honour* yield to *him*, whoſe feet
Chalk'd o're for ſale, did firſt our pavement greet.
For here, to mony's Majeſty we yield
Divine reſpects; though, fatal gold, we build

Juvenals ſubject is the *actions* of *men.*

Avarice the cauſe of gameing.

Superfluous Country houſes. Rich ſupperswithout gueſts. The *Sportula* or Alms basket.

The Nobility of *Rome* come to the Sportula.

Wealth conteſting with Honour for precedency.

The ſum that makes a Gent. by *Otho's* law.

Monies divinity.

To

To thee no Temples yet, though silver hath
No Altars like to those of Vertue, Faith,
Peace, Victory, and (c) *Concord* that so creaks,
When to the Stork her nest a welcome speaks.
But in their years accounts when our great men
Th'*Almes-basket* sum, what may their (d) *Clients* then?
Whose old shoes hang here, there a kind of cloak,
And nothing else ith'house but bread and smoak.
Sedan-fulls for these *hundred farthings* throng,
Pale or big-belly'd wives are took along,
He begs for th'absent, a slie trick, now known,
An empty close-chair for his wife is shown.
My *Galla's* here, dispatch her, why dost stay?
Let's see her? she sleeps, trouble'r not, I pray.
The day's spent rarely, first th'*Almes-basket*'s vext,
The (e) *forum*, (f) Councellour *Apollo* next,
And our *triumphal Marbles*, where I mark,
One stil'd th'(g) *Ægyptian* Prince or th'*Arabarch*.
Of whom I know no more but onely this,
You may against his statue *more* then piss.
Th'old Clients *tyr'd*, march from their Patrons gate,
Where they long time did for (h) a supper waite;
But now lay down that flattering desire,
Vain hopes of men! they must buy *roots* and *fire*.
Mean time their *Prince* hath serv'd up to his board
All rarities the Seas and Woods afford:
On's empty Beds his ease he only takes,
And of so *many* 'old fair large *Tables*, makes
His choice of *one*, to hold his various meats,
And there alone his Patrimony eats:
He'll not allow the *Parasite* a place.
Who can indure a Luxury so base?
Strange Ravin to ingross *whole* (i) *Boars*, a beast
That onely was created for a feast?
But swift's thy plague, when, swelling and undrest,
Thou bath'st *crude* (k) *peacock* which thou'lt ne're (digest.
Thus *youth* untimely, *age* intestate dies,
News, not sad news, to every table flies,
And at these fun'rals ev'n their (l) angry friends
Applaud the justice of such fearful ends.

Great men reckon their comings in by the Sportuls.

Chears put upon the Sportuls.

The statue of a Slave set up with *Apollo*.

Ancient Reteiners sent away while their Lords feast alone.

The parasite not admitted.

The end of Gluttony.

Vice in her height.

Posterity can no new vices frame,
Our Nephews will but wish and act the same.
All sins are at their zenith. Muse, away,
Hoist sail, spread all thy Canvass. *Poet* stay,
Poesies freedom lost.
Wher's *wit* to suit the *matter?* wher's th'old kind
Of writing whatsoever vext the mind?
That *liberty*, whose *name* we scarse dare use?
All's one, if (*m*) *Mutius* cavil, or excuse.
No medling with a living favourite.
Touch (*n*) Tigillinus; *and thou shalt expire,*
Wrapt up in pitch and flax, and set on fire,
The description of the *Christians* martyrdom.
Like (*o*) those with propt-up throats, that smoaking
Who dragg'd to execution, plough'd the sand.
Whil'st *he* that poisoned his three uncles, born
On's *pendent couch*, thy death shall laugh to scorn.
Cave adest. Ware the Informer.
If he come, lay thy finger o're thy lips,
Th'informer catches the least word that slips.
The dead to writ on security
Æneas thou mayest safely bring to fight
With furious (*p*) *Turnus*, and move no mans spight;
(*q*) *Achilles* slain hurts no one; (*r*) *Hylas* gone
After his broken pitcher, troubles none.
danger *atyrist*, natures times
But when *Lucilius*, as with brandisht steel,
Prints his *hot* fury, *he whose spirits feel*
Cold guilt, his crimes lay'd open blushing bears,
His conscious entrails sweat; hence *rage* and *tears.*
These things before the trumpet sounds debate,
The plumed combatant repents too late.
Well then, I'le try what we of those may say,
Interr'd ith' (*s*) *Latine* and *Flaminian* way.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The first* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 2. Hoarſe *Codrus Theſeids*] The *Theſeids* were Books of Chevalry, containing the valiant acts of *Theſeus* of *Athens* writ in heroick Verſe by the Poet *Codrus*, a tedious reader of them, as appears by his hoarſneſs; and a miſerable poor man, as you may ſee by his Inventory, Satyr 3. verſe 237.

(b) Verſe 4. *Telephus*] The Tragedy of *Telephus*, who (being dangerouſly hurt in the left thigh by *Achilles*) had this anſwer from the Oracle, that there was no hope of his recovery but by receiving a new wound in the ſame place by the ſame ſpear, or to procure the ruſt thereof, which weapon-ſalve or magnetick application cured him.

(c) Verſe 5. *Oreſtes*] The Tragedy of *Oreſtes* ſon of *Agamemnon*, who to revenge his fathers death ſlew his mother *Clytemneſtra*, puniſhing her ſins of Adultery and Murder with his ſin of Matricide, for which the Furies haunted him.

(d) Verſe 8. The Grove of *Mars*] The Grove in *Alba* where the Woolf gave ſuck to the two ſons of *Mars*, *Romulus* and *Rhemus*.

(e) Verſe 8. *Vulcan*'s *Grotto*] The ſulphurous womb of the Mountain *Ætna*, where it was believed that *Vulcan* hammered out his thunderbolts, making the ſparks flie into the adjacent Countries.

(f) Verſe 9. Th' *Æolian* Cliffs] The *Liparene* Rocks, right againſt *Ætna* in the *Tyrrhene* ſea, where *Æolus* (ſuppoſed God of the winds) firſt arrived, who afterwards reigned in *Strongyle*, one of the *Liparene* Iſlands.

(g) Verſe 10. *Æacus* inflicts] one of the three juſt infernal Judges, whoſe office was to ſee juſtice executed, *Rhadamanthus* being appointed to make the inqueſt, and *Minos* to pronounce ſentence.

(h) Verſe 10. What Thief] *Jaſon*, who aſſiſted by *Medea*'s charms, lay'd the Dragon in a ſleep, while he ſtole the golden Fleece from *Cholcis*.

(i) Verſ. 12. *Centaures*] *Theſſalians*, who being the firſt Horſe-men were fabled by the *Poets* (or perhaps by the fear of their enemies the *Lapythæ*) to be half Men, half Horſes, and to caſt young Aſhes pluckt up by the roots for Javelins.

(k) Verſe 12. *Fronto*] *Julius Fronto*, a noble *Roman*, Who in the heat of *Auguſt*, when the Poets uſed to read their works, accommodated them with ſhady Walks and marble Galleries.

(l) Verſe 15. The *Ferula*] the trivial exerciſes of ſchool-boys corrected with the *Ferula*.

(m) Verſe 16. Vain Hortatives] Rhetorical Declamations, whoſe commoneſt Theme was to adviſe *Sylla* to lay down the ſoveraign power of his *Dictatorſhip*, and to end his days in a retired quietneſs.

(n) Verſe 21. *Auruncan*] *Lucilius*, the firſt *Latin Satyriſt*, born at *Aurunca* a Town built by *Anſon* ſon of *Ulyſſes* and *Calypſo*, of whom that part of *Italy* where *Beneventum* and *Cales* ſtood, was called *Auſonia*.

(o) Verſe 23. *Mœvia*] a *Roman Amazon* a She-fencer, that on the Stage play'd her prize againſt the *Tuſcan* Boars, which were the fierceſt in *Italy*.

(p) Verſ. 25. By one] *Cinnamus* the Barber, who was raiſed to the fortunes of a *Roman* gentleman by the bounty of his Miſtris, and afterwards baniſht to *Sicily*.

(q) Verſe 29. *Criſpinus*] *Nero*'s freedman, of whoſe advancement, and demeanour therein, read the beginning of the fourth Satyr.

(r) Verſ. 29. Purple Cloak] Purple of *Tyre*, a colour worn by the *Roman* Gentry and Nobility.

(s) Verſ. 38. *Matho*] One that of a *poor Lawyer*, by the favour of *Domitian Cæſar*, was become a rich informer.

(t) Verſe 38. The man] *Ægnatius Celer* the Stoick, who

who accuſed his Pupil *Bareas* as you may ſee in the third Satyr, verſe 139.

(*u*) Verſe 41. *Maſſa*] *Maſſa*, *Carus*, and *Latinus*, were Stage-players, and Informers to *Domitian*, but all of them poor rogues in compariſon of *Ægnatius*, as you may ſee by *Latinus* his ſerious part acted at Court, which was to preſent his own wife *Thymile* for a bribe to the *Stoick*.

(*w*) Verſe 46. One poor ounce] The Inheritance, by the Civil Law, is divided into twelve parts called ounces; the abſolute Heyre to all is called *hæres ex aſſe*, the firſt named in the Will *Hæres primæ ceræ*, a Legatee *hæres in ima cera*.

(*x*) Verſe 52. in *Lions*] *Cæſar Caligula* inſtituted certain exerciſes at *Lions* in *France*, where the beſt Orator had a royal Donative, which the vanquiſhed were to preſent him or elſe to eat their own Orations, or in default of ſuch obedience to be drowned.

(*y*) Verſe 58. Th'exile *Marius* Quaffes from two] *Marius Priſcus* Proconſul of *Africa* being complained againſt by the *Africans* for his extortion and plain plundering of them in his government (for he ſtript them almoſt to their very ſhirts) was for his ſaid inſufferable miſdemeanours baniſhed *Italy*, and fined at 7000 Seſtercii to be paid into the Exchequer. The *poor Provincè*, having this ſentence paſſed in their behalf, received no benefit by it; but the condition of *Marius* was much bettered, who went away with a vaſt ſumme of their money, and in his baniſhment (according to the cuſtom of the barbarous Nations) began his riotous feaſting earlier, drinking from the eighth hour, that is, from our two a Clock in the afternoon, which was the hour wherein at *Rome* he uſed onely to go into his Bath to prepare his body for a ſupper.

(*z*) Verſe 63. *Diomed*] The Romance of *Diomed* is, that it was his fortune in a Duel with *Æneas* to wound *Venus*, who was come to aſſiſt her ſon: in revenge whereof *Venus* cauſed *Ægialia Diomed*'s Wife to fall in love with *Sthenelus*, who laying an ambuſh for her husband as he returned from the Siege of *Troy* routed him, his men

men flying to the Sea, where they found wings, being transformed into Birds.

(a) Verſe 63. *Hercules*] The ſon of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, upon whom the twelve famous labours were impoſed by his cruel Stepmother *Juno*.

(b) Verſe 64. The *Minotaur*] Half Man, half Bull, the monſtrous birth of King *Minos* his Queen *Paſiphae*, who took the Bull in a cow of wood made by the art of *Dædalus*. *Sic Græcia vera.*

(c) Verſe 64. The boy that in the Seas] *Icarus*, who fell head-long (his waxen wings being melted with his ambitious flight) and was drowned in the Sea.

(d) Verſe 65. The man of Art] *Dædalus*, who (being with his ſon *Icarus* impriſoned by *Minos* of *Crete* in the ſame Labyrinth where the *Minotaur* was) invented wings for his own and his ſon's eſcape, and lighted at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where he put off his feathers, as you may read in the third Satyr, verſe 30.

(e) Verſe 66. Law denies] Adultereſſes were by *Domitian* made uncapable of inheritance, and of uſing cloſe Chairs or Sedans.

(f) Verſe 70. waking noſe] The Pimp, perhaps *Latinus*, making as if he ſnored while *Æquatius* kis'd his Wife.

(g) Verſe 71. He ſtands] *Fuſcus*, who having ſpent all the Eſtate left him by his noble Anceſtors in horſe-races, and Chariot-matches, made ſuit to have a Regiment or Cohort which contained three Maniples, every Maniple two Centuries, every Century one hundred men.

(h) Verſ. 74. In the *Flaminian* way] A high-way from *Rome*, where they uſed to ride their Coach-matches, and by the ſides whereof were placed divers urns and monuments of the *Romans*.

(i) Verſe 76. The Boy *Automedon*] *Automedon* was Coachman to *Achilles*, and when *Fuſcus* was but the Boy-*Automedon*, before he was able to drive a Chariot, yet to ſhew his love to that art, of which the Ladies were ſo enamoured, he would hold the reins and diſcourſe to his Miſtriſs in the Coach.

(k) Verſe

(k) Verſe 80. Forger of the will] *Tigellinus*, one of *Domitian*'s favourite-Informers, who poiſoned three of his Unckles (as you ſhall read in the end of this *Satyr*) and forged *Wills* wherein he made himſelf Heir to them all.

(l) Verſe 83. *Mecœnas*-like] *Mecœnas* was ſo great a Patron to the Poets, that now his very name ſignifies a favourer of learning, and (as it appears by this alluſion) it may likewiſe ſignifie a voluptuary.

(m) Verſe 87. *Locuſta*] A woman ſo expert in the art of impoiſoning, that being chid by *Nero* for dealing gently with *Britannicus*, ſhe gave him a doſe that killed him at Supper, before the Boul wherein he drank it was taken from his hand.

(n) Verſe 89. *Gyarus*] One of the narroweſt of the *Cyclades* Iſlands, in the *Ægean* Sea, to which the *Romans* uſed to baniſh their greateſt Delinquents.

(o) Verſe 94. *Gallants*] The young Nobility of *Rome*, called Prætextati of the Prætexta (or gown imbrodered about with gards of purple ſilk) whereof until they were deveſted they could not be arreigned by Law.

(p) Verſe 96. *Cluvienus*] an unlearned Poet, contemporary with the Authour.

(q) Verſe 97. E're ſince *Deucalion*] Ever ſince the beginning of the world after *Deucalion*'s Flood, when landing on the top of the Mountain *Parnaſſus*, his Wife *Pyrrha* was adviſed by the Oracle of *Themis* to caſt ſtones over her ſhoulder for the reſtoring of mankind.

(r) Verſe 111. *Villa's*] Country-houſes.

(s) Verſe 113. A little Basket] The *Sportula* or little Basket ſometimes contained only mony, as in this place, and then the Patron was at the coſt of one hundred farthings to entertain his Clients, and ſometimes the *Sportula* was enlarged into a pannier wherein there was meat for a hundred Clients, as you may read in the third Satyr, verſ. 289.

(t) Verſe 117. Our ancient *Trojans*] The old *Romans*, derived their Pedigrees from *Trojan Æneas*.

(u) Verſe 119. The Prætor] an Officer in the nature of our chief Juſtice.

(w) Verſ.

(w) V. 119. The Tribune] The *Tribunes* of the people from the number of *two* in their first institution, afterwards increased to ten; they were Protectors of the people, they sate at the door of the Senate, they were the grand Jury to inform the Lords; no act could pass unless they subscribed it with a *T*; but themselves had not authority to make an act, notwithstanding in process of time they usurped such a power.

(x) V. 120. The freedman's first] These are the words of *Crispinus*, or of some other freed-man born either in *Cappadocia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Assyria*, or *Arabia*, for the River *Euphrates* runs through all those Countries.

(y) Vers. 125. To make a Gentleman] four hundred *Sestertia* or 3125 l. or thereabout, was the *census equestris*, or estate of a *Gentleman* of *Rome*; a *freed-man* that had so much might challenge all the priviledges belonging to the *Gentry*; and a *Gentleman* that had less, could not legally so much as sit on the Benches and Cushions in the *Circus* or great Show-place, as you see in the third Satyr, vers. 183.

(z) V. 126. *Corvinus*] A Gentleman of the Noble Family of the *Corvini* grown so extreamly poor, that he was inforced to be a Shepherd's man neer to the Town of *Laurentum* in his own native Climate.

(a) Verse 128. *Pallas*] The wealthy freed-man of *Claudius Cæsar*.

(b) V. 129. The *Licini*] *Licinus* (freed-man to *Augustus*) having *Gallia* given him for his Province, extorted an infinite mass of money out of the *French*. It seems there were more rich freed-men of that name.

(c) V. 137. Concord that so creaks] There was a Storks nest in the Temple of *Concord*, where still when the old Bird returned to feed her young ones, they opened their harsh ill-sounding throats to entertain her.

(d) Vers. 140. Their Clients] The Clients had relation to some of the Nobility as their Patrons. The Patron was obliged in honour to protect his Client; the Client, besides his attendance in publike, was bound by Law to contribute towards their Patrons Assessements, and the Marriages of his Daughters, and if any Client was pro-

ved

ved to be unfaithful to his Patron, to inform, depoſe, or give his vote *againſt* him, or *for* his enemy, he was for ſuch Treaſon devoted to the infernal gods, or accurſed by the Prieſt, and out-law'd by the Judge, ſo that it was lawful for any man to kill him.

(*e*) Verſe 150. The *Forum*] Where the Hall and Courts of Juſtice were, whether the Client waited upon his Patron.

(*f*) Verſ. 150. Councellour *Apollo*] Neer to whoſe Temple the Judges ſate.

(*g*) V. 152. Th'*Ægyptian* Prince or th'*Arabarch*] among the monuments of the noble *Romans* was placed the Statue of the aforenamed *Canopian* ſlave *Criſpinus* inſcribed *Arabarch* or Prince of the *Arabians*.

(*h*) Verſe 156. For a Supper] The Supper anciently beſtowed upon the Clients was called a plain Supper, or *Cæna recta*, to diſtinguiſh it from their Patrons, *Cæna dubia*, or doubtful ſupper, where was ſuch choice of diſhes as made the gueſt a skeptick at his meat, *doubting* where to begin.

(*i*) Verſ. 167. Whole Boars] The firſt that brought up this faſhion of having Boars ſerved whole to the table was *P. Servillius Rullus*.

(*k*) Verſe 170. Crude Peacock] The Peacocks fleſh (if we believe the authority of Saint *Auguſtine*) putrefieth not at all; no marvel therefore if it were raw upon the gluttons ſtomach when he went into his bath again to prepare himſelf for another meal. *Hortentius* the Augur firſt brought Peacock in eſtimation at the *Roman* feaſts.

(*l*) Verſe 173. Their angry friends] they could not chuſe but be vext at the loſs of the Legacies they might have had, if their friends *gluttony* had ſuffered them to make their *will*.

(*m*) Verſe 182. *Mutius*] A poor knave, perſecuted by *Lucilius* in his *Satyrs*.

(*n*) Verſ 183. *Tigellinus*] A Favourite to the Emperour *Domitian*, that made himſelf heir to three of his Uncles by forging of their Wills as aforeſaid.

(*o*) V. 185. Like thoſe] *Chriſtians*, of whoſe bodies

Nero

Nero made bonefires, uſing them as he had done *Rome*, whoſe ſetting on fire he charged them withal.

(*p*) Verſe 192. *Turnus*] The General of the *Rutilians*, who fought a ſingle combate with *Æneas*, and was inraged with his own Patroneſs *Juno*, becauſe ſhe took him away, and would not ſuffer him to make an end.

(*q*) Verſe 193. *Achilles* ſlain hurts no one] who before *Paris* ſhot him in the heel, was ſo terrible to the *Trojans*, and ſo vexatious even to *Agamemnon* himſelf.

(*r*) Verſe 193. *Hylas*] A delicate boy, favourite to *Hercules*, who ſending him to fetch freſh water from the river *Aſcanius*, the poor Boy's pitcher broke into the ſtream, and drew him after it, where he was drowned.

(*s*) Verſe 202. *Latin* and *Flaminian* way] High ways neer *Rome* full of Monuments of the deceaſed, as aforeſaid.

The second Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Men are not what their looks aver,
Ther's vice ith' grave Philosopher.
The Judge the bench'es honour stains,
The Priest his holy rites prophanes.
The armed General paints his face:
The nobly-born foul acts debase.
The cause is, none but Children now
A Hell for wicked souls allow.

BEyond (*a*) *Sarmatia*, and the (*b*) frozen sea,
My self I hence could willingly convey.
Upon our manners when their boldness calls — Hypocrite reformers.
That *speak* like (*c*) *Cunii*, *live* like (*e*) *Bacchæ*-
Th'*unlearn'd* first, though (*f*) *Cryssippus* statues be *nals*. — Philosophers pictures studied, not their books.
In all their studies, for a rare man's he
Th'effigies of (*g*) *Pittacus* can get,
Or purchase (*h*) *Aristotle*'s Counterfeit.
And bids (*i*) *Cleanthes*, drawn by a master's hand,
There, as his grave Library keeper stand.
No trust to faces. For what street but fills
With reverend vices? thou rebuk'st our ills,
When thou thy self art known to be so right,
So perfect a (*k*) *Socratick* Catamite.
Indeed, rough hairy limbs and arms that bear
Such stiffened bristles, promise minds severe.

But

But from their ſmooth poſteriours when he files
Th' unnatural tumours off, the Surgeon ſmiles.
Short hair worn by pretended gravity.
They dote on ſilence, ſeldom ſpeak; and hair
Shorter then that upon their eye-brows, wear.
More truth and candour (*l*) *Peribonius* ſhows;
A ſimple knave compared with a politick.
He whoſe debauchter face and *miene* diſcloſe
His mind's diſeaſes; doubtleſs 'tis his *fate*,
I his *ſimplicity* commiſerate,
Meer *madneſs* pleads in his excuſe. But them
As far the baſer perſons, I condemn,
That vice, with words like (*m*) *Hercules* aſſail,
And magnifying vertue, wag the tail.
Shall I, defam'd (*n*) *Varillus* ſays, fear thee,
Great *Sextus?* wherein doſt thou better me?
Let him that upright goes the lame deride,
The fair the Æthiop. But who can abide
The (*o*) *Gracchi* a ſedition ſhould decry?
Who'd not mix heav'n and earth, the ſea and sky,
If (*p*) *Milo* ſhould diſlike a murtherer,
Verres a theif, (*q*) *Clodius* a whore-maſter,
(*r*) *Catiline* treaſon in *Cethegus* blame,
(*s*) *Sylla*'s *three* ſchollers 'gainſt his acts declame?
Domitian Ceſar revives the law againſt *adultery*, when himſelf liv'd in *Inceſt*.
What foul inceſtuous coupling (*t*) *one* contriv'd,
Of late, and then that (*u*) bitter *law* reviv'd,
That all men, nay, ev'n *Mars* and *Venus* ſcarr'd:
Whil'ſt with *abortives* the poor *Julia* marr'd
Her fruitful womb, and lumps of fleſh thence teem'd,
That ev'n the pictures of her *unkle* ſeem'd.
Such (*w*) *fained Scauri* who but well may ſlight,
Though ne're ſo bad, and rated turn and bite?
Wher's now the *Julian* law a ſow'r fir cry'd,
Sleeps it? (*x*) *Laronia* with a ſmile reply'd,
A woman reproves the effeminate Philoſophers
Bleſt times, that make thee *Cenſor*, chaſtly giv'n
Rome now'll be, a third *Cato*'s dropt from Heav'n.
Th' *oyl* that perfumes thy *hairy neck*, lets know
Where it was bought; bluſh not, thy *druggiſt* ſhow.
But if you *wake* the *ſtatutes*, reinforce
The (*y*) Law *Scantinian*, note *men*, they do worſe.
But number their Batalia defends
And cloſe-joyn'd ſhields: looſe-livers are faſt friends,

Our

Our ſex hath none of your dereſted tricks,
Tedia, *Cluvia*, *Flora*, never licks
Catulla. *Hiſpo* paſſive pleaſure knows,
And pale with doing and with ſuffering grows.
Do *we* plead? ſtudy *we* your *Civil laws*?
Shake *we your Courts* with bauling in a cauſe?
Some *few* of us eat *diet-bread*, ſome *fenee*,
You ſpin wooll, and in baskets carry thence
Your work; you from the pregnant ſpindle twine
Threads nimbler then (*z*) *Arachne*, and more fine
Then chaſt (*a*) *Penelope*, or ſhe that ſpins,
Shiv'ring i'th'ſtocks, a penance for her ſins.
'Tis known, why *Hiſter* made's *freed-man* his Heire,
And living gave his *wife* ſo large a ſhare.
She's rich that lies third in a great mans bed.
Silence earns jewels; hold toy peace and wed.
Yet for a law, that's death to us, you move.
Cenſure acquits the Crow, condemns the Dove.
Sham'd by *Laronia* our *ſoft Stoicks* fly,
For what deliver'd ſhe they could deny?
But what in others can deform'd appear?
When thou, grave *Judge*, doſt *mingled ſarcenet* wear,
Nay ſitt'ſt in thoſe thin ſilks, amazing *Rome*,
And doſt our (*b*) *Procula*'s and *Pollinea*'s doom?
Fabulla will the deed you wot of do,
Let her be puniſht for't; *Carſinia* too;
Againſt her be, what e're thou wilt, decreed,
She will not, though *condemn'd*, wear ſuch a weed:
But *July*'s hot, I ſweat; then naked go,
For madneſs will not half diſgrace thee ſo.
This robe had our (*c*) *victorious Fathers* ſeen
Thee paſſing laws in, when their wounds were green,
Or had our Mountaineers beheld it, how (plough?
Would they have hear'd thee, when they came from
Heav'n, that a *Judge* ſhould ſuch a Robe inveſt!
Wer't handſom if a *Witneſs* were ſo dreſt?
Thou (*d*) *Cretan maſter* that *free laws* haſt taught,
Th'art grown *tranſparent*, this diſeaſe th'haſt caught,
And others will, *as where our paſtures lie*,
If ons ſheep's rotten the whole flock will die;

The *Roman Sardinapali*, men womanized.

Vitious ſecreſie rewarded.

A Fæminine Judge paſſing ſentence upon wenches.

His wanton robe condemn'd from the gravity of the ancient *Romans*.

As ſwine th' infectious meazles cannot ſcape,
And that grape rots that ſees a tainted grape.

The progreſs and degrees in ſinning.
This ſhameleſs habit will not be the worſt,
In time; *none ever was ſtark naught at firſt.*
(*e*) One of thoſe *Prieſts* thoul't by degrees become,

Prieſts dreſt up like Curtizans.
That in long fillets bind their hair at home,
Be-jewel all their necks, and with a great
Full goblet and a young ſow's paunch, intreat
The goddeſs *Bona*, an unuſual way.
No *female* th'altars of this goddeſs may
Approach, to men they onely open ly,
You prophane women get you gone, they cry;
None ſounds a Call with her low'd cornet here.

The ſect of the Dippers.
At *Athens*, ſuch the *Baptiſts* Orgyes were,
When they their ſecret torches did advance,
And tir'd-out their *Cotittus* with a dance.
He with a black and oblique pencil dyes
His eye-brows, lifting up his trembling eyes;
He wine out of a glaſs-*Priapus* ſwills;
He a gold-cawl with huge long treſſes fills;
Sky-coulour'd ſhield-work, or white ſattin wears,
And by his maſter's (*f*) *Juno* his man ſwears.

A womaniſh General deſcribed.
He holds that mirrour pathick (*g*) *Otho* bore,
(*h*) (*Actor Aruncu*'s ſpoils) which when he wore
His *arms* he view'd himſelf in, when he gave
The Battel's ſignal, and bad th'Enſigns wave:
A gallant ſubject, for new Annals fit,
And ſhould in our time's Hiſtory be writ.
A looking-glaſs did load the General's car,
And was the baggage of a Civil war.
Oh 'twas done like a General, was it not?
And a true *Roman*, (*i*) *Galba*'s death to plot,
I'th (*k*) *Bebriack Field* to hope with ſpoils to grace
The *Capitol*, to greaſe and paint the face?
Which proud (*l*) *Semiramis*, when ſhe put on
Her *Quiver*, would not do at *Babylon*.
Nor did the penſive (*m*) *Cleopatra* dip
Her Pencil, when aboard her *Actian* ſhip.

The chief Prieſt of *Cybel* a Epicure.
(*n*) Here's lew'd diſcourſe, at Table no reſpect,
Foul *Phrygian* talk, the liſping dialect

Taught

Taught by th'old white-hair'd man, of ſpecial note
For his ſo ſpacious and authentick throate,
The *chief-Prieſt*, by celeſtial pow'rs inſpir'd,
A maſter for the *Guſto* to be hir'd.
Why do not theſe with *Phrygian razours* take
That fleſh away of which no uſe they make?
A Piper, or a Trumpeter, had fower
Hundred ſeſtertia for (*o*) *Gracchus* Dower:
Deeds were drawn, joy giv'n, a great Supper made,
The *Bride* was in *his* Bridegroom's boſom lay'd.
You Lords of *Rome*, do we the (*p*) *Cenſor* need,
Or the (*q*) *Aruſpex?* theſe *ſtrange ſights* exceed
All monſters, though a woman ſhould be dam
Unto a Calf, or (*r*) a Cow calve a Lamb.
He who the *ſacred ſhields* th' (*s*) *Ancilia* bore
By unſeen thongs, toyling and ſweating ſore,
Wears a *fring'd petticote* and flame-colour'd veil.
O god of War! how did theſe crimes aſſail
The *Latian* ſhepherds? how (*t*) *Rome's father*, ſprung,
Theſe nettles up that have thy *children* ſtung?
Behold a *man*, great both in wealth and birth,
Marries a man; yet *thou* into the Earth
Runſt not thy ſpear, nor thy plum'd helmet ſhak'ſt,
Nor a complaint unto thy *father* mak'ſt.
Go then, and to ſome other pow'r Divine
Thoſe dreadful (*u*) fields, which thou neglect'ſt, aſſign,
To morrow morning early, on my friend
I in (*w*) *Quirinus* vally muſt attend.
Why thither? cannot your own gueſs decide
That queſtion? *my he-friend's to be a Bride.*
They bid few now, but to the World they'l give
Notice, and hav't recorded, if they live.
Mean time, the *female's* troubled much, ſhe can
No *iſſue* have ſo to oblige the man.
But 'tis well nature pow'r to th'mind denys
The body to transform. She barren dyes;
Swoln (*x*) *Lide's* ſalve-box helps not, nor to ſtand
Where th'active (*y*) *Luperci* may clap her hand.
(*z*) More monſtrous Fencer *Gracchus* did appear,
In's caſſock, arm'd with his three-forked ſpear,

The Prodigy of a Noble-man married as a Wife to a Piper.

A Lord a common Fencer.

And view'd the liſts round, as he fled the chace;
Born nobler, then the whole (a) *Capitolin* race,
(b) *Marcelli*, (c) *Catuli*, the (d) *Fabian* name,
Thoſe who their pedigree from (e) *Paulus* claim,
And all that from the ſcaffolds ſaw the ſport
He made, not bating (f) him that paid him for't.

Hell not believ'd in, but only by very ſimple children.

That there be ghoſts and regions under-ground,
And th'oar, & black Toads in the (g) *Stygian* Sound,
And thouſands row'd in one boat; finds not faith
With *boys*, but ſuch as (h) pay not for their Bath.
Believe thou. What (i) *Camillus*, what *now* knows
(k) *Fabricius*, (l) *Curius*, (m) both the *Scipio*'s,

Yet *Juvenal* exhorts the living to believe in another World which the dead now know.

The (n) Legion that fell upon the train
At *Cremera*, the (o) youth at *Cannæ* ſlain,
Souls of ſo many Battels? Ever when
Our Ghoſts deſcend, the ſpirits of theſe men
Would (p) purifie themſelves, if they could get
Sulphur and torches, and a laurel wet.

The Conquerers teach debauchery to the vanquiſht.

To them alas we wretches go. We boaſt
Our conqueſts, ſtretcht beyond the *Iriſh* coaſt
And th' (q) *Orcades* now ours by Martial right,
And *Brittain*, pleas'd with very little night.
Yet what by us, the conquerours, is done,
The vanquiſht ſcorn: (r) *Zalates* only, one
Of thoſe *Armenian* youths, more lewd (they ſay)
Then all ours, to the Tribune's flame gave way.

The education of ſtrangers children in *Rome*.

See what acquaintance does! he came to *Rome*,
A Hoſtage, hither boys for breeding come,
And had theſe ſtay'd, they all had lovers took,
Their country-cloths, whips, bridles, knives forſook.
Thus back to their (s) *Artaxata* they beare
The manners of the looſe young Gallants here.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The ſecond* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 1. *Sarmatia*] A vaſt tract of the earth anciently called *Scythia*, part in *Europe* and part in *Aſia*, it contained *Poland*, *Ruſſia*, *Muſcovia*, and *Tartary*; the *Sarmatians* (or as *Juvenal* calls them, the *Sauromatians*) being in his time held to be the fartheſt people Northward, as the *Garamantes* were eſteemed the fartheſt Southward.

(b) V. 1. Frozen Sea] The North Sea, where the *Hollanders* have diſcovered *Nova Zembla*.

(c) V. 4. *Curii*] *Marcus Curius* (one of the temperate Family of the *Curii*) triumphed over the *Sabines*, *Samnites*, and *Lucanians*, & beat *Pyrrhus* out of *Italy*. To inſtance how great his moderation was, when Embaſſadours from the *Samnites* found his Table covered by the fire ſide furniſhed with earthen diſhes, and himſelf roaſting roots for his ſupper, and offered him (being in that poor condition) a great ſumme of mony, he refuſed it, aſſuring them that he had rather ſtill eat in Earth, and command them that were ſerved in Gold.

(e) V. 4. *Bacchanals*] The aſſembly at the *Bacchanals*, or thoſe barbarous feaſts of *Bacchus*, where it was death to be virtuous, they that refuſed to ſacrifice to luſt, being themſelves made ſacrifices to fury.

(f) V. 5. *Chryſippus*] Schollar to the Stoicks *Zeno* and *Cleanthes*, ſo great a Logician that it grew into a Poverb, *if the Gods would ſtudy Logick they would read* Chryſippus.

(g) V. 7. *Pittacus*] One of the ſeven Sages of *Greece*, who having ſeven years been abſolute Governour of his Countrey *Mithylene*, willingly reſigned his authority.

(h) Verſe 8. *Ariſtotle*] Prince of Philoſophers, Tutour to *Alexander* the great.

(i) Verſe 9. *Cleanthes*] A famous Stoick, who was ſo poor when he went to ſchool to *Zeno*, that neceſſity inforced him to work by night, to keep himſelf from hunger and ſcorn in the day time.

(k) Verſe 14. *Socratick* Catamite] *Socrates* Tutour to *Alcibiades* did not onely read virtute to his Pupil, but was ſhrewdly ſuſpected to have practiſed vice with him.

(l) Verſe 21. *Peribonius*] The *Archigallus*, or chief Prieſt of the *Phrygian* Goddeſs *Cybele*, who uttered his wanton diſcourſes publikely at the Table, where he ſhowed his cunning pallat, as you ſhall have it in his deſcription in this Satyr, verſe 135.

(m) Verſe 27. *Hercules*] The Authour refers to the Dialogue where *Xenophon* brings in Virtue and Vice arguing with *Hercules*, who confutes this Monſter with Arguments, as he had done others with his Club.

(n) Verſe 29. *Varillus*] An infamous poor Man, who is cenſured by *Sextus* a wicked rich man.

(o) Verſe 33. *Gracchi*] *Tiberius* and *Caius Gracchus*, thoſe two ſeditious Tribunes of the people (ſons to that excellent pattern of modeſty *Cornelia*) both ſlain in the commotions which they themſelves had raiſed in the State of *Rome*.

(p) Verſe 35. *Milo*] A murderer, though eloquently excuſed and acquitted by *Cicero*; that in another of his Orations made *Verres* famous for his theft, who robbed not one man, not one City, but his whole *Province* of *Sicily*.

(q) Verſe 36. *Clodius*] That impudent and ſacrilegious adulterer, who came diſguiſed like a ſinging-woman to meet *Cæſars* Wife at the ſolemnity of the Goddeſs *Bona*, where it was not lawful for any but women to be preſent. See the ſixth *Satyr*, He married his own Neece, injoyed three Siſters, and corrupted *Metella* the daughter of that religious *Pontifex Maximus* who loſt his eyes with his zealous care to preſerve the *Palladium* or wooden image of *Minerva*, when her Temple was on fire.

(r) Verſe

(r) Verſ. 37. *Catiline*] *Saluſt* writes the Hiſtory of *Catiline* at large, who conſpired againſt the Republick with *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, &c.

(s) Verſ. 38. *Sylla*'s three ſchollars] The *Triumviri*, *Cæſar*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, who made an Aſſociation, imitating *Sylla*'s bloudy acts of Proſcription, wherein ſo many of the *Roman* Nobility and Gentry were marked out for ſlaughter.

(t) V. 39. One contriv'd] *Domitian Cæſar*, who kept his Neece *Julia* (the daughter of his noble brother *Titus*) and inforced her to take ſo many receipts to make her part with her conception, that at laſt what was meant to preſerve deſtroyed her.

(u) V. 40. That bitter Law] The *Julian* Law, by which *Adultery* was made death, preferred by *Julius Cæſar*, and revived by *Domitian*, whil'ſt he himſelf lived in *inceſt* with his Neece; a Law not only terrible to Men, but that would have affrighted a God and Goddeſs, if *Vulcan* might have pleaded it, when he took *Mars* and *Venus* in his Net.

(w) V. 45. *Scauri*] *Marcus Scaurus* was thrice Prince of the Senate and twice Cenſor, ſo that he might by his place correct abuſes in manners.

(x) V. 48. *Laronia*] A rich wanton Lady of *Rome*, who tells this rigid Philoſopher, that *Cato* the Cenſor by his office, and his Nephew the Cenſor by his exemplary life, being both laid in the earth, *it ſeems there is a third Cato come from Heaven*; meaning this cenſorious Stoick; by the by, ſhe takes notice that he wears a perfume, and asks where he had it, that ſhe might buy at the ſame ſhop, it being as proper for her ſoft ſex, as contrary to his *ſevere profeſſion*.

(y) V. 74. The Law *Scantinian*] C. *Scantinius* being accuſed by C. *Marcellus* for offering to raviſh his Son; a Law paſſed in Senate, that ſet a fine of 10000 *HS* upon the like attempt, and in default of paiment made it death.

(z) V. 66. *Arachne*] A maid of *Lydia*, that challenged *Pallas* to weave with her, for which preſumption, the victorious Goddeſs transformed her into a Spider, that is ſtill weaving to no purpoſe.

(*a*) V. 67. *Penelope*] The chaſt wife of *Ulyſſes*, who, to put off her Suitors (that grew importunate in the long abſence of her Husband at the Siege of *Troy*) promiſed them, that when ſhe had finiſhed a piece then in the loom, ſhe would reſolve upon a ſecond Marriage, and preſent it to him ſhe would make choice of; but ſhe unwove by night what by day ſhe had woven, till her Husband's return decided the controverſie.

(*b*) V. 80. *Procula*] *Procula*, *Pollinea*, *Fabulla*, *Carſinia*, were the names of *Roman* Courtizans.

(*c*) V. 87. Our victorious Fathers] The old *Romans*, whoſe richeſt apparrel was their wounds, their ſtrongeſt fortifications the Mountains, and their healthfuleſt exercíſe the Plough; with what indignation would they have beheld the more then ſtrumpet-like impudence of theſe ſarcenet Judges.

(*d*) V. 93. *Cretan Maſter*] The juſt Judge *Minos* was a *Cretan*.

(*e*) V. 101. One of thoſe Prieſts] Which gave out that they ſacrificed to the *Roman* Goddeſs *Bona*, or good Goddeſs, when indeed they uſed quite *contrary* ceremonies; for there men were forbid to come, here no woman was admitted, there they were called by the ſound of a Cornet, here by the ſilent lifting up of a Torch: in this they agreed that a young Sow was ſacrificed by both; which was a victim likewiſe offered to the *Athenian* Goddeſs *Cotyttus* by the *Baptiſts* or Dippers, the very parallels to theſe effeminate Separatiſts.

(*f*) V. 118. His Maſter's *Juno*] A man uſed to make proteſtation by his *Genius*, a woman by her *Juno*.

(*g*) V. 119. *Otho*] The effeminate ſucceſſour to the Emperour *Galba*.

(*h*) V. 120. *Actor Aruncus* ſpoils] A maſſy Spear that *Turnus* in *Virgil* won in fight from the great Souldier *Actor Aruncus*, which was not greater for a Spear then *Otho*'s Trophy was for a Looking-glaſs.

(*i*) V. 128. *Galba*'s death] *Galba* being a very old man, was ſlain in *Rome* by his own tumultuary Souldiers at the inſtigation of *Otho*.

(*k*) V. 129. I'th' *Bebriack* Field] Where *Otho* was overthrown by *Vitellius*.

(*l*) V.

(l) V. 131. *Semiramis*] That manly ſpirited Queen of *Aſſyria*, in the day of battel when ſhe put on her Arms, painted not her ſelf as *Otho* did, though ſhe was ſo luſtful as to make love to a horſe.

(m) V. 133. *Cleopatra*] Who at the Battel of *Actium* had reaſon to make her ſelf handſome, when *Marc. Anthony* ventured half the world to fight for her.

(n) V. 135. Here's lewd diſcourſe] Betwixt *Peribonius* and his ſchollers that imitated him in all things but the uſing of *Phrygian* Razours, *viz.* Fiſh-ſhels to geld themſelves withal.

(o) V. 144. For *Gracchus* Dower] A Gentleman (or rather a Prodigy) of that noble Family of the *Gracchi* married himſelf as a Bride to a Trumpeter, and brought him for a Dowre or Portion 400 *Seſtertia*, (that is) about 3125 pound being the *cenſus equeſtris*, or legal eſtate of a Gentleman of *Rome*.

(p) V. 147. *Cenſor*] Who was inabled by his Office to puniſh faults of manners even in the Nobility.

(q) V. 148. *Aruſpex*] A Prieſt that foretold things to come by beholding the entrails of ſacrificed Beaſts, part of whoſe duty was to purge the place which had been contaminated with any monſtrous birth.

(r) V. 150. A Cow calve a Lamb] here *calve* is the proper action of the Cow in bringing forth a Lamb; but in the precedent verſe, *Damme* is the denomination which the woman receives after ſhe hath brought forth a *Calf*, I explain herein, leſt my Reader referring both words to the ſame action, I might be thought to tranſgreſs againſt the Rules of proportion.

(s) V. 151. The ſacred Shields th' *Ancilia*] The *Ancile* was a brazen Shield round at both ends, and half-moon'd at the ſides, which in *Numa*'s Reign (when miracles were frequent at *Rome*) fell down from Heaven at the ceaſing of the Plague, a voice being heard (out of the Cloud from whence it dropt) that promiſed health to *Rome* ſo long as that *Ancile* ſhould be kept ſafe, whereupon *Mamurius* was commanded by *Numa* to make eleven more ſuch Shields, which he did, and made them all ſo like the firſt, as they were indiſtinguiſhable;

theſe

theſe twelve *Ancilia* were delivered to the cuſtody of twelve Prieſts of *Mars* (one of whoſe Colledge this *Gracchus* was, before he was married to the Trumpeter) called *Salian* or dancing Prieſts, becauſe their cuſtome was to dance when they carried the *Ancilia*.

(*t*) V.155. *Rome's* Father] *Mars*, ſtiled father of *Rome* by conſequence, as being Father of the founder of *Rome*, *Romulus*, who was bred among the Shepherds, and whoſe Poſterity in his right are here named *Latian* Shepherds, and his Pallace is called the old ſheep-coat Sat.6.

(*u*) V.162. Thoſe dreadful Fields] *Campus Martius*: a large circuit of ground neer the River of *Tiber*, beſtowed on the people of *Rome* by *Caia Tarratia* a *Veſtal Virgin*, and taken from them by *Tarquinius Superbus* for his own uſe; but after his expulſion reſtored again to the firſt purpoſe, for which it was dedicated to *Mars*, to exerciſe the *Roman Militia*, and to be (as *Strabo* calls it) *Romes* great School of War.

(*w*) V.164. *Quirinus* vally] The vally of *Romulus*, who after he was Deified, was called, and pray'd to by the name of *Quirinus*.

(*x*) V. 173. Swoln *Lide's* ſalve-box] A charm againſt barrenneſs, worn by the ſuperſtitious *Roman* women, and ſold by thoſe quack-ſalving goſhips of *Lidia*. About the underſtanding of this word *Lide* there have been great controverſies amongſt the Criticks; *Junius* will have *Lide* to be the *Lidian* maid *Arachne*, & ſo to ſignifie a Spider, which (the naturaliſts ſay) if it be worn about a woman, will make her fruitful; *Politianus* will have *Lide* to ſignifie one of thoſe *Lidian* women that went about *Rome* to ſell Receipts to the Ladies. Now do but ſuppoſe this Spider of *Junius*, to be put in *Politians* ſalve-box, and to feed upon the unguent that imbalmed the inſide thereof (as thoſe Spiders do that at this day are worn in bags or walnut-ſhells againſt a Tertian Ague) and then either interpretation of *Lide* may ſtand good, and ſo the Spider may be ſold for a charm againſt barrenneſs by the *Lidian* women, that ſhould beſt know her nature who was their country-woman, and conſequently the two Criticks are reconciled, without the learned ſcruple, that

that if *Lide* had ſignified a Spider, *tendita* muſt then have been the nominative caſe, and ſo the verſe have wanted the true quantities. And thus much ſhall ſuffice for criticiſms of Interpreters.

(y) V. 174. Th'active *Luperci*] Two young Gentlemen, which at the *Lupercals*, or feaſt of *Pan* had their foreheads ſmeered with the blood of two ſacrificed Goats, which was preſently dried up again in their wooll dipped in their milk, then they cut the Goats skins into thongs; and ran (as far as modeſty ſuffered) naked through the ſtreets, ſtriking whomſoever they met of either ſex. The barren women ſtanding purpoſely in their way, in hope to be made fruitful by their blows.

(z) V. 172. More monſtrous] Another of that great Houſe of the *Gracchi*; who turned a common fencer, and came upon the ſtage in a blew coat, as a *Retiarius*, or Net-bearer, ſo named from a kind of float Net, which he carried in his hand aiming to caſt it about the head of the *Sequutor*, or purſuer, who played againſt him, and preſt upon him with a Sword and Target; the *Retiarius*, if he miſſed his draught, ſtill flying till he could recover and put his Net into a poſture of offence: in the mean time defending himſelf with a three forked Spear.

(a) V. 178. *Capitolin* race] The poſterity of *Marcus Manlius* ſirnamed *Capitolinus*, becauſe he adviſed to man the *Capitol* after the enemy had taken *Rome*.

(b) V. 179. *Marcelli*] *Marc. Marcellus* in a ſingle combate ſlew the General of the *Gaules*, took *Syracuſa* in *Sicily*, was five times Conſul, and at laſt periſhed by one of *Hanibal's* ſtratagems: another *Marcellus* firſt made *Rome* underſtand that *Hanibal* was not invincible.

(c) V. 179. *Catuli*] *Q. Luctatius Catulus* (who ennobled this Houſe of the *Catuli*) with a Fleet of three hundred *Roman* Ships, had the day of ſix hundred Sail of *Carthaginians*, and put an end to the firſt *Punick* war.

(d) V. 179. The *Fabian* name] Of which name three hundred and ſix, under the conduct of the Conſul *Fabius* were all ſlaine together, by an Ambuſh laid by the *Vejans* at the River of *Cremera*.

(e) Verſe 180. From *Paulus*] *Paulus Æmilius* the Con-

Conſul ſlain at the fatal battel of *Cannæ* in *Apulia*.

(*f*) Verſ. 182. Not bating him] The Tribune, that hired this *Gracchus* to venture his life thus ignobly upon a Stage.

(*g*) V. 184. The *Stygian* Sound] The River of *Styx* over which *Charon* (with the Oar here mentioned) ferries millions of ſouls together at one Fare.

(*h*) Verſ. 186. Pay not for their Bath] No Boys at *Rome* were exempted from paying for their Bath, but ſuch as were not four years old, and it appears that none but ſuch did believe the puniſhment of Souls in the next world.

(*i*) V. 187. *Camillus*] *Furius Camillus*, who conquered the *Faliſci*, overthrew the *Gaules*, and was of ſo known integrity, that he was choſen Dictatour in his abſence.

(*k*) V. 188. *Fabricius*] Read his nobler Character in *Valerius Maximus*.

(*l*) Verſ. 188. *Curius*] Of whom in the beginning of this Satyr.

(*m*) V. 188. Both the *Scipio's*] Thoſe two thunderbolts that from their victories in *Aſia* and *Africa*, bore the Surnames of *Aſian* and *African*.

(*n*) V. 189. The Legion] The three hundred and ſix *Fabians* aforementioned,

(*o*) V. 190. The Youth at *Cannæ*] The flower of all the *Roman* Militia, upon whom the *Carthaginians* at the battel of *Cannæ* did execution ſo long, till *Hannibal* himſelf cryed out, *Souldiers no more blood.*

(*p*) V. 193. Purifie themſelves] The *Aruſpex* when he purified a place defiled with monſters, uſed a Torch and Sulphure with water, and a Laurel-ſprinkle.

(*q*) Verſe 197. Th'*Orcades*] *Claudius Cæſar* added the Iſlands of the *Orcades* to the *Roman* Empire.

(*r*) V. 200. *Zalates*] One of the *Armenian* Children ſent hoſtage to *Rome*, and there debauched by the Tribune, who had the cuſtody and breeding of him.

(*s*) Verſe 207. *Artaxata*] A City in *Armenia* neer the River of *Araxes*.

The

The third Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Umbricius *lays the Poet down*
The reaſons why he leaves the Town,
*No living there for th'*honeſt poor:
The Greeks *turn* Romans *out o' door.*
What pleaſure the ſafe Country *knows,*
Th'ill arts and frights of Rome *he ſhows;*
And ſaying on, is put in mind
Of parting by the ſun declin'd.

THough my old friends Remove my ſoul doth wound,
I joy that he's for empty (a) *Cuma* bound,
On *Sybil* to beſtow one Dweller more. (ſhore
'Tis th'entrance to the *Bath*, a pleaſant
For ſweet retirement: ev'n their (b) *Prochytas*
Does our (c) *Suburra* in my mind ſurpaſs.
For what's ſo lonely, wretched, horrid there,
As frights of fire, ſtill falling houſes here?
And thouſand dangers this curſt Town muſt dread,
Beſides the (d) *Poets*, that in *Auguſt* read.
The Waggon, wherein all his houſe was lay'd,
At moiſt (e) *Capena* and th'old Arches ſtay'd,
Where (f) *Numa* every night his Goddeſs found,
Whoſe *Temple* and the *Woods* that ſtill ſurround
Her ſacred *Fountain* the *Jews* hire; which they
Do furniſh with a *basket* and ſome *hay*.

Juvenals joys in his friends reſolution to leave *Rome*.

Hearing the Poets read, the greateſt trouble of the Town. *Numa's* grove and Temple let out to the poor *Jews*.

For of each Tree the people's rent is made,
The Grove now begs, no more the Muſes ſhade.
Into *Egeria*'s valley we deſcend,
Art taxed for preſuming to mend nature. To thoſe fair *Wells*, which Art preſum'd to mend.
How much *Diviner* had thoſe waters been,
If with a border of eternal green,
The graſs about the ſpring had ſtill remain'd,
Nor *marble* had the *native ſtone* prophan'd?
Umbricius his reaſons why he removes from *Rome*. Here then (g) *Umbricius* ſay'd, ſince *for our pains*
In honeſt Arts, the City yields no gains;
My ſtock's leſs this day then the day before,
Yet will to morrow ſhrink that little more:
I mean to go and ſettle in that Town,
Where (h) *Dædalus* his wearied wings lay'd down.
Whilſt my *ſtraight* Age of youth's not quite bereft,
While my hair's (i) *gray*, while there's a *remnant* left
For (k) *Lacheſis* to ſpin, whilſt I walk on
Undertakers for all places of profit. My *own* legs, need no ſtaff to lean upon,
I of my birth-place take my laſt farewell.
There let (l) *Arthurius* and *Catulus* dwell,
Men that turn black to white, that can with eaſe
Sacrilege. *Farm holy Earth, the rivers and the ſeas,*
Be ſcavengers, bodies to burning bear,
And ſell ſlaves under the commanding (m) ſpear.
Theſe village-known cheeks, that in Country liſtes
Were fencers men, theſe ſometimes Fluteniſtes,
Bear office now, and with (n) reverſt thumbs kill,
The people ſhouting, what poor Rogue they will.
Returning thence, hire the gold-finders place,
Indeed what not? *ſince they are of that race*
Riſe to high honours from the meaneſt birth,
As oft as fortune is diſpos'd to mirth.
The vitious arts of *Rome*. What ſhould I do at *Rome?* I cannot ly,
Flattery. Nor when a Book is vilely writ, comply
And beg a copy. How your planet runs
Fortune telling. I know not; promiſe fathers deaths to ſons,
Nor can, nor will I: I did ne're diſſect (direct
Impoiſoning Pandarism. (o) Toades entrails: what commands lewd friends
To others Wives, convey'd by others be:
Theft. No thief ſhall his receiver make of me.

I there-

I therefore walk, as a maim'd man, alone,
Like th'*uſeleſs body* when the *right hand's* gone.
Who's now belov'd, but he that can reveal
Foul truſts, which he for ever ſhould conceal?
He owes thee nothing, nothing will beſtow,
That lets thee but an honeſt ſecret know.
Verres *with dear regard will that man uſe,*
Can Verres *when he is ſo pleas'd, accuſe.*
Let not rich (p) Tagus *buy thee from thy ſleep,*
Nor all the gold that rolles unto the deep.
Take not baſe bribes, which thy ſad ſoul rejects,
Whilſt thy great friend the faith he hires ſuſpects.
Now what they are our rich men love ſo well,
I loath ſo much, I haſte, nor bluſh to tell.
I cannot, *Romans*, this (q) *Greek* Town abide;
Nor's all *Greek* filth; for long ſince, with the tide,
To *Tiber*, *Syrian* (r) *Orontes* flow'd.
Their oblique ſtrings and fidlers, language, mode,
Their Country Cimbals too they brought a-land,
And hackney-wenches, that ith (s) *Circus* ſtand.
Walk thither you that do a fancy bear.
To Courtezans that painted Miters wear.
(t) *Ow*'nointed *clown* prize-playing ornaments,
Or a poor Basket-ſcrambling gown contents:
Theirs born at (u) *Andros*, *Samos*, *Amidon*,
At *Trallos*, *Alaband*, high *Scicyon*,
Have th'honour in th' (w) *Eſquilian Mount* to live,
Or that to which a name the (x) wickers give.
Now *Servants* in great houſes, ſome years hence
Their *Lords*, thanks to their deſperate impudence,
Their nimble wit, and ready tongue that goes
Swift as the torrent from (y) *Iſæus* flowes.
Tell me what's he in whom comes every man?
A Rhetorician, a Grammarian,
A Painter, Nointer, Augur, Geometrician,
A Dauncer-o'the ropes too, a Phyſician,
And a Magician, he does all things know; (go.
T'heav'n th'hungry *Greek* will, if you'll have him,
In ſhort, *wings* were not by a *Thracian* worn,
Tartar or *Moor*, but one at *Athens* born.

The cauſes of wicked friend-ſhip.

Good counſel.

Rome peſtred with *Greeks* and *Syrians*.

The difference of the ambitions of the *Roman* and *Greek* Clown.

The Character of a *Greek* Mountebank.

Should

Should I not fly from these great Lords? shall he
Seal first, and at a feast take place of me,
Hath by the same wind wafted hither been
That brings us (a) *Syrian* figs and Sea-cole in?
The sense & regret of a true *Roman*. Is it no priviledge that we were bred
In *Roman* air, with (b) *Sabine* olives fed?
A *Greek* flatterer. *The wise* Greek *parasite will the speech commend*
Of his unlearn'd, the face of's ugly friend;
His long weak neck, t'*Alcides* back compare,
When he holds tost (c) *Antæus* in the air;
Admire his small voice, which sounds duller then
The Cock that treading bites his mate the Hen.
We the same flattery may use, but they
Greek Players. Find credit, they do't better; When they *play*
The naked (d) *Doris*, or a modest wife,
Or (e) *Thais*; why, they do it to the life,
The *woman's* seen, 'tis not the *Actour* speaks;
All's plain beneath the wast, and gently breaks.
Nor should (f) *Demetrius* be so much esteem'd,
Antiochus, Stratocles, such wonders deem'd,
Or soft-toung'd *Hæmus* thought so rare a man,
The very Nation's a Comedian.
Mimick flattery. *Smile you? a lowder laughter shakes him; weep?*
He his friend company, in tears will keep,
But grieves not; if you say the winter's cold
And call for fire, he'll in a rug be roll'd;
Cry but 'tis hot, he sweats. Is ours then fit
To be compar'd to his transcendent wit?
Can day or night, on every little chance,
Alter the copy of his countenance?
Who praises his friends suite with hands at's face,
If he belch well, or piss with a good grace.
Or if the bottome o'th'gilt bowle turn'd up,
He fetcht the froth off with a gallant sup.
Then nothing's safe from's lust, or unprophan'd,
Not your chast wife, your son till then unstain'd,
The yet-smooth bridegroom, or your virgin-child;
Has't none of these? thy house is then defil'd.
They'le chamber secrets know, and thence be fear'd.
And since some mention of the *Greeks* y'have heard,

To

To their (*g*) *Gymnasium* pass, where our youth learns,
And hear a crime the reverend gown concerns.
A friend by an informer, (*h*) *Bareas*. — A Philoso-
By th'*Stoick*, his grave tutor, murdered was, — pher turn'd
That *old* knave, who did there an *infant* dwell, — Informer.
(*i*) Where from the *flying horse* a feather fell.
No place for any *Roman* here remains,
Where (*k*) *Erimantus* or *Protogenes* raigns, — *Greek* Po-
Or *Diphilus*, that by's *nation*'s *vice* will own — liticians.
No partner, but injoys his friend alone.
For if his clime's or nature's venome fall
Into an easie care, good night to all
My tedious service, out a door I'm hurld,
A client's the least loss in all the world.
Indeed, how can *poor people* hope reward,
For nightly running in their gowns so hard? — Visits made
When now the *Prætor* bids his (*l*) *Lictor* make — ith'night to
Main haste to's *childless friends* long since awake, — know how
For fear least his (*m*) *Collegue* before him may — great per-
Wish (*n*) *Modia* or *Albina* a good day? — sons sleep.
This gentleman's and that rich servants son
(Who takes the wall of him) together run,
One of which beggars gives, what would have paid
The (*o*) *Tribune* for a (*p*) *Legion*, but to trade
With (*q*) *Catiena*, or pant once or twice
Upon *Calvina*, frighted at the price
Thou courts poor sluts, and wilt the charges spare
To take down *Chio* from her lofty chair.
At *Rome* produce a witness as sincere
As (*r*) *Cybels* host, though (*s*) *Numa* should appear,
Or he, sav'd (*t*) *Pallas* from her temples flame,
First his estat's examin'd, last his fame: — Fortune pre-
What servants keeps he, what's he worth in land? — fer'd before
On's board how great, how many chargers stand? — honesty in
As much coin as in's coffers each man hath, — Courts of
So much is th'estimation of his faith; — Justice.
Shouldst *thou* make oath by all those sacred power's
The (*u*) *Samothracians* worship, or by ours,
That poor men thunder, and the Gods contemn,
'Tis held, and that the Gods dispense with them.

Poverty despised.

Then one's a common theam for mirth and scorn,
If's Gown be sordid, his Cloak old and torn,
His Shooe-sole gape, or in the sticht-up wound
The several scars by the new thread be found.
In wretched beggery nothing's harder, then
That so ridiculous it renders men.
Get y'out, whose means fall short oth'law, one (crys,
For shame from off the noble cushion rise:
Let th'issue of some stews, or the spruce Heire
Oth'cryer sit and give his plaudit there.
With fine young Fencers, Basquet-scramblers, thus
It pleas'd vain (w) *Otho* to distinguish us.

No hope of advancement for the poor.

Who here to sons in-law with mean estates,
Gives portions? who the poor his Heir creates?
When's he oth' (x) *Ædiles* counsel? e're this day
We meaner *Romans* should have troopt away.
Where want keeps virtue down, men seldom rise,
But 'tis at *Rome* the hardest enterprise.

The vain expence of the City.

Here servant's bellies your expence inlarge,
A base room's dear, a slender meal great charge;
We blush to eat in *earth*, they do not so
That hence removing to the (y) *Marsians* go,

The wise frugality of the country.

That are contented with (z) *Sabellian* food,
And onely wear a course *Venetian* hood.
Ther's a great part of *Italy*, where none
With Gowns are cover'd, but the dead alone;
Where if some feast-days Majesty look bigge
Oth' flowry stage (concluding with th'old jigge,
While the poor country child in's mother's arm
Fears the (a) pale gaping thing will do it harm)
All go alike, there in one Equipage
You see the people and those next the stage.
White garments serve the *Ædiles* of the town,
And 'tis esteem'd a robe of high renown.
Here's gallantry beyond our means, here's more
Then needs, oft taken from another store.
Ambitious poverty's our common vice,

How dear great mens favours cost the poor.

In short, all things in Rome *are at a price.*
What (b) giv'st thou to have *Cossus* daign a word,
Or great (c) *Veiento* but a look afford.

This

This mows a beard down, he'll the favorite trim,
The Patrons houſe is fil'd, with gifts for him.
This, for your ſelf ſir, tribute we muſt pay
To ſervants, and make them as rich as gay.
Who fears or ever fear'd in country towns
Their bane, at moiſt (*d*) *Preneſte*, where wood crowns
The (*e*) *Volſcian* cliffs, among the ſimple ſort
Of (*f*) *Gabians*, or in bending (*g*) *Tibur*'s fort?
We fill a town ſhoard-up with ſlender poles
Brought by the Boor, who th'old wide-gaping holes
Dawbes over, *and then bids us ſleep ſecure,*
When we to ſleep for ever, may be ſure.
Let me live where no night-ſhrieks terrify,
Here one, fire fire, here others water cry,
Ucalegon tugs out his lumber there;
Below they've chimnies, therefore fire may fear,
But thou (*h*) three ſtories high unwarn'd art took,
That couldſt for no miſchance but drowning look,
The rain from thy loft being kept away
Only by tiles, where eggs ſoft pidgeons lay.
Shorter then (*i*) *Procula Codrus* had a bed,
Six little pitchers crown'd his cupboor'ds head,
And under it there lay a two-ear'd pot
By *Cheiron*'s herbal; Item, he had got
A cheſt with ſome *Greek* Authors, where the fierce
And barbarous mice gnaw'd never-dying verſe.
That *Codrus* was worth nothing, who but knows?
Yet he poor wretch did all that nothing loſe;
And to compleat this naked beggers grief,
None gave him houſe-room, or a meals relief.
But when *Arcturius* his great houſe was burn'd,
The city droopt, the *Conſcript-Fathers* mourn'd,
The *Prætor* ſtraight adjourns the Court, the fate
Of *Rome* we groan for, fire it ſelf we hate. (ſummes,
While th'houſe burns, one ſends marble and great
With milk-white naked ſtatues th'other comes:
(*k*) *Euphranor*'s work or (*l*) *Polyclet*'s rare piece
This gives, old *buskins* of the Gods of *Greece*;
Books, ſhelfs, *Minerva* to the waſt, he brings.
A buſhel full of ſilver he; more things

The countrys ſecurity

The Cities danger.

Deſcription of a Town on fire.

A poor Poet that could not get a bed long enough for the Dwarf his wife. His Inventory.

Poor mens miſeries unpitied. Great men thrive by their loſſes.

And better then he his could ever call,
This *Persian* now receives, more rich then all
Rome's childless men, suspected to conspire
(Good cause) the setting his own house on fire.

An invitation to a Country life.

Could you be from the (*m*) *Circus* wean'd, you may
Buy a neat house at (*n*) *Fabrateria*,
At *Sora* or *Frusino*, for what here
You sit at, to hire darkness by the year.
There your short Well no bucket needs, but wets
With ease your little garden's tender sets;
Live, love thy rake, and sallets neatly drest
Which may a hundred (*o*) *Pythagorians* feast;
'Tis somewhat, be where't will, to be decree'd
Lord of so much as may one lizzard feed.
Most sick men here with over watching die,
Such crudities breed meats that baking lie
Oth' burning stomack. *What refreshment get*
Poor Trades-men next the street? *sleep's for the great,*
Hence spring diseases; when the wagons meet
Ith' oblique turning of some narrow street,
The Carr-men there that stand and scold would keep
Dull (*p*) *Drusus* or the Sea calf from his sleep.

No sleeping next the street for the noise of Carr-men.

With what ease rich men do their business.

When business calls, the crowd a rich man shuns,
Whil'st o're their heads in's huge Sedan he runs,
Reads, writes or sleeps within it as he goes,
For sleep will come if he the curtains close.
Yet *he's* there first; for as *we* hast, we find
A stream before us, and a tide behind.

Poor mens difficulties and affronts.

He shoves with's elbowes, he with harder blocks,
Our heads this cowl-staff and that barrel knocks.
Dirt noints our thighs, and then the great foot kicks,
And in our fingers th'horse-mans rowel sticks.

The entertainment of the rich at the meat Sportula.

Seest not what smoak the Alms-basket celebrates?
A hundred Guests, on each his kitchin waits,
Scarce (*q*) *Corbulo* could such huge chargers lift,
And chafing-dishes, as one Groom makes shift
To bear on's steady head, *and runs so fast*
He fans the coals, and tears his cloaths with hast:

The description of a Slave kild with a load of stones.

Now meets he Carts wherein tall fir-trees quake,
Now some that pine-trees at the people shake,

Suppose

Suppoſe the Axel-tree ſhould break that bears
(r) *Ligurian* ſtones, if pow'rd about his ears,
That mountain ſhall thy ſhiver'd ſlave intombe,
What thinkſt thou of his carcaſe would become?
Where any limb lies who could find the hole?
His *body* ſure would vaniſh like his *ſoul*.
His fellows ſafe at home the diſhes waſh,
Blow with their mouths the fire, the nointers claſh;
And boys do in their ſeveral places toil,
To fold up napkins full of ſweat and oil.
While Novice-Ghoſt he ſits upon the ſhore,
Affraid of (s) *Charon*, hopeleſs to get o're
Foul *Styx*, from's mouth not able to defray
(Poor ſoul) that token, ſhould his waſtage pay.
Now note more dangers that attend the night, The danger of night-walkers.
To beat our brains out, from how great a height
Fall Pots, which crackt, or ſlipping, *how they print*
The pavement with their weight, and hurt the flint?
Thou't be thought dull, ſenſeleſs of caſual ill,
To ſup abroad, and firſt not make thy Will;
For with ſo many fates thou art to cope,
As in thy way are waking windows ope; (crown
Wiſh therefore, wretch, nay pray they may but
Thy head with that foul ſullage they caſt down.
The wild and drunken youth, unleſs he fight The abuſive yong gallant
And kill his man, can take no reſt that night,
But like *Achilles*, when for's (t) friend he mourns,
Now on his face, then on his back he turns.
His own *he looſes, if* Romes peace *he keep,*
A quarrel ſtill is prologue to his ſleep.
Yet though raſh years and hotter wine provoke,
He's ſubtle, and avoids the *purple* cloak,
And his long train of friends and grooms, that paſs
With burning torches and with lamps of braſs.
But I that have the *Moon* before me born,
Or husband a ſhort candle, am his ſcorn.
Hear how we quarrell'd, if a quarrel 'twere,
Where he lays on, the blows I onely bear;
He ſtands before me, and commands me ſtand,
And I muſt be obedient to's command:

Alas, what would you have a man to do,
Ith' hands of one that's mad, & ſtronger too? (gut?
Whence com'ſt, he crys, whoſe beans have ſwel'd thy
Whoſe vineger haſt drunk? what cobler put
His purſe to thine, ſome rare chopt leeks to buy,
T'eat with a fry'd ſheeps face? wilt not reply? (what
Speak or I'le kick thee; ſay, where dwell'ſt thou?
Church-porches ſhall I find thee begging at?
Frame anſwers, or ſay nothing, all's alike,
He'll beat thee, and make oath that thou didſt ſtrike:
A poor mans liberty is onely this,
He muſt the hand that baſtinades him, kiſs;
And give his beater thanks with all his heart,
He'll let him, with ſome few of's teeth depart.
Nor is this all thy danger, he's not far,
Night-
Will rob thee, when their doors ſhop-keepers bar,
When every hinge is ſilent, thieves then creep
To cut thy throat; for when our ſouldiers keep
The (u) *Pontine* fens, & guard the (w) *Galline* wood,
Rogues thence run hither for their livelyhood.
What forge, what anvil but where chains are wrought?
Such ſtore of Iron's to make fetters bought,
That ſhortly to want plow-ſhares we may fear,
That pruning-hooks and mattocks will be dear.
Our great-grand-fathers grand-fathers were bleſt,
They under *Kings* and *Tribunes* liv'd the beſt,
When throughout *Rome* one priſon ſerv'd for all.
I could ſay more, but ſee the cattel call,
The Sun too is declining, I muſt go,
The carter cracks his whip, and tells me ſo.
Adieu, be mindful of us, and when *Rome*
Lets thee to thy refreſhing (x) *Aquine* come,
As thou to (y) *Elvin Ceres* ſpur'ſt thy horſe
And thy *Diana*, me from *Cuma* force;
To your moiſt fields, if us *this* do not ſhame,
I'le come in (z) *Taſes* and more *Satyrs* frame.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The third* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 2. Empty *Cuma*] A City in *Campania* the moſt ancient of all the Towns in *Sicily* and *Italy*, ſituated neer the Sea ſhore in the way to *Baiæ*, where the hot Bathes were; it was built by *Hypocles Cumæus*, and gave the Title to *Sybilla Cumæa*, who had her Chappel there.

(b) V. 5. *Prochytas*] A ſolitary Iſland upon the Coaſt of *Campania*.

(c) Verſe 6. *Suburra*] The fairest and moſt frequented ſtreet in *Rome*.

(d) Verſe 10. Poets that in *Auguſt* read] The *Romans* uſed ſtill to go into the Country in the heat of ſummer; yet even in *Auguſt*, when the Town was thinneſt, one could not walk the Streets but he ſhould meet Poets, that would importune him to hear them read, although the hot air and their frozen verſes were enough to kill him.

(e) V. 12. Moiſt *Capena*] The Aqua-ducts, or Pipes that conveyed the water that ſerved *Rome*, paſſed over the old Arches at the Port *Capæna* in the *Appian* way, where the *Proconſuls* uſed to be ſworn.

(f) Verſe 13. *Numa* and his Goddeſs] It was believed, that King *Numa* and the Nymph *Egeria* met at theſe Arches in the night, and that ſhe there adviſed him in thoſe Rites and Ceremonies of the Gods which he eſtabliſhed among the *Romans*: neer to this place lay the vally of *Egeria*, wherein there was a Grove conſecrated by *Numa* to the Muſes the aſſiſtants of this Goddeſs, and a Temple dedicated to her; all

which ground and buildings were now let out by the people of *Rome* to the poor *Jews* that got up their Rent with begging.

(g) V. 25. *Umbricius*] Who this *Umbricius* was that ſpeaks the reſt of this Satyr I find not, more then his preſent Character diſcovers; that is, an honeſt, and therefore a poor *Roman*. Certainly if it had been that *Umbricius* the *Aruſpex* which *Pliny* ſays was ſo excellent at divination, and who as *Tacitus* writes, foretold the murder of *Galba*, his art would have been able to have maintained him in *Rome*.

(h) Verſ. 30. Where *Dædalus*] *Cuma* muſt needs be a delicate ſweet Seat, which was made choice of by *Dadalus*, who flying viewed the whole world (if we believe the Poets) or that (if we unweave their Fables) made diſcoveries of the world by Sea with his winged Sails, and at *Cuma* furled them, bidding farewell to the Ocean.

(i) V. 32. Whilſt my hair is gray] before it turn white.

(k) V. 33. *Lachesis*] That fatal ſiſter that ſpins the thread of life, *Clotho* holding the diſtaff, and *Atropos* cutting off.

(l) V. 36. *Arthurius* and *Catulus*] Once poor Rogues, now Officers, that make uſe of their authority to monopoliſe all beneficial places and good bargains.

(m) Verſe 40. The commanding Spear] At the Auction or publike ſale of any mans perſonal eſtate (part whereof his ſlaves were.) It was the cuſtom of *Rome* to ſtick up a ſpear to give notice to the Town, an Affix or bill of the goods being poſted for the buyers to read, the Cryer ſitting under the ſpear with his merchandiſe, and crying, who gives moſt? and ſome Officer (ſome *Arthurius* or *Catulus*) ſtanding by, for vouchers.

(n) V. 43. With reverſt thumbs] When there was any Sword-play, or fighting on the Stage, it was in the power of the people, if a Fencer were in danger of his life to compel him to fight it out though he died for it, by preſſing down their thumbs; or by bending them

them back, to diſcharge him. It ſeems *Arthutus* and *Catulus* had the leading thumbs.

(*o*) Verſe 54. Toades entrails] The cunning'ſt *Aruſpex* at divining by the entrailes of a Toad was *Locuſta*, and much employed therein by *Nero*'s Mother, *Agrippina*.

(*p*) Verſe 65. Rich *Tagus*] A River in *Luſitania*, whoſe Sands have a mixture of gold.

(*q*) V. 71. This *Greek* Town] Meaning *Rome*, where the vices of the *Greeks* (expreſt in their very Language) were in faſhion with men and women; as you may read Satyr ſix, v. 209.

Doſt cry ζωὴ ψυχὴ, *and uſe ith' crowd,*
Thoſe words the bed cloths but ev'n now did ſhrowd.

(*r*) Verſe 73. *Orontes*] A River in *Syria* (anciently named *Typhon*) that ran by the City of *Antioch* as *Tyber* by *Rome*.

(*s*) V. 76. *Circus*] The great ſhow-place neer Mount *Aventine*, where the *Romans* beheld the playing of Prizes by the Fencers, the baiting and chaſing of wild beaſts, riding of great horſes, &c. *Tarquinius Priſcus* made Galleries about it that would contain 150000 Perſons; underneath were Cellers and Vaults where the Gallants after the publike ſports were ended, had their choice of wenches of all Countries.

(*t*) V. 79. Our nointed Clown] It was the cuſtom of the meaneſt ſort of *Roman* Fencers to have their necks nointed with a kind of artificial clay made of oyl and earth; but the *Greek* peaſants though far meanlyer born (as being ſubject to theſe) deſpiſed their low thoughts of honour won by Sword-play, and poor ways of getting money by th'alms-basket.

(*u*) Verſe 81. *Andros*] *Andros* is one of the Iſlands of the *Cyclades*; *Samos* is an Iſle in the *Ionian* Sea: *Amydon* a City of *Pæonia*: *Trallis* a Town of *Aſia*: *Alaband* a City of *Aſia* Minor: *Sicyon* an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea.

(*w*) V. 83. Th'*Eſquilian* Mount] (Or *Eſquiline* Mount

if

if you like this epithet better, for I conteſt not about words) is one of *Rome's* ſeven Hills, where divers noble *Romans* had their houſes, as you may ſee in the complaint made by the upbraided Client, Sat. 5. verſ. 89.

(*x*) V. 84. The wickers] Another of the ſame Hills took the name of *Mons Viminius* from the Oziers or wicker twigs growing upon it, and gave a name to *Jupiter* who was called *Viminius* from the Altars there erected to his honour.

(*y*) V. 88. *Iſæus*] An Orator of a moſt fluent tongue Tutour to the eloquent *Demoſthenes*.

(*z*) V. 96. At *Athens* born] *Dædalus*.

(*a*) V. 100. *Syrian* Figs] Theſe and Sea-coal were waſted to the coaſt of *Italy* by the ſame wind that brought in the *Greeks*, and to the ſame purpoſe, both the Figs, Sea-coal and *Greeks* coming thither to be ſold.

(*b*) V. 102. *Sabine*] The *Sabines* were neighbours to the *Romanes* at the foundation of *Rome*, and furniſhed them with Wives though againſt their wills, for the *Sabine* women were caught by a ſtratagem of *Romulus* who invited them to the *Conſualia*, or games celebrated in honour of *Neptune*.

(*c*) V. 106. *Antæus*] A Gyant, one of the ſons of the Earth; and it concerned *Hercules* when they wreſtled together to hold him in the air, becauſe he recovered his ſtrength as often as he touched his mother the Earth.

(*d*) V. 111. *Doris*] A ſea Nymph, whoſe part the *Greek* Players acted as her Picture was drawn, naked.

(*e*) V. 112. *Thais*] A Courtezan.

(*f*) V. 115. *Demetrius*] *Demetrius*, *Antiochus*, *Stratocles*, and *Hæmus* were *Græcian* Actors that ſet up at *Rome*.

(*g*) V. 137. *Gymnaſium*] The Philoſophy ſchool.

(*h*) V. 139. *Bareas*] *Bareas Soranus* was put to death in *Nero's* reign upon the accuſation of his Tutour P. *Egnatius*, but a juſt judgement overtook this impious School-maſter; for he himſelf in the reign of *Veſpatian* was condemned and executed upon the information of *Muſonius Ruſus*.

(*i*) Verſe

(i) Verſe 142. Where from] *Tarſus* a City in *Cilicia*, where *Egnatius* was born, and where a feather moulting from the wing of *Bellerophons* horſe, *Pegaſus*, he fell and ſprained his Fetlock, whence the City took the name of Ταρσός.

(k) V. 144. *Erimantus*] *Erimantus*, *Protogenes*, and *Diphilus* were the names of *Græcians*, that were Tutours to the Children of *Romans*.

(l) V. 153. Lictor] The Lictors were in their firſt inſtitution Serjeants that went before the Prætor or Lord chief Juſtice of *Rome*, carrying in their hands a bundle of Rods with an Ax in the middle, to ſignifie the different puniſhments of great and petty offenders.

(m) V. 155. His Collegue] His fellow in office, the other Prætor.

(n) V. 156. *Madia*] She and *Albina* were rich childleſs women, which were courted by the Nobility and ſent unto before day to know how they had ſlept, in as ſervile a way, as the Nobility were bid good morrow by their Clients.

(o) V. 160. The Tribune] A Field-officer in the nature of our Serjeant Major General. There were likewiſe another ſort of Tribunes in the Army called *Tribuni Rutili* or *Suffecti*, that were a kind of Committee, having Conſular power, appointed by the protectors of the Commons or Tribunes of the people, and authorized by the Lords in Senate.

(p) V. 160. Legion] A juſt Legion conſiſted of 6000 men.

(q) V. 161. *Catiena*] She, *Calvina*, and *Chio* were rich Courtezans.

(r) V. 166. *Cybel's* hoſt] *Scipio Naſica*, whoſe houſe for the Maſters integrity was made choice of by the Senate to entertain the Image of the *Phrygian Cybele* Mother of the Gods, until a Temple could be built for her at *Rome*.

(s) V. 166. *Numa*] The ſecond King of *Rome*, Author of the Rites and Ceremonies of their Gods.

(t) V. 167. Sav'd frighted *Pallas*] *Lucius Metellus* the *Pontifex*

Pontifex Maximus, that when the Temple of *Pallas* was on fire reſcued her *Palladium* or wooden Image with the loſs of his eyes, rather chuſing to venture his own life, then to let *Rome* be in danger as *Troy* was, to be loſt for want of the *Palladium*.

(*u*) V. 174. *Samothracians*] The Deities *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Pallas*, &c. were brought to *Rome* from *Samothracia*; *Mars* and *Romulus* were Gods peculiar to the *Romans*.

(*w*) V. 188. Vain *Otho*] *L. Roſcius Otho* Tribune of the people preferred a Law, that there ſhould be fourteen Benches ſet apart at every ſtage or Theater onely for ſuch *Romans* whoſe eſtates amounted to 400. *H. S.* or *Seſtertia*, that is, about 3125 l. Sterling, which was (as the Poet notes in his firſt Satyr, verſ. 125) the ſumme that made a Gentleman, at leaſt at the Theater; for he that had leſs and ſate upon theſe Benches, was puniſhable by the *Roſcian* Law.

(*x*) V. 191. Ædiles] The Ædiles were primitively Officers that had the charge to ſee houſes belonging to the City kept in reparation, as alſo Temples; theſe were called Ædiles Curules, from the Chariot they rode in, and were conſtantly choſen out of the Patricians or Nobility. But another ſort of Ædiles (which are thoſe here ſpoken of) were choſen out of the Plebeians or commons. And had beſides the former authority the charge of Aquaducts or publike Conduits, with power to examine weights and meaſures, and to force the ſeller to take again his ſophiſticated wares. The Patrician Ædiles governed one year, the Plebeian Ædiles the next, and ſo ſtill by turns.

(*y*) V. 198. *Marſians*] A poor people of *Apulia* in *Italy*.

(*z*) V. 199. *Sabellian* food] Such hard fare as the *Samnites* were accuſtomed to, a people dwelling upon the mountains betwixt the *Sabines* and the *Marſians*, conquered by *Marcus Curius* Dictator.

(*a*) V. 206. The pale gaping thing] the fool with his vizard on.

(*b*) V. 215. What giv'ſt thou] *viz.* to my Lord *Coſſus* his Chamber-keepers.

(*c*) V. 216. *Veiento*] *Fabricius Veiento* was a Lord of the

the Senate, ſo proud of his honour and exceſſive wealth, that he would hardly vouchſafe to ſpeak to any inferiour perſon; but his Wife *Hippia* was not of his mind, for ſhe left him and ran away with a Fencer, Satyr 6. verſ. 86.

(*d*) V. 222. *Præneſte*] A Town in the heart of *Italy*, now called *Palaſtrina*.

(*e*) V. 223. The *Volſcian* Cliffs] In *Latium* upon the *Campanian* Sea-coaſt.

(*f*) V. 224. *Gabians*] A Town of the *Volſcians* at this day called *Gallicano* or *Zaggarolo*.

(*g*) V. 224. *Tibur*] A City of the *Sabines* in *Latium*, now *Tivoli*, nineteen miles from *Rome* upon the River *Anio*, where there was a ſtrong Fort, that notwithſtanding looked as if it were falling down.

(*h*) V. 233. Three ſtories high] The poor *Romans*, ſuch as *Ucalegon*, dwelt in Garrets, as you may read in theſe verſes of the tenth Satyr.

> Longinus *was girt therefore, by command,*
> *From* Nero, *with a military Band.*
> Seneca's *Gardens, like his riches, great:*
> *And the fair* Lateran *buildings were beſet*
> *By a whole Cohort. But in that ſad time,*
> *Setdom the Souldier did poor Garrets climbe.*

(*i*) V. 237. *Procula*] A She-dwarf married to the Poet *Codrus* who could neither procure money, nor make friends for a Bed long enough for her.

(*k*) V. 253. *Euphranor*] A rare Picture-drawer.

(*l*) V. 253. *Policlet*] An excellent ſtatuary.

(*m*) V. 261. *Circios*] The great ſhow-place formerly deſcribed.

(*n*) V. 262. *Fabrateria*] *Fabrateria* was a City in *Campania*. *Sora* a Town neer the Mountain now called *Monte di Silveſtro Fruſino* another City in *Campania*.

(*o*) V. 268. *Pithagorians*] the Schollars of *Pithagoras*, who held it unlawful to eat any thing that ever had a ſenſitive life, and therefore for the moſt part lived upon Herbs, abſtaining onely from the vegetable Beans.

(*p*) Verſe

(p) V. 278. Dull *Druſus*] One that was as drowſie for a man, as the Seal or Sea-Calf for a Fiſh.

(q) V. 29 . *Corbulo*] A wreſtler, of a Giantly Stature.

(r) V 298. *Ligurian* Stones] Marble, hewen out of the Quarries in *Liguria* upon the *Appennine* Mountains, between *France* and *Hetruria*, now the Territories of the great Duke of *Florence*.

(s) V. 308. *Charon*] The Ferryman of hell, who carries over no ſouls under farthings a piece.

(t) Verſ. 323. For's friend] *Patroclus*, *Achilles* his Foſter-brother, ſlain by *Hector*.

(u) V. 355. *Pontine* Fens] Drown'd-land of the *Volſcians*, neer the *Forum Appii*, drained (as ſome ſay) by *Julius Cæſar*, a place where many robberies and murders were committed.

(w) V. 355. *Gallin* wood] A Forreſt in the Bay of *Cuma*, reſorted unto by Thieves and Out-laws.

(x) V. 368. *Aquine*] A great City in the Latin way, but by the birth of *Juvenal* far greater in fame, then Territory.

(y) V. 369. *Elvin Ceres*] *Ceres* The Goddeſs of huſbandry, had a Temple built in honour of her by the *Aquinates*, who likewiſe in the *Minturnian* Foreſt ſacrificed to *Diana* the Goddeſs of Hunting.

(z) V. 372. Taſes] Pieces of Arms for the thighs, it ſeems *Umbritius* aimed to wear ſomething more then buskins, at the writing of his next Satyr.

The

The fourth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Mullet *that* Criſpinus *bought*
Minds th' Authour of a Turbut *brought*
*To th'*Emperour, *ſo huge, no pot*
That would containe it, could be got;
The Senate's *call'd, the Fathers ſit,*
On a deſign for boyling it:
They all are character'd, deviſe
A way to cook it, and then riſe.

BEhold (*a*) *Criſpinus* once again comes forth,
And oft I'll ſhew him, monſter, whom no worth
Redeems from vice, weak, only ſtrong in luſt,
Who meerly does the *widdow's* ſweets diſguſt.
What matter then, his beaſts what acres toil,
How far he's carri'd through his ſhady ſoil,
What houſe or land by th' (*b*) *Forum* he enjoy?
No bad man's happy, much leſs the Decoy,
Th'inceſtuous, who a (*c*) veiled Nun deflowr'd,
That was alive by th'Earth to be devour'd.
But ſtil'd his ſlighter errour this muſt be, (thee.
Yet hadſt thou done't, the (*d*) Judge had ſentenc'd
But what would prove (*e*) *Titius* or *Seius* baſe,
Or any other, did *Criſpinus* grace;
His perſon's fouler than his crimes, who'd have
To do with him? he for a *mullet* gave

The Character of a mean born favourite. His common luſts. His ſtate.

His inceſt with a Veſtal Virgin. His crimes paſt over as graceful qualities.

(*f*) Six

His Epicurisme.

(f) Six thousand, the full weight in gold; 'tis said,
By those by whom great things are greater made.
I should commend him, if it were his drift,
To win th'old childless man with such a gift,
To write his name first when he seals his Will:
There might be further reason in it still,
Should he this present for's great *friend* prepare,
Born in her close and large glass-window'd chaire;
A Sedan.
But no such matter; for himself 'twas bought.
He exceeds *Apicius* the rich Glutton.
We see things done, that make *Apicius* thought
(g) *Frugal*, and *poor*. *Crispine*, was *fish* so dear,
When thou didst thy own country *paper* wear?
No question, but he might have bought for less
The *fisher*, then the *fish*; one may possess
A Lordship in a (h) *Province* at that rate,
(i) Nay here in *Italy* a fair estate.
What dainties may we think the *Emperour* eats,
When this poor dish scarce miss'd among his meats,
Had so many *Sestertia* given for't,
Belcht by the purple buffon of the Court,
Now *Master* of the *Horse*; that cry'd of old
Stale broken ware, and fish of (k) *Nilus* sold.
'Tis complement enough to stile old women girles.
Begin (l) *Calliope*, here let's make a stand;
No matter, for a *Madrigals* in hand:
Sing you (m) *Pierian* Girles, this story's true,
But 'tis enough that *Girles* I've stiled you. (sturb'd,
When the last (n) *Flavius* th'half-dead world di-
When great *Rome* as his slave (o) *bald Nero* curb'd,
The history of the great Turbot.
A monstrous (p) *Adriatick* Turbut lands
Where *Venus* Fane in (q) *Greek Ancona* stands;
It fil'd the wharf and stuck upon the shore,
Like those ice-bound (r) *Mæotis* covers o're,
Till summer force it into (s) th' *Euxine* flow,
with long cold fatted, and with fat grown slow.
This Monster, th'owner of the Boate and *lines*,
For our (t) *Pontifex Maximus* designes:
For such a Turbut who durst *sell* or *buy*,
So many inquisitours and informers nigh?
These sea-weeds scattered on the shoar, would fall
Oth' naked Fisher-man, nor stick to call

The

The Fiſh a very *fugitive*, that fled
From *(u) Cæſar's* Ponds, where it had been long fed,
And ought to be return'd to it's old Lord;
For if *Palfurius* credit we afford
Or *Armillatus*, 'tis *Imperial food*,
If it be rare and excellently good.
On whatſoever Billow it be toſt.
This therefore muſt be given, for fear't be loſt.
Now ſickly Autumn froze, the Patient fear'd
A quartan, Winter foul and ſtiff appear'd.
What he had caught would *keep*, the Fiſher knew,
Yet he makes haſt as if the *South-wind* blew.
The Lake paſt, at *(w) rob'd Alba* he arrives,
Where ſtill poor *Veſta's Trojan* fire ſurvives.
The wondring crowd firſt ſtopt him; but when they
(Their admiration ſatisfi'd) gave way,
The preſence-hinges nimbly turn about,
The Fiſh goes in, the Senate wait without.
'Tis brought *(x)* to *'Atrides*, thus the *(y)* Fiſher ſayes,
Vouchſafe, what is ſo great it would amaze
A *private kitchin*, graciouſly t'accept,
Be this day to thy *(z) Genus* ſacred kept;
With ſpeed thy ſtomack clear of *common meat*,
And this untill thy time-kept-Turbut eat.
'Twould needs be caught. Could any raskal gloze
More plainly? yet *his Peacocks feathers roſe*,
Nothing ſo groſs but will belief incline,
When that power's prais'd equals the power's Divine.
But there's no *boyler* big enough, his *States*
He therefore calls to councel, whom he hates:
While their looks ſhow the *paleneſs* of a great
Sad *friendſhip*; th'*uſher* cryes, make haſt, he's ſet.
Firſt *Pegaſus* whips on his purple Gown,
Who was the *Baliff* of th'amazed Town.
What then were *(a) Prefects* more? whereof the beſt
He was, and of our *Judges* th'honeſteſt;
And yet his uncorrupted Tongue was charm'd,
In thoſe dire times when Juſtice was diſarm'd.
There likewiſe did old pleaſant *(b) Criſpus* meet,
Whoſe nature, like his eloquence, was ſweet.

The neceſſity of preſenting the Fiſh to the Emperour.

Winter.

The fiſhers ſpeech to *Cæſar*.

A councel call'd about dreſſing the Fiſh.

The Character of the Chancellor of *Rome*.

A well tempered councellor.

Could he, that Rules the Earth, Seas, and People,
A friend, he might with more advantage uſe, (chuſe
If when his thoughts to bloud and vengeance move
He'd ſuffer him his cruelty reprove;
The Nature of a Tyrant. And that he would his honeſt counſels hear,
But what's more violent then a Tyrant's ear?
With whom oth'windy Spring, Rain, Heat his friends
Diſcourſing, on their *words* their *fate* depends.
He therefore never ſwam a ſtroke to break
The Torrent, nor durſt any *Roman* ſpeak
The truth his ſoul thought, or in doing good
Imploy his time: he many Winters ſtood,
And ſaw his eightieth Solſtice, in this ſort,
At this guard lying ſafely, in that Court.
The Martyr *Domitius* with his father. Next him as old *(c) Acilius* doth attend
With his *(d)* young Son, unworthy of an end
So cruel, now deſign'd him by the Prince;
But old Lords ſhew'd like Prodigies long ſince.
So that I'd rather be, then of great birth,
The Gyant's Brother, th'off-ſpring of the earth.
Poor youth, he ſcapt not, though he naked threw
His Javelin in the *Alban* liſts, and ſlew
Numidian Lions: that *Patrician* Art
Who knows not? who admires th'old ſubtil part
That *Brutus* acted? *'twas an eaſie thing*
To put a trick upon a (e) bearded King.
A baſe but impudent Court-Lord. *(f) Rubrius* as ſadly goes, although born baſe,
Conſcious of his not-to-be nam'd diſgrace;
Yet he our Pathick Satyriſt out-brag'd.
A Glutton. *(g) Montanus belly* comes, with midriff ſagg'd,
And then *Criſpinus*, ſweating oyles oth'Baſt,
That would have ſerv'd two funerals at leaſt.
A handy flatterer. Then he that cuts a throat with leſs adoe,
With a ſoft whiſper *(h) Pompey*, *(i) Fuſcus* too,
An unactive General. Whoſe bowels kept for *Scythian* vultures are,
Whiles he in's marble Villa ſtudies war.
A wiſe and a cruel counſellour coupled. With wiſe *(k) Veiento* dire *Catullus* came,
Whom love oth' unſeen virgin did inflame,
Our *Times* great *monſter*, a blind flatterer,
Whom *begging* did to's *place* at *Court* prefer;

Fit

Fit to run after *Aricine* Horſes heels,
And ſeem to kiſs the wagons nimble wheels.
None more admir'd the Fiſh, much he did ſay
To's left hand turn'd, when that on's right hand lay.
So the *(m) Cilicians* fight and blows he prais'd,
And th'Engin which the boys to th'canvaſs rais'd.
Veiento came not ſhort of him, for he
Divin'd, *(n) Bellona*, as inſpir'd by thee.
A mighty *Omen*, Sir, this Fiſh muſt bring
Of ſome great *triumph*, or ſome *captive King*.
Or from the Pole of's *Britiſh* Chariot
(o) Arviragus ſhall fall; perceive you not
It is a *forrein* Monſter, by the ſcales
Prickt up on's back? *Veiento* only failes,
In that he is not able to preſage
The Turbut's *native-climate* and his *age*.
Shall's cut him? ſpeak: *Montanus* cryes, oh no,
'Twere a diſhonour, Sir, to uſe him ſo:
Let's have a thin-wall'd earthen veſſel made,
Wherein his *whole circumference* may be lay'd: *(pot,*
Some rare *(p) Prometheus* would ſtraight mould the
With all ſpeed let the wheele and clay be got:
To follow's Camp from henceforth *Cæſar* may
Command the *Potters*. This *vote* won the day,
Worthy the man, who th'old *Court-riot* knew,
And *Nero's midnights*, and a hunger *new*,
When *(q) Falerne* wine inflam'd the lights: in all
My time, his taſt was moſt authenticall.
If *(r) Lucrin* Rocks or *Circe's* th'oiſters bred,
Or were they with *(s) Richborough* water fed
He found at the firſt taſte, and by the look
Of crab-fiſh told upon what Coaſt 'twas took.
The Councel riſes, and the Lords receive
Commands, the Room, and *Alban* Tow'r to leave.
To which in ſuch haſt and aſtoniſhment
For them our mighty General had ſent,
As if hee'd treat of ſomething which the ſtern
(t) Sicambri or the *(u) Catti* did concern.
Or had receiv'd from the earths far diſtant coaſts
Diſtracted Letters, brought by *(w)* flying Poſts.

'Tis worldly wiſdom to flatter Tyrants.

The judgement of the Court about the fiſh.

The blood of the Nobility reveng'd by the Commuhalty.

And would to Heav'n he had ſpent all that time
Thus *innocently*, when he rob'd our clime
Of many a gallant and illuſtrious ſoul
Unpuniſht, or without the leaſt controul.
But he was loſt when once the Clown began
To fear him, he reveng'd the Nobleman.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The fourth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 1. *Criſpinus*] The Slave mentioned in the firſt Satyr, verſ. 29. born at *Canopus* in *Ægypt*, and for his vices ſake advanced by *Domitian Cæſar* to be Maſter or General of his Horſe.

(b) V. 7. *Forum*] About the time wherein this Satyr was written, the City of *Rome* had four great *Forums* or *Piazzas*, 1. *Forum Romanum* or *Vetus*, wherein was the *Comitium* or Hall of Juſtice, the *Roſtra* or Pulpits for Orations, *Saturnes* Sanctuary or the common Treaſury or Chamber of *Rome*, with *Caſtors* Temple, and their old Exchange, 2 *Forum Julium* built by *Julius Cæſar*, 3. *Auguſtum* the Structure of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, 4. *Tranſitorium* (being the paſſage into three of their petty *Forums*, or market-places) begun by the Emperour *Domitian*, and perhaps at this time finiſhed by *Nerva*.

(*c*) V. 9. A veiled Nun] A Veſtal Virgin, who upon proof of the breach of her vow of Chaſtity was to be carried out of the *Collin* Gate into the *Campus Sceleratus*, or field of execution, and there in her cloſe Chair to be let down into a Vault, wherein was a Couch, a Lamp burning, and a little meat. The hole they put her in at, was preſently ſtopped up, and ſo this poor *Anchorite* lived and died in her grave; the reaſon of this

this kind of death and burial was, becauſe they held it unlawful to lay violent hands upon a Veſtal, and unfit to burn her body, who had kept the ſacred fire with no more ſanctity.

(*d*) V. 12. The Judge] The Emperour *Domitian*, who had adjudged *Cornelia* to be executed according to the letter of the Law made by *Numa* againſt the tranſgreſſing Veſtals, and who ordered likewiſe, that the Adulterers ſhould be whipped to death in the *Comitium*, or Hall of Juſtice.

(*e*) V. 13. *Titius*] *Titius*, and *Seius* are names which the Civil Lawyers uſe, as our common Lawyers do *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*.

(*f*) V. 17. Six thouſand] Six thouſand *Nummi* of *Seſtertii*, a thouſand whereof make one *Seſtertium*, being a pound-weight.

(*g*) V. 27. Frugal and poor] This exceſs at the Table of *Criſpinus* makes the profuſeneſs and wealth of *Apicius* to be thought frugality and poverty, although *Apicius* was ſo exquiſite a glutton, that he wrote a book of the art of Cookery, and ſo rich, that he made all his experiments at his own Table.

(*h*) V. 31. A Province] All Countries out of *Italy* to which the *Romans* ſent a Præfect, Proconſul, or any other Governour, were called Provinces.

(*i*) Verſe 32. *Apulia*] That part of *Italy* now called *Puglia*.

(*k*) Verſe 38. *Nilus*] The great ſeven channel'd River of *Ægypt*, to which *Criſpinus* was a neighbour born.

(*l*) V. 39. *Calliope*] One of the nine *Muſes*.

(*m*) V. 41. *Pierian* Girls] The *Muſes* were called *Pierian*, from the victory they had over the nine Daughters of *Pierus* who challenged thoſe nine Goddeſſes to ſing with them, and were for that ſaucy ambition transformed into Meg-pies, but in this place the Poet adds to their victorious Epithet the title of Girls, which he takes to be a great complement to the Muſes, for as-much as they muſt needs be old women.

(*n*) V. 43. The laſt *Flavius*] *Domitian Cæſar*, who was

descended of the *Flavian* family, which terminated in him.

(o) V. 44. Bald *Nero*] A nick name put upon *Domitian*, who was like his cozen the Tyrant *Nero* in all things, but he wanted his head of hair.

(p) Verse 45. *Adriatick*] The *Adriatick* Sea parts *Italy* from *Dalmatia*, and is now called the gulf of *Venice*.

(q) Verse 46. *Greek Ancona*] The chief City of *Pisa* (now *Marchia d'Ancona*) built by the *Dorick Græcians* upon the shoar of the *Adriatick*, and beautified with a Temple dedicated to *Venus* by the *Romans*.

(r) V. 48. *Mæotis*] the dead lake in *Scythia* (frozen over all the Winter) which receiveth the River *Tanais* that divides *Europe* from *Asia*.

(s) V. 49. *Euxine*] *Mæotis* in the Summer time disburdeneth it self South through the Straits called *Bosphorus Cimmerius* in the *Euxine* Sea, at the North whereof is another *Bosphorus* (or strait, where cattel have adventured to swim over) called *Thracius*, which openeth into the *Propontis*, the South end whereof is called *Hellespont*, from whence to the *Mediterranean*, it bears the name of the *Ægean* Sea.

(t) V. 52. *Pontifex Maximus*] There was in *Rome* a Colledge of Pontifices, which were exempted from the authority of any Lay-court of Judicature, having power to hear and determine all controversies of Religion, either between the Priests of the Gods, or private persons; the President of this Colledge was stiled *Pontifex Maximus*, which office and stile after the inauguration of the *Roman* Emperours devolved unto the Crown.

(u) V. 58. *Cæsar*'s Ponds] Although Fishes, being *Feræ naturæ*, are by the Civil Law any man's that can catch them, yet if a Fish could be proved to have been once inclosed within a Pond, though it were afterwards taken in a River, it ought to be returned to the first proprietary of it: so far *Palfurius* and *Armillatus* had studied book-cases, to follow their accu-

sations

ſations with ſome colour of juſtice and legality.

(*w*) Verſ. 69. Robb'd *Alba*] The City of *Alba* upon the lake, built by *Aſcanius*, the ſon of *Æneas*, was deſtroyed by King *Tullus Hoſtilius*, who robbed the *Alban* Temple of *Veſta*, and carried away from it *Aſcanius* his Trojan fire to *Rome*, where a prodigious ſtorm of hail ſtones hapning, the *Romans* were admoniſhed to return the fire, and ſuffer the ceremonies of *Veſta* to be obſerved at *Alba*, though in a poorer way then at *Rome*.

(*x*) Verſ. 75. *Atrides*] *Agamemnon*, a name which the Poet gives *Domitian*, onely becauſe he wore a Crown; as he gave him (a little before) the ſtile of *Pontifex Maximus*, not for any abilites he had to diſcharge that office, but onely that he could make his *Pontifica cæna*, a profuſe feaſt, which bore the title of *Pontifex*, as well as *Domitian*.

(*y*) V. 75. The Fiſher] the *Piſan* (ſo Juvenal) the Fiſher-man being born in *Piſa*, ſomewhere about the Lake of *Alba*.

(*z*) V. 78. *Genius*] The ſpirit of man, and the ſpirit or God (according to the Heathens belief) appointed to attend upon us from our nativities, ſo that any thing wherein the ſpirit or ſoul delighted, was called ſacred or peculiar to the *Genius*, eſpecially feaſting and Marriage.

(*a*) V. 91. Præfects] *Pegaſus*, a great Civil Lawyer (born in *Alba* where *Domitian* now reſided) was at this time *Præfectus urbis* or Chancellor of *Rome*, all cauſes of what nature ſoever if they were within a hundred miles of *Rome*, being brought into the Præfects Court; but in the time of the Tyrant *Domitian*, this great Judge ſtood but for a cipher, and to be Præfect of *Rome* was no more then to be Bayliff of a Village.

(*b*) V. 95. *Criſpus*] *Vibius Criſpus*, a rich ſubtle and ſmooth old-man, who kept himſelf in favour with many Emperours of ſeveral diſpoſitions by being a willow and not an Oak He in a Progreſs followed *Cæſars* Chariot on foot; and being a boy, when *Nero* ſaid to him, *Criſpus* haſt thou injoyed thy Siſter? he anſwered, not yet, Sir; not willing to confeſs an untruth, nor daring

to deny it, leſt the Emperour ſhould think himſelf toucht, who had been kind with his own Siſter; when one asked him if any were within with the Emperour *Domitian*? the pleaſant old-man replyed, not ſo much as a flie Sir. It being *Domitians* cuſtom in the beginning of his Empire to be private an hour a day for the killing of flies.

(*c*) V. 111. *Acilius*] *Acilius Glabrio*; he had ſeen his eightith Summer *Solſtice* too, being fourſcore year old as well as *Criſpus*, and a Noble-man likewiſe, which the Author admires as a prodigy in the Reign of thoſe Tyrants they lived under.

(*d*) V. 112. His young ſon] *Domitius* whom the Emperour *Domitian* (though it ſeems he liked his Father *Acilius* well enough) could never indure, which the youth perceiving, hoped to have blinded *Domitian* as *Brutus* did *Tarquin*, with a counterfeit madneſs, which *Domitius* acted to the life, fighting naked with fierce *African* Lions before the Emperor at his Pallace in *Alba*; but nothing would ſatisfie the jealouſie *Domitian* had conceived of *Domitius* his *brain*, until he had taken off his *head*.

(*e*) V. 122. A bearded King] *Tarquinius Superbus* whom *Brutus* beguiled, wore his beard long, for in his time the Barbers were not come over to *Rome* from *Sicily*.

(*f*) V. 123. *Rubrius*] *Rubrius Gallus* who in his youth committed ſome ſuch foul crimes as pathick *Nero* did, and being come to mans eſtate as bold a Writer of Satyrs againſt others as *Nero* was.

(*g*) V. 126. *Montanus*] *Curtius Montanus* a huge fat glutton, whoſe belly rather then himſelf the Poet here takes notice of, but he leaves him not ſo, you ſhall find him again in this Satyr, verſ. 153.

(*h*) V. 130. *Pompey*] *Pompeius Ruffus*, who though not ſo fine as the *Arabarch Criſpinus* in his Eaſtern Baliom, was yet far ſubtler in his whiſpering of accuſations.

(*i*) Verſe 130. *Fuſcus*] *Cornelius Fuſcus*, who having onely heard of battels, and meditated ſtratagems of war within the marble walls of his *Villa* or country houſe, was ſent General by *Domitian* againſt the *Scythians*

thians of *Dacia*, where his Army was defeated, and he himſelf ſlain.

(*k*) V. 133. *Veiento*] That rich and proud Senator deſcribed in my notes upon the third Satyr.

(*l*) V. 133. *Catullus*] A blind man and a bloudy informer, raiſed by *Domitian*, from begging at the foot of the *Aricine* hill in the *Appian* way, to be one of his Councellors of Eſtate; the Emperour thinking (as it ſeems) that the tongue which begged ſo well, would urge an accuſation better. *Pliny* in his Epiſtles ſaith, *Domitian* uſed to caſt *Catullus* at noble Perſons, like a blind dart that will ſpare no man.

(*m*) V. 141. *Cilician*'s] A Fencer of *Cilicia*, whoſe blowes and way of fighting this impudent blind man had formerly commended upon the Stage, as he did likewiſe the Engine (ſuch as we have in Masks) by which the boys aſcended to the Canvas that covered the top of the Play-houſe.

(*n*) V. 144. *Bellona*] *Minerva* Goddeſs of war, (Siſter and Charioteer to *Mars*) whoſe Prieſts ſacrificed their own bloud to her, and immediately ſhe ſo inſpired them that they explained things preſent, and foretold the future.

(*o*) Verſe 148. *Arviragus*] A King of the South *Brittains*, youngeſt ſon to *Kymbeline*, a great oppoſer of the *Romans* in this Iſland, both in *Domitian*'s reign (when, it ſeems, he flouriſhed) and *Claudius Cæſars*, whoſe daughter *Geniſſa* (if we may believe our *Britiſh* Hiſtorians that he had ſuch a one) our *Arviragus* married.

(*p*) V. 157. *Prometheus*] That in-imitable Potter, who was carried to Heaven by *Minerva*, being much taken with his wit, where he made further demonſtration of it, by ſtealing fire from the Suns Coach-wheels, wherewith he inanimated his man of clay.

(*q*) V. 163. *Falerne* Wine] The Grapes growing upon the *Falerne* Mountains in *Campania*, made a rare Wine in *Juvenal*'s time, as you may ſee by his frequent uſe of the word *Falerne*, and it is, even at this day, the abſolute beſt Wine in *Italy*, as they ſay that have met with

with it where it is pure, which is only in the Cardinals or ſome great Princes Cellar.

(r) Verſe 165. *Lucrin* Rocks or *Circe*'s] The *Lucrin* Rocks were in *Campania* in the Bay of *Lucrinum*; Rocks of *Circe* were neer unto *Cajeta*, where was a Chappel dedicated to *Circe*, and a Mountain that likewiſe bore her name.

(s) V. 166. *Richborough*] In *Kent*.

(t) V. 174. *Sicambri*] The people of *Gelderland*, between the Rivers of *Moſa* and the *Rhene*.

(u) V. 174. *Catti*] *Germans* now called *Haſſi*; againſt whom *Domitian* made one voluntary expedition, as he did another of neceſſity againſt the *Scythians* of *Dacia*, where his whole Legion was overthrown, and the General *Fuſcus* ſlain.

(w) V. 176. Flying Poſts] Some have ſuppoſed he meant Letters brought by Carrier-Pidgeons, but he calls them not flying Poſts either for ſpeed of bird or man, but becauſe in Packets of Overthrows or Inſurrections the *Romans* uſed to ſtick a'Feather: in expreſſes of Victory, a Lawrel.

The fifth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Client Trebius *is reprov'd,*
Who will with no affront be mov'd
Proud Virro's *table to forbear,*
Where he but ſeldom muſt appear.
And then, poor Creature, onely ſees
The pretious wine, but drinks *the lees.*
At Virro's *Feaſt eats ſcraps, or ſterves,*
Nor better, That brooks this, deſerves.

SHam'ſt not? doſt ſtill, as thy *chief good*, intend
Upon another's trencher to depend? (ere
Canſt thou endure more baſe affronts, then
At *Cæſar*'s bitter jeering table were
By humble (*a*) *Galbo* or (*b*) *Sermentus* born?
I'd ſcarce believe't, wert thou a *witneſs ſworn.*
I know *the belly's cheaply fed*; put caſe
Thou had'ſt not to fill up that empty ſpace,
Is there no *hole*, no *bridge*, no *cottage nook?*
Art thou with th'*injury* of a *meal* ſo took?
So hunger-gutted? thou maiſt ſhake for fear
Far more genteelely, and gnaw dog-cruſts *there.*
Ith'firſt place, thou, when bid to ſupper haſt
The full reward of all thy ſervice paſt,
A great friends bounty, meat; he thinks ſo, though
He bids thee ſeldom, yet he thinks it ſo.

The affronts ſuffered at great mens Tables.

The reward of a Noblemans ſervice

After

After ſome month's neglect, if he admit
A Client, leſt there ſhould want one to ſit
On's *(c)* third bed, we'll (ſayes he) together eat;
What would'ſt thou more? thy wiſhes are compleat.
Trebius oblig'd, has that for which he muſt
Break's ſleep, and run ungarter'd and untruſt,
For fear leſt his *(d)* ſaluting rivals may
Have fill'd the ring by dawning of the day;
Or at the time when the ſev'n ſtarrs do roll
Their cold and ſluggiſh wain about the pole.
But then, what kind of ſupper is't? thy cup.
Is fill'd with wine, moiſt wool would ſcarce drink up.
The gueſt's transform'd to *(e) Cybel's Prieſts* you ſee,
Made with foul words their firſt encounters be:
Anon the cups they drink in fly about,
And thou thy wound wip'ſt with a crimſon clout,
How often do the *(f) Libertines* and *you*,
Pots of *(g) Saguntum* furiouſly imbrew?
What th'untrim'd *(h)* Conſuls ſaw, his ſervant skinks,
The grape preſt in the Civil Wars he drinks:
Nor with one little taſt of it would part
To's friend, that has the trembling of the heart.
From *(i)* th' *Albane* or the *(k) Setine* hills, next day
He ſomething drinks, whoſe age hath took away
The duſty hogshead's *(l)* date, and climate; ſuch
As *(m) Thraſeas* and *Helvidius* would touch,
When they drank *(n)* crown'd, on the *nativities*
Of *Caſſius*, and both the *Bruteſes*.
Virro's own wine's into large amber put,
Or ſea-green *(o) Beryll* into faſcets cut.
They truſt not thee with gold, or if they do't,
Sometimes a keeper is annext unto't,
Who counts the gems, marks where thy ſharp nail
Excuſe him, there the precious *Jaſper* flames.
For *Virro* to be *a la mode*, does thoſe
Rich ſtones from's *Rings* into his *bowels* tranſpoſe,
Which in his *hilts* the *(p)* youth, preferr'd before
The jealous-ſpirited *Hiarbus*, wore.
Thou drain'ſt a foul four-ſnouted glaſs, that's call'd
The *(q) Beneventine* Cobler, old and gall'd,

What pains they take that ingratiate themſelves with great perſons.

What wine below the Salt.

Old Retainers ſet together by the ears to make their Lord ſport.

Wine ſeventy years old, none drinks but the Lord.

The richneſs of the Lords Bowls.

Not truſted in the hands of poor gueſts.

Jewels firſt worn in ſword-hilts, then in Rings, and laſtly in Bowls. The glaſs for a mean gueſt,

And

And going to the Glaſs-houſe every day
For ſcraps of brimſtone to be truckt away.
With wine or meat if thy Lord's ſtomack glow,
Boild water's brought him coold in *Scythian* Snow;
Did I complain none of the ſame wine came
To your ſhare, 'las your water's not the ſame.
Thy cup is fill'd by the *(r) Getulian* boore,
Or raw-bon'd fingers of the *Blackamoor*,
Whom you'd not meet at midnight; as you ſtray
By th' Monuments ith'rugged *Latin* way.
The Flow'r of *(s) Aſia* on thy Patron waites,
Bought at a higher price, then the eſtates
Of *(t) Tullus*, warlike *(u) Ancus* in a word
Then all the Kings of *Rome* could ere afford.
In which reſpect, thou muſt when th'art a-drye
On thy *(w) Getulian Ganimed* caſt thine eye.
Can he ſo many millions coſt, be page
To th'poor? high looks become his form, and age,
This yeoman of the mouth too, when doth hee
Though call'd upon, vouchſafe to come to thee?
No, he diſdains th'old client ſhould command
His ſervice; or ſhould ſit when he muſt ſtand. (thoſe
Each great houſe with proud ſervants ſwarms. How
Grumble to reach thee bread, a knife would poſe,
Hard mouldy cruſts, which do the grinders ſpoile,
And yet are hardly enter'd with long toile?
Thy Lords Loaves are of ſoft and ſnow-white flower,
Keep in thy hand, reverence the Butlers power:
Shouldſt thou be bold with it in jeaſt, a clown
Stands o're thee that will make thee lay it down.
(x) Remember, ſawcy Sir, how you've bin fed,
And know the colour of your houſhold-bread.
Was't this, for which I left (ſo many a time)
My wife, the cold *(y) Eſquilian* Mount to clime,
When Winter *Jove* pour'd down in cruel rain,
And my furr'd-coat did rain it o're again.
See how the charger bends with thy *Lord's* Fiſh,
What *Sparagus* begarniſhes the diſh;
And how his tayle the table ſeems to ſcorn,
When he's ith'hands of the tall ſervant born.

By what gaſtly creatures the poor is waited on at great mens tables.

The Lords fine Pages.

The pride of Servants.

The difference of bread.

The retainers complaint.

The difference of Fiſh for the Lord and Client.

Thy

Thy Crab, with half an egge about it ſhred,
Comes in a plate, a (z) ſupper for the dead.
Upon his fiſh (a) *Venafrian* oyl he poures,
What ſmells oth'lamp dawbs thy pale colyflowers.
The ſtuff brought in (b) *Micipſa's* picked cane
Thy ſawcer fills, for which all *Rome* refrain,
The Eath ſtunk up by *Bochar* to come nigh,
From which the very *Lybian* Serpents flye.
Thy Patron's mullet (c) *Corſica* ſends in,
Or (d) *Tauromenian* Rocks, when ours begin
To fail us, *when our luxury to pleaſe,*
We for the ſhambles rob the neigh'bring Seas,
And will not let the *Tyrrhen* fiſhes breed;
The Provinces muſt then our kitchins feed.
Thence to (e) *Aurelia* (f) *Lenas* fiſh preſents,
Which in the Market once again ſhe vents;
Virro's great *Conger's* brought him from the (g) Straits
Of *Sicily, for when the South-wind waits*
A priſoner, and his deawy feathers drys,
Charybdis our bold fiſher-men deſpiſe.
Thy Eele is cozen to the ſlender Snake,
Which th'ice of Tiber did ſo ſpotted make,
That bred ith'mud, and by the kennel kept,
Oft ith' (h) *Suburra's* common ſhore had crept.
I'd ſpeak a word in *Virro's* ear, None crave
What (i) *Seneca*, brave (k) *Piſo*, (l) *Cotta* gave
To their poor friends, (for great as *Faſces* then
Or Titles, bounty ſhin'd in noble men)
Only a civil uſage we intreat,
Let's eat at the ſame table the ſame meat,
Do this and be, what moſt to be contend,
Rich to thy ſelf, poor only to thy friend.
To *Virro* a great Gooſe's liver's ſet,
Girt with cramm'd Fowl, or rarities as great:
A wild *Boar* foaming lies upon his board,
Worthy the fair-hair'd (m) *Meleager's* ſword.
Then if't be (n) *Spring-time, the par'd Muſhrom's dreſt,*
If wiſht-for thunder make a greater feaſt.
Alledius crys, your Corn you *Lybians* ſpend,
Unyoak your Oxen, ſo you Muſhroms ſend.

Difference of Oyl.

Luxury deſcribed.

The feeding of an Eele.

The Clients reaſonable requeſt.

The Generation of Muſhrom's.

In

In the mean time, leaſt any thing ſhould be
Left out to vex thy patience, thou ſhalt ſee
The Carver flouriſhing his knife, advance
As if he were beginning of a dance;
Nor ends till all his Maſters tricks are done,
Till over all the diſhes he has run,
And ſhew'd you what the diff'rent poſtures are
Of cutting up a Pullet and a Hare.
But thou, as *Hercules* dragg'd (*o*) *Cacus*, muſt
Drawn by the heels out of the door be thruſt;
Shouldſt thou, as if thou hadſt *three* names, repine.
To thee when offers *Virro* his own Wine,
Or pledges in thy dregs? which of you are
So raſh, ſo loſt, that to your Monarch dare
Say, drink Sir, *many words may not be ſpoke*
By a poor fellow in a tatter'd cloke.
But ſhould ſome God, or God-like man, then Fate
More kinde, give thee a Gentleman's eſtate? (riſe?
Poor Rogue! how high from nothing wouldſt thou
How gracious wouldſt thou be in *Virro's* eyes?
Give *Trebius* this, ſet *Trebius* that meat,
Wil't pleaſe you (brother) of theſe entrails eat?
Oh Money! be this honour doth to thee,
'*Tis* Virro *and thy ſelf that brothers be.*
But if thou wouldſt be one o'th' better ſort,
A Lord, and thy Lord's Prince; about thy Court,
There muſt no young (*p*) *Æneas* playing run,
Nor daughter, more a darling then a ſon.
A barren wife makes a friend ſweet and dear.
Yet if thy *Mygale* ſhould children bear,
Now thou art rich, ſet on thy knee three boys,
I'th' pretty parrat-Babes he likewiſe joys.
For the green ſtomacher his ſervant goes,
The ſmall nuts, and the penny he beſtows
That's ask't him, when this begger of ſmall ſummes
This *little Paraſite* to his table comes.
To poor friends dangerous toad-ſtools they afford,
The Muſhrooms are ſerv'd onely to the Lord.
Pure Fungo's, ſuch as (*q*) *Claudius* eat, before
His wife's came, after which he ne're eat more:

The deſcription of a Carver.

Suffer and be ſilent.

The alteration of welcome to a poor man grown rich.

Childleſs perſons moſt courted.

The cockring up of others children.

Virro

Difference of Muſhromes and Apples.

Virro and th'other *Virroes apples* taſt,
Whoſe ſmell alone to feed upon, thou haſt.
You'd think *perpetual Autumn* yeilded theſe.
From the robb'd orchard of th' (*r*) *Heſperides.*
Thou eat'ſt *crabs*, ſuch as he gnaws in the works,
That under's ſheild, and in his helmet lurks,
And fears the whip, when as he learns the art
From the rough hairy goat to caſt the dart.

Why poor Clients are ill uſed.

That *Virro* ſpares his purſe thou mayſt believe,
But he does this onely to make thee grieve;
What *Comedy*, what *Mimick* can excite
More laughter, then the *coz'ned appetite?*
Know 'tis his aim in tears to ſee thee waſh
Thy rage, to hear thy longing grinders gnaſh. (think,
Your Lord's gueſts, *freemen* you your ſelves do
He thinks you *ſlaves* took with his kitchin's ſtink,
And he thinks right; for what *poor man* that had
(*s*) *Hetrurian* bubbles when he was a *lad*,
Or wore a knot, with that ſo poor deviſe
Of (*t*) leathern thongs, that can indure it twice.
Oh, but a hopeful ſupper fails us now,
You'll ſee another time he will allow
Some part of the reverſions of a Hare,
We ſhall a Chick or the Boar's haunches ſhare.
This makes you lie *perdue* with untoucht bread:
He's wiſe that lets you be no better fed;
For if thou canſt with all theſe ſcorns ſit down,
In time thou'lt let him ſhave and crack thy crown.
And take a good ſound whipping in the end,
Worthy of ſuch a *feaſt* and ſuch a *friend.*

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The fifth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 5. *Galba*] *Apicius Galba*, a rare Buffon that lived in *Tiberius Cæſars* time, you ſhall hear of him often in the Poet *Martial.*

(b) V. 5. *Sarmentus*] A Jeſter recorded by *Horace* in his fifth Satyr, where he deſcribes his ſcuffle with *Meſſius Cicerrus.* This *Sarmentus*, notwithſtanding that he was continually abuſed at *Auguſtus Cæſars* table, ſtill put himſelf upon the Emperour, and at length became very gratious with him.

(c) V. 19. On's third bed] In the *Triclinium* or dining room, there was a table in the faſhion of a half Moon or *Hemicycle*, againſt the round part whereof they ſet three beds, every one containing three perſons, and at extraordinary times four; the *Hemicycle* being left for the waiters.

(d) V. 23. Saluting Rivals] The reſt of the Clients that uſed to come and bid good morrow to thoſe on whom they depended, at day-break if not before, as you may ſee by this deſcription of *Charles wain* turning about the Pole.

(e) Verſe 29. *Cybel's* Prieſts] Who were maſters of the *Guſto*, and therefore likely to quarrel at the Table.

(f) V. 33. Libertines] A Libertine originally was the iſſue of a freed-man and a freed-woman, but after the Cenſor-ſhip of *Appius Cæcus*, *Liberti* and *Libertini* were both taken for freed-men, and *Ingenui* for their children or free-born perſons.

(g) V. 34. Pots of *Saguntum*] Earthen Pots made at *Saguntum* in *Spain*.

(h) V. 35. Th'untrim'd *Conſuls*] When then *Conſuls* were bearded like their Kings, as before in the fourth Satyr.

(i) V. 39. The *Alban*] The *Alban* hills bore (as *Pliny* ſays) an excellent ſweet grape.

(k) V. 39. *Setine* hills] The *Setine* Wine was preferred by *Auguſtus Cæſar* and by *Juvenal*, *Regis ad exemplum*, as you may read Sat. 10.

(l) V. 41. Date] The *Romanes* dated the wine-veſſels which they intended to keep, from the year of the foundation of *Rome*.

(m) Verſe 42. *Thraſeas* and *Helvidius*] *Thraſea Pætus* and his Father-in law *Helvidius Priſcus* would as gladly have adventured their lives to have freed *Rome* from the tyranny of *Nero*, as *D. Junius Brutus* ventured his, to free *Rome* of *Tarquin*: or *M. Brutus* and *Caſſius* theirs for delivering *Rome* from the incroachment of *J. Cæſar*; *Thraſeas*, becauſe he would not flatter *Nero* in the murther of his mother *Agrippina*, being by the Miniſters of State accuſed of treaſon, would not make his defence, but offered his veins to be cut, and turning to his friends, ſaid, 'We ſacrifice this blood to *Jove* the infranchiſer. *Helvidius Priſcus* was baniſhed *Italy* by *Nero*, after whoſe death he was repealed by *Galba*.

(n) Verſe 43. Drank crown'd] When the *Romans* indulged or ſacrificed to the *Genius* (which was as aforeſaid, either at the Nativities or Marriages of themſelves, or thoſe they honoured) it was their cuſtome to crown their heads with cooling flowers to allay the heat of the wine, and by binding of their foreheads to ſuppreſs the fumes aſcending from it.

(o) V. 46. Beril] A precious ſtone often mentioned in the ſacred Scripture; that it was the faſhion in *Juvenals* time to ſet the bowls they drank in with rich ſtones, appears by this place and thoſe verſes laſt quoted out of the tenth Satyr.

(p) Verſe 53. the Youth] *Æneas* (prefer'd by *Dido* before

before *Hiarbas*) who had ſome eminent part of his ſword ſet with Jaſpers, like ſo many Stars, as *Virgil* diſcribes him in the fourth book of his *Æneids*.

——— *Stellatus Jaſpide fulva*
Enſis erat.

(q) V. 56. *Beneventin* Cobler] An ill-favoured Glaſs called by the name of *Vatinius* the drunken Cobler of *Beneventum*, who had a noſe (if we may believe the Epigrammatiſt *Martial*) longer then his monumental Glaſs-noſe.

(r) Verſe 63. *Getulian* Boor] *A Negro* of *Getulia* in *Africa*.

(s) Verſe 67. *Aſia*] One of the four parts of the earth, ſevered from *Africa* by the red Sea and the Ægyptian *Iſthmus*, but farther diſtant in the degree of complexion then of climate, the *Africans* looking like devils, the *Aſians* like Angels.

(t) Verſe 69. *Tullus*] *Tullus Hoſtilius* the third King of *Rome*, who conquered *Alba*, and carried away the Veſtal fire to *Rome*, robbing her Altar at *Alba*, as you read in Sat. 4. verſ 69. he was of a more ſtirring nature then *Romulus*, and leaſt the people ſhould grow effeminate with peace, took occaſion (as *Livy* notes) to quarrel with his neighbours.

(u) V. 69. Warlike *Ancus*] The fourth King of *Rome*, who for his wiſdom to direct, and courage to execute, was Surnamed the Martial, he was the firſt that ever made a Priſon in *Rome*; to which one Priſon there was no numeral addition during the reigns of the three Kings that ſucceeded him, not a long while after, as you ſee in Sat. 3. verſ. 364.

(w) V. 72. *Getulian Ganymed*] *Ganymed* was a lovely boy, ſon to *Tros* the King of *Troy*, and Cup-bearer to *Jove*; but this *Negro*, this *Getulian Ganymed* might have been Cup-bearer to *Pluto*.

(x) V. 87. Remember] 'Tis the ſpeech of a proud ſervant waiting at the Table, replied to (in the next verſe but one) by the poor upbraided Client.

(y) V. 90. *Esquiline* Mount] Where many Patricians had houſes, as I have formerly noted Sat. 3.

(z) V. 98. A Supper for the dead] The *Romans* uſed to bring to an urne or Monument of the dead, a little milk, honey, wine, water, and an olive, ſupper enough for a ſpirit.

(a) V. 99. *Venafrian* Oyl] The pureſt oyl of *Campania*.

(b) Verſe 101. *Micipſa*] *Micipſa* is the name of a *Numidian* king, ſucceſſour to *Maſſiniſſa*; *Bochar* the name of an Ægyptian king. It ſeems the oyl that came from thoſe parts, and which thoſe country-men noynted with, when they bathed, was ſuch abominable ſtuff, as the very *African* Serpents would not indure the ſmell of it.

(c) V. 105. *Corſica*] An Iſland in the *Tyrrhene* Sea called *Cernos* by the *Greeks*.

(d) V. 106. *Tauromenian* Rocks] The Sea coaſt neer *Taurominum* in *Sicily*.

(e) V. 111. *Lenas*] One that bought up the rarities of the market to preſent to his childleſs friends; a complement in faſhion with the *Romans*, as you may read in Sat. 6. verſ. 42.

(f) V. 112. *Aurelia*] A rich childleſs woman to whom theſe *Lenas*'s brought ſo many dainties more then ſhe could ſpend in her houſe, that ſhe ſerved the market with them again.

(g) V. 113 The Straits] The dangerous paſſage betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

(h) V. 120. *Suburra*] The faireſt ſtreet of *Rome* (as I have noted in the beginning of Sat. 3.) under whoſe ſtately buildings the common-ſhoare paſſed into the River *Tiber*.

(i) V. 122. *Seneca*] Tutor to *Nero*, the moſt rich and moſt learned *Roman* of his time, and in my opinion there needs no greater teſtimony then the honourable mention here made of him, to prove all impeachments of ſordid thrift wherewith he ſtands charged, to be falſe and ſcandalous.

(k) V. 122. *Piſo*] *C. Piſo Calſurnius*, that ſo gallant man?

man? in his munificence both to friends and ſtrangers, who was (as *Tacitus* affirms) adopted by *Galba* for his ſucceſſour in the Empire.

(*l*) V. 122. *Cotta*] *Aurelius Cotta* a liberal minded Noble-man, that likewiſe lived in *Nero*'s time.

(*m*) V. 132. *Meleager*] See the fable of *Meleager* in the Metamorphoſis, where he kills the fatal *Calydonian* Boar, ſent to execute the wrath of *Diana* upon the country of his father *Oeneus*.

(*n*) Verſe 133. Spring time] The beſt Muſhromes grow in *Africa*, in the Spring of the year, immediately after thunder, which though it blaſt the corn, is notwithſtanding wiſhed for, by ſuch as *Alledius*, who had rather have the *Lybians* to ſend their Muſhromes then their corn.

(*o*) V. 145. *Cacus*] The *Aventine* Shepherd, that ſtole the Oxen from *Hercules*, and to keep himſelf from being tracked by the Beaſts feet, dragged them by the tails into his Den; but *Hercules* (finding them out by their bellowing) ſerved *Cacus* as he had done his Cattel, drew him out by the heels and knocked out his brains. See *Ovid* upon this fable in his Metamorphoſis and *Virgil* in his Æneids.

(*p*) Verſ. 163. Young *Æneas*] The Author alludes to Queen *Dido* in *Virgil*'s Æneids, and telleth the Client *Trebius*, that although he ſhould grow rich, and ſo come to have a Court as *Dido* had, yet (if he mean that his Patron *Virro* ſhall be one of his Courtiers) he muſt not wiſh, as ſhe did, to have a young *Æneas*; notwithſtanding if *Virro*'s wife *Mygale* ſhould bring him three young *Æneas*'s, *Virro* would make much of them all, as he did of their father, and for the above-named conſideration, *viz.*

Oh money! be this honour doth to thee;
'Tis Virro *and thy ſelf that brothers bee.*

(*q*) Verſe 175. *Claudius*] *Claudius Cæſar* loved Muſhroms exceſſively, *Locuſta* perceiving it, taught the Empreſs *Agrippina* to poyſon one of them,

which dispatched the old man to Heaven downwards, as you shall read in Sat. 6. vers. 664.

(r) Verse 180. *Hesperides*] *Atlas* king of *Mauritania* (so the fable goes) had an Orchard, wherein were trees that bore golden Apples, which he bestowed upon the *Hesperides*, the daughters of his brother *Hesperus*, *Ægle*, *Arethusa* and *Hyperthusa*, trusting both them and the fruit to the guard of a watchful Dragon which *Hercules* slew, and carried away the golden apples into *Greece*.

(s) V. 194. *Hetrurian* bubbles] King *Tullus Hostilius* first brought the fashion to *Rome* out of *Hetruria* (now the Dutchy of *Florence*) for Noble mens children to wear golden bubbles.

(t) V. 196. Leathern thongs] The children of Libertines or Freed-men wore a leathern thong or cord tied on a knot.

The sixth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Roman *women full of Taints*
And Blemishes, the Poet paints,
And sends them represented thus,
To old Ursidius Posthumus:
Of whom he does compassion take,
And counsels him his choice to make
Of any Death, *ere such a* Life
As he must look for with a Wife.

I Grant that *chastity* when (*a*) *Saturn* raign'd, The chastity of the Golden Age.
Was seen on earth, when a *cold Cave* contain'd
A little houshold, fire, and (*b*) *Lar*; and made
For *Shepherds* & their *Flocks* one common shade.
When first the (*c*) Montain-wife, leafes, sedges spread
And skins of neighb'ring beasts, to make her bed.
Not like thee, (*d*) *Cynthia*, nor (*e*) her that cry'd
And swell'd her fair eyes when her Sparrow dy'd.
But whilst *man* acorns beltcht, his *wife* (more wild)
Had her full breasts, drunk up by her (*f*) great child,
For in th'earth's non-age, under heaven's new frame,
They stricter liv'd, who from th' (*g*) *Oak's rupture came,*
And clay born, had no (*h*) *Parents:* Haply though,
Much of that old chast seed, or some did grow
Ev'n under *Jove*, but e're *Jove* had a (*i*) beard; (heard, The silver ages wanconness.
E're *Greeks* to (*k*) swear by others heads were

When none fear'd *thieves* to rob their *herbs*, or *trees*,
But liv'd without incloſures. By degrees
To Heav'n, then, *Chaſtity Aſtræa* led,
And ſo together the *two Siſters* fled.
Poſthume: 'tis old to ſteal *another's* ſweets,
To ſlight the *Genius* of the ſacred ſheets;
The Iron &c. *The Iron-age brought forth all other crimes,*
The firſt Adult'rers were ith' Silver times.
Yet meetings, contracts, joyntures, (*m*) motion'ſt thou
In *our Age*. Nay, the maſter-barber now
Trims thee, perhaps thy (*n*) Pledge her finger fits.
Diſwaſions from marriage. Wilt thou wive *Poſthume?* ſure thou *hadſt* thy wits?
What ſnake-hayr'd fury haunts thee? canſt obey
A *wife?* ſo many halters i'thy way?
So many windows open, thoſe ſo high?
The courteous (*o*) *Æmilian* bridge ſo nigh?
If in this *choice* of *deaths* none pleaſing be,
Think, is't not better thy Boy ſleep with thee?
Thy Boy that ſcolds not i'the night, nor fains
A coyneſs, till preſented: nor complains
Becauſe thou ſpar'ſt thy back, or that ſo oft
As he commands, thou doſt not come aloft.
Oh, but *urſidius now* likes the care
O'th (*p*) *Julian* law. He means to get an Heyre,
And looſe thoſe (*q*) gifts the ſhambles ſends him in,
The greater Turtle and the Mullets fine,
What is not poſſible, if urſid wed.
If this old ſtallion thruſt his fooliſh head?
Into the marriage halter, that lay preſt
So oft, half ſmother'd, in (*r*) *Latinus* cheſt?
Quere a chaſt wife in the City. *Beſides his Wife muſt be oth' old chaſt ſtrain:*
He's mad, good Surgion, cut his middle-vein.
Nice man! proſtrate adore (*s*) *Tarpeian Jove*,
And a gilt Heifer kill to his (*t*) firſt Love,
If thou on a *chaſt* Matron light'ſt. *Few ſuch*
Live now, as merit (*u*) *Ceres veil to touch,*
Whoſe lips their Fathers fear not. (*w*) Crown thy doors,
With Ivy, quilt thy threſholds, ſtrow thy floors.
One man thy (*x*) *Iberina ſatisfie?*
She'll ſooner be contented with one eye.

But

But *ſhe's* much fam'd lives at her Fathers *Farm*. A Country beauty.
Let her live ſo ith' *Village*; no more harm
Think in *great Towns*, the tale oth' *Farm* may paſs.
But who'll ſwear, nothing done ith' *mountains* was?
Nor *caves?* are *Jove* and *Mars* ſo aged grown?
Is there a beauty in our *Gardens* ſhown
Worthy thy choice? our *play-houſe boxes* prove,
Can'ſt pick out one, thou mayſt ſecurely love?
(y) *Bathillus* acting *Leda*, *Thuſcia* leaks
At's gambolls; *Apula*, as tickled, ſqueaks.
Thymele, the long-thing before, diſcerns,
And then, the Town-garb Country-*Thymele* learns.
The reſt grow ſad, when th'*arras* is took down,
And Noiſe, the *Stage* left, does the (z) *Forum* drown;
And when, in (a) *Cybel's* Feaſts, men act not: they
Actius with's Viſard (b) *Thyrſe*, and Codpiece, play.
(c) *Autono*'s mad Jigge, that laughter moves,
Sings *urbicus*, him the poor *Ælia* loves.
Theſe ſpoil the ſinging boy, at high rates thoſe
Do buy th'unbutt'ning the Comedian's hoſe.
Hiſpulla the Tragedian doth affect,
That theſe ſhould love (d) *Quintilian*, can y'expect?
The Fidler *Glaphyrus*, the wife thou doſt take,
Or *Ambroſe* Piper, will a Father make.
To ſtraiten the high ſtreet long ſcaffolds raiſe,
Adorn thy Gates and Poſts with ſolemn (e) bayes:
That (f) *Lentulus*, thy *canopy'd noble heir*
May look like rogue-*Eurialus* the ſword-player.
A Senatour's Wife, *Hippia*, ran away A Senators Wife ran away with a Fencer.
With one that on the Stage did Prizes play,
Following her *Gladiator* to the Iſle
Of (h) *Pharus*, *Lagus* his lewd (i) Town, and (k) *Nile*,
Laſcivious *Canopus* crying down
The impudence of this prodigious Town:
No care of her houſe, of her ſiſter took,
Her Lord's or Country's honour; ſhe forſook,
Her tender Babes; what may yet more amaze
She left the fine-fac'd (l) *Paris* and the Playes.
And though ſhe, richly by her Father kept,
Had in his Down and deep-fring'd Cradles ſlept,

The *Roman* ſpring-garden. Play-houſes.

Women in love with the Players.

She

She ſcorn'd the Sea; *Fame ſhe long-ſince did ſcorn,*
whoſe loſs on a ſoft Couch is eaſ'ly born.
She, therefore (*m*) *Tyrrhene* waves, th'*Ionian* roare,
And oft-chang'd *Seas* with conſtant ſpirits bore.
If ſome *juſt cauſe* of danger ſhall appear,
Their frozen hearts do honeſt actions fear,
Their trembling feet too weak to bear them are,
They bring ſtrong ſouls to things they fouly dare.
If husbands bid them go abroad, they ſwound;
Then the Pump's noiſom, then the aire turns round:
She with her Paramour's ne're ſick. That beſpues
Her *husband*; t'eat with *Saylors this* doth uſe,
Walks on the Decks, to pull hard cables loves.
But *Hippia*, what youth, what beauty moves?
What did ſhe ſee made her oth'Title doat
Of a ſhe-Fencer? for to (*n*) ſhave his throat
Her Favourite began, his ſcarrs crav'd eaſe,
His face had many ſtrange deformities;
Worn bald with's helmet, midſt of's noſe a Wen,
His eyes ſharp, rheum ſtill dropt. *But he was then*
A Sword-man; this makes (*o*) *Hyacinths*, this to her
Lord, Siſter, Country, Babes, ſhe did preferr;
'Tis ſteel they love. Had Sergius had to do
With the weak wand, ſh'had made him Cuckold too.

The difference of a wantons carriage to her husband, and her ſervant.

Why do I one ſo mean as *Hippia* name?
View the Gods Rivals. Liſt to *Claudius* ſhame;
When his (*p*) Wife found him ſleep, ſhe durſt refuſe
His royal bed, and a baſe mattreſs chuſe.
Th'imperial Strumpet with one maid ſtole out
In her night-hoods, and having caſt about
Her black hair, a red perriwig; ſhe got
Into the Stews, where th'old rug ſtill was hot;
Had a ſpare room kept for her. There gold-chain'd,
Bare breaſted ſtood, her name (*q*) *Lyciſca* fain'd;
(*r*) High-born *Britannicus*, thy womb diſplay'd;
Smil'd upon all that came, her bargain made.
And when the Wenches were diſmis'd, ſhe laſt,
('Twas all ſhe could) ſadly the door made faſt,
And many thirſted-for encounters try'd,
Departed tir'd with men, not ſatisfi'd,

The looſe Empreſs *Meſſalina*.

And

And foul'd with candle smoak, her cheeks smear'd
The Brothel-steam she to her pillow bore. (o're,
Their love-draughts, charms, and drugs I could re- Philters or love-potions.
Brew'd for the *Son in law*, that drinks his fate. (late,
Their sexes Empire swells their vices so,
That lust appears a Peccadillio.
But why's Cesennia by her husband grac'd? Rich Women draw Articles of marriage for the breeches.
She brought ten thousand, at that rate she's chast,
Loves bow or torch, nor wounds nor burns his heart,
Hence comes the flame, the portion casts the dart.
Her freedom's bought; he by, she'll write, or kiss,
A covetous man's rich Wife a Widow is.
How is't *Sertorius Bibula* approves? Beauty commands obedience.
The truth discus'd, the face, not Wife he loves.
Let but three wrinkles grow, her dry skin shrink,
Her teeth look rusty, her eyes deeper sink,
Pack up, his *freed-man* bids her, and be gone;
Th'art now a burden, thy nose drops, jog on;
Quick; let another, that's dry nos'd, succeed.
Whilst fair, she raigns, her Lord's (s) *Canusian* breed
Of sheep and Shepherds, (t) *Falerne vine-yards* craves,
That's nothing. All fine boyes, all Jayls for slaves;
What neighbors have, she wants, his purse must buy.
In Winter, when ashoar the Merchants lye;
When th'icy tow'r the Pilots art controlls,
Great Crystals he brings home, huge Myrrhine bowls:
And the fam'd *diamond*, that richer show'd
On (u) *Berenice*'s finger, this bestow'd
The barbarous *Agrippa*, he to his
Incestuous Sister once presented this,
Where bare-foot Kings the Sabbath feasts do hold,
And ancient pitty lets the Swine grow old.
Is none of all these worthy thy imbrace? The description of a chast but proud Lady.
Be she fair, neat, rich, fruitful; though she place
The *statues* of her Ancestors to guard
Her walk's, and be her self then those loose-hair'd
(w) Peace-making *Sabines*, more unknown to Man;
A bird as rare on earth as a black Swan.
Who'll brook her if she be all this? Give me!
A (x) *Venusine* maide (y) *Cornelia* before thee

Mother

Mother oth' *Gracchi*: *if as proud as great,*
Thou as thy dowre thy Triumphs doſt repeat;
Thy *Hannibal*, thy conquer'd *Syphax*, 'pry'thee
Take and be gone, and take all *Carthage* with thee.

A woman ambitious of honour.

Hold *Phœbus*, *Phœbe* hold. No fault there lies
Ith'babes, their mother kill, (z) *Amphion* cries.
But *Phœbus* ſhoots. Thus *Niobe*, whilſt her *place*
She boaſts to be above *Latona*'s race,
And fruitfuller then the *white ſow*, her womb:
Doth all her *Children* and her *Lord* intomb.
What's Modeſty? what's beauty? that ſhe ſhu'd
Upbraid thee with them? *There's in this rare good*
No pleaſure: when corrupted by proud hearts,
More Aloes then Honey it imparts.
Yet who ſo amarous but his love he may
Abhorr, and juſtly too, ſeav'n hours a day?

A Lady that ſpeaks *Greek*.

Some trivial things, no husbands patience brooks,
For what's more baſe? none thinks ſhe handſom
Till ſhe her (a) *Tuſcan* can in *Greek* expreſs, (looks,
And turns pure *Antick* from a *Sulmoneſs*.
When they want *native Latine*, (more their ſhame)
They ſpeak all *Greek*: vex, tremble, laugh, proclaim
Their ſoul's deep ſecrets. What more? To't they go

An old *a la mode* Lady.

In *Greek*. Old-woman, let young girles do ſo;
Wilt thou, fourſcore and ſix, be *Greekiſh* now?
That language is not chaſt, when in it thou
Doſt cry, my life, my ſoul, and uſe ith' crowd
Thoſe words, the bed-cloaths but ev'n now did
What will not this Provocative command? (ſhrowd.
There's in a ſmooth and petulant tongue, a hand.
Speak *thou* more ſoft then (b) *Hæmus*, charm our ears
Carpoph'rus-like; *thy face ſumms up thy years*:

The married mans Dilemma.

If thou'l not love thy wife, 'tis to no end
For thee to marry, and in vain to ſpend
A ſupper; and thoſe Jellies made to give
High ſpirits, or that firſt-night's *Donative*,
When ſhining in rich Plate, ſhe muſt behold
(c) *Dacian* and *German Cæſar* cut in gold.
If thoul't uxoriouſly to one adhere,
Submit thy willing neck the yoke to bear,

There's

There's none will ſpare her Lover. Though *ſhe* burn,
His ſpoils and torments to her ſport ſhe'll turn.
To marry therefore him 'twill leſs behove,
Who would a kind and noble husband prove.
Againſt her will thou ſhalt give nothing; nought, The Imperiouſneſs of Wives.
But what ſhe pleaſes, ſhall be ſold or bought.
She'll rule thy ſoul, that friend muſt be expell'd
Now old, whoſe growing beard thy gates beheld.
The priviledge of law when *Fencers* take, Husbands governed by Arbitrary power.
And *Bawds* are free their teſtaments to make,
Thou muſt to *Rivals* thy eſtate bequeath.
Hang up thy ſlave. How merits my ſlave death?
Who's witneſs? who informs? hear what he'll ſay.
Upon mans life ne're was too long delay.
Fool, is a Slave a man? he's clear, *be't ſo.*
We will, and our will ſhall for reaſon go.
Thus ſhe her Husband *awes*. Straight quits this ſway,
Shifts houſes, tears her *(d)* bright veil, flies away.
Treads th'old path to ſom ſcorn'd bed; leavs the door
New trimm'd, the rooms freſh hang'd, green boughs
Thus numbers ſhe eight Husbands in five years, (oth'floor.
How rare th' inſcription on her tomb appears.
Deſpair of peace, whilſt thy wifes mother lives. The danger of a Mother in Law.
She, how to rob a Husband, Precepts gives.
She to a ſervant no rude lines reſcribes,
No ſimple ſtuff. The guard ſhe cheats or bribes.
Then her child well, for the Phyſitian ſends,
Caſts off the Rug. Whilſt the hid knave attends,
And maſtuprates, mad to be ſo delay'd.
Why, think you, can a mother of the Trade
Chaſt thoughts, or other then her own, imprint?
Beſide's a bawd's looſe daughter is her mint.
Moſt law-ſuits Women cauſe. (e) *Manilia* will, Women teach Lawyers how to plead.
If not *defendant*, be the *plaintiff* ſtill.
Themſelves draw *bills*, they do *Exordiums* frame,
Give notes, teach learned *(f) Celſus* to declaime.
Their (g) *Tyrian* caſſocks, nointings for the field,
Who knows not, ſees not, how with ſpear and ſhield Women Fencers.
The wounded *paſt* is charg'd by *maids at arms,*
And rarely well-train'd Matrons, whoſe alarms

May

May (*b*) *Floral* trumpets claim. Unless some *prize*
They'll play oth'stage, and therefore exercise.
Where's her chast blush, that puts her helmet on,
And her sex off? that, though she doat upon
Man's strength, would not be man, *for but compare*
Our pleasures, 'tis how little is our share?
'Twere fine, if one should thy Wife's Wardrobe crie,
Her gauntlets, belt, plume, tases, her left thigh
Half-covering. Or if for *all* fights she be,
Thou, blest, may'st sell her armour *cap-a-pe.*
These are the dames that in thin Holland sweat,
Whose silks too much their tender bodies heat.
Behold, how fiercely the taught thrusts she takes.
See, what a blow her helmet bows, and makes
Her hips spread, and thick folds in a short gown.
But smile, when she disarm'd, to th'pot squats down.
Tell me, you Nieces to great (*i*) *Lepidus*,
To blind (*k*) *Metellus*, spend-thrift (*l*) *Fabius*,
What fencers trull thus arm'd was ever known?
When did (*m*) *Asylus* Wife thus fighting groan?
The Curtain Lecture. Debates, alternate brawlings, ever were
Ith' marriage-bed; there is no sleeping there,
Fierce as a Tigress robb'd, she then begins
To chide, or sigh, when guilty of close sins.
Or her own children hates; or swears he keeps
A Wench, and as she did believe it weeps.
Her tears in troops still ambusht, wait to know
What's her design, how she'll command them flow:
That 'tis pure love thou pleas'd *hedg-sparrow* think'st,
And from her lips the briny moisture drink'st.
What *Letters* mightst thou read, if thou couldst get
Into the jealous Strumpet's cabinet?
The impudence of a discovered Strumpet. But she's *caught*, with this slave, that gallant. Come.
Plead her excuse *Quintilian.* (*n*) We are dumb.
Speak woman. 'Twas agreed, she doth replie,
Thou should'st do what thou list, and so should I.
Out-storm a tempest, th'air with clamour fill,
A woman will be found a woman still.
If once surpriz'd, th'earth has not bolder things,
Ev'n from their crimes their spleen and courage springs.

But

But from what (o) *Lerna* have theſe monſters crept?
Their once-low fortunes chaſt the *Latines* kept.
And vice out of poor houſes, labour barr'd,
Short ſleep, and hands with *Thuſcan* wool made hard.
Hannibal at our gates with all his powers.
Their husbands ſtanding on the *Colline* Towers.
Long peace undoes us. Luſt, then war more fierce
Revenges now the conquer'd Univerſe.
When poverty left Rome, *no horrid ſin*
But enter'd, then, to our *ſev'n hills* flow'd in
(p) *Rhode*, *Maltha*, *Sibaris*, *Tarentum* crown'd
With flowers, *and ſtill in wine and women drown'd.*
That bawd Coine *firſt ſtrange faſhions hither brought.*
Soft wealth the weaken'd world foul Riot taught.
For what cares Venus *drunk?* ſhe does not know
Her upper Region from her coaſt below.
She now at midnight her great Oiſters eats,
When Falerne *Wine with foamy unguents ſweats,*
When off the flaggons, round the chamber goes:
The table riſes, each light double ſhowes.
Go now, why *Tullia* ſnorts, a doubt propoſe,
When ſhe ſo ſnuffs the air up with her noſe.
Or what *Collatia* to her *Maura* talks,
When ſhe by (q) *chaſtity's* old Altar walks.
There their Sedans wait. They do there diſtill.
And the carv'd Goddeſs with long ſpoutings fill.
They mount by courſes in the Moon's chaſt ſight,
And ſo ride home. The morning ſcarcely bright
Thou ſpatterſt thy wife's water, as thou go'ſt
To bid thoſe friends, good day, thou honour'ſt moſt.
The Goddeſs (r) *Bona's ſecrets* are now blaz'd,
When to the Pipe they friſk, and running maz'd
With wine and cornets, their hair wildly rowl,
And as *Priapus* (s) *Bacchides*, they howl.
Then how they long for't! when it comes, what cries!
What torrents of old Wine flow down their thighs!
Laſella wenches at the nimble heave.
Dares challenge, and the garland does receive;
Then ſhe whil'ſt *Medullina* lifts, kneels down.
And they call her their Queen that gets this crown.

Proſperity the cauſe of wantonneſs.

Forreign Luxury brought into *Rome*.

Deſcription of drunkenneſs, with other ſecret vices.

No

No girls-play here. All's one that may allure
Cold (t) *Priam's* heart, or *Nestor's* (u) *Hernia* cure.
Then lust grows furious, she's pure woman then,
And the whole vault cries, now let in the men.
Sleeps th'old adult'rer? bid the younger blood
Run nimbly hither, dreſt up in my hood. (way,
Comes none? she'll meet her slaves, those out oth'
The tankard-bearer for his pains she'll pay;
He absent, no man found, e're she'll abide
Delay, she'll let an ass get up and ride.
Would *publick rites* might this abuse eschew!
But *Moors* and *Indians* a (w) *she singer* knew.
That could a more sufficient roll have shown
Then *Cæsar's* (x) *Anti-Cato's* both in one,
And brought it in, whence not a Mouse, that fears
His stones, but flies, where veyls man's picture wears.
What sawcy Atheist durst *of old* despise
Numa's black bowl, the urn for sacrifice,
Or pot oth' *Vatican* that (y) earthen was?
Now, where's an Altar but a *Clodius* has?
Jealousie watches in vain. Hang on a lock, I hear old friends advise.
Appoint a guard. *But who shall watch the spies?*
Her art first draws them in. To one degree
Of lust all now are come; *no chaster she*
By whose rough hob-nails the black flints are worn,
Then she that's on tall (z) Syrians *shoulders born.*
The poor taught loulneſs by the rich. To see a prize (a) *Ogulnia* hires a man,
Gown, clients, nurse, a cusheon, a sedan,
A red hair'd Maid, that her commands must waite,
And all her father's goods, with her last plate
To active wrestlers prodigally gives.
At home, in great straits many, but *none lives*
I'th moderation that befits the poor.
Yet man sometimes weighs profit, looks before,
Provides for cold and hunger, fears to want,
Taught by th'example of the frugal Ant.
No forecast in women. *Vain woman feels not how the stock consumes,*
That Gold will grow in empty bags presumes,
And still to take of full bears: never measures
At what excessive rates she buys her pleasures.

Some

Some the soft Eunuch's still smooth kisses love,
And meer despair of beard; no fear to prove,
And need Abortion. Yet the pleasure's great.
Because the Surgeon in ripe youth and heat
Their dowcets cuts, the black down newly grown,
These, when they come to weigh a pound a stone.
He takes off, leaves the rest at its full size,
And only the poor Barber damnifies.
Into the Bath this goodly Eunuch goes,
And there, no doubt, so huge a bawble shows
As may with (b) *Bacchus*, or *Priapus*, vie,
His Lady's Eunuch. With her let him lie.
But, *Posthumus* I would not wish you trust
Your favorite *Bromius* to this Eunuch's lust.

A Musical Lady.

If she love Musick, let no voice, that's sold
To th' (c) *Prætors*, hope to make his button hold.
Her hands are still oth' Organs. Her Lute stuck
With gems, the strings with a rich quill are struck.

The Lute belov'd for the master's sake.

The young *Hedymile's* Lute takes her, this
She hugs and gives the lov'd wood many a kiss.
One of the (d) *Lamian* house, and that great name,

A great Lady sacrifices for a Fidler.

With Cakes and Wine to (e) *Vesta* and *Janus* came,
To know if (f) *Pollio's* Lyre would Musick breath,
Should crown him with the *capitoll* Oaken wreath.
Should her Lord sicken, what could she do more?
Or had the Doctor's her young son giv'n o're?
She stood at th' Altar, as the manner is,
And spoke the prompted words of sacrifice.
Nor for a Fidler sham'd her face (b) to veil.
And when the Lamb was open'd, she turn'd (i) pale.
Thou (k) old God father Janus, *does hea'n hear*
These prayers? I see y'have little business there!
She must for (l) buskins, she for socks procure
Thy aid. Th' (m) *Aruspex* will grow *crooked* sure.

A gossiping Lady describ'd.

But let her sing, e're jaunt about t' invite.
The Wits, and parley, in her husband's sight,
With men of Buff and Feather, face to beard,
And naked-breasted. This is she hath heard
All news, knows what's in *Thrace* and *Scythia* done;
The secret oth' Step-mother and the son.

Can tell, who loves, what wencher was beguil'd,
And who 'twas got the Dowager with child,
What day oth'month. Knows ev'ry Lady's phraſe
She ſports in, and how many ſeveral wayes.
She firſt the *comet* ſaw, th' *Armenian* ſtate
And *Parthian* threatning. At the City-gate
She way-layes fame, *(n) Niphates*, ſhe gives out,
Hath droun'd the Men and Countries round about,
That th'earth ſhakes, Cities nod. In all our ſtreets
She prattles this, to every one ſhe meets.

A She-Tyrant.

Yet this is by a baſer vice out-ſtript,
Poor neighbours muſt intreat they may be whipt,
For if a barking dog diſturb her ſleep,
She calls out to the varlets ſhe doth keep,
Take your battoons along, without demur,
Brain the dog's *maſter* firſt, and then the *cur*.

How a female voluptuary ſpends the night.

She frowning, goes into her bath by Night.
Pots, pans, the camp's remov'd by candle-light.
She loves to ſweat in crowds, till each arm falls
Tir'd with the waight of her two leaden (*o*) balls.
And then, the knave that noints her has the trick
To make his Ladies thigh aloft, Cry click.
Mean time her clients ſtarv'd and hungry, droop.
At length ſhe comes red-cheekt, and longs to ſwoop
A rundlet off, lay'd at her feet, and pour'd
From a full ewre: whence 'tother pint devour'd
To force an appetite, ſhe in her way
To ſupper, does oth'ground her ſtomack lay.
The marble-floor ſwift rivers interline,
Or the broad baſon ſmells of *Falerne* Wine.
Like a long Snake into a Wine-fat caſt.
She ſucks it in, and ſpues it out as faſt.
A ſight that makes her husband's ſtomack riſe,
Who to avoid the object, ſhuts his eyes.

The Caracter of a Woman-wit.

She's worſe, that *Virgil* at her boord commends,
And *Dido's* killing of her ſelf defends.
And then, compares the Poets, *Virgil* layes
In one Scale, in the other *Homer* weighes.
Grammarians, *Rhetoricians*, the whole crowd
She drowns, Lawyer, nor Cryer ſpeaks ſo loud,

Nor

Nor other Woman. Words burſt from her tongue,
You'd ſwear ſo many bells and baſons rung.
Let none ſound trumpets, or braſs kettles grieve,
She can, alone, the labouring moon (p) relieve,
Her wiſdom *th'end* to honeſt acts ſets down.
If ſhe'll *ſhow* learned, let her girt her gown
Above her knee, to God (q) *Silvanus* ſlay
A hog, and for her bath a *(r)* farding pay.
Let not thy Wife to ſpeak high things affect,
Nor nimbly the ſhort *(s) Enthymem* project,
Nor know all Hiſtories, ſhe may have got
A little, ſo ſhe underſtand it not;
I have her that *(t) Palæmon's* art revives,
That to diſcourſe by rule and method ſtrives.
That will a kind of Antiquary be,
Repeats you *verſes* are unknown to me.
Her friend's *falſe Grammer* chides, men ſcarce regard,
Pray let her husband's ſolæciſm be ſpar'd.
A woman thinks all's lawful, when ſhe wears The miſery
Thoſe mighty pear-pearls that weigh down her Ears. of a great
And th'Emerauld-neck-lace; nothing makes man's life portion with
unhappier, then a fortune with a Wife. a Wife.
Boil'd flowr like mortar's in her wrinkles laid,
Or that Pomatum which *(u) Poppæa* made.
Her poor *fool's* lips ſhe bird-limes, but comes in Her face
To her *adult'rer* with a clean-waſht skin. Phyſick.
When goes ſhe neat at home? ſhe meets her friend
In all perfumes the meager Indians *ſend.*
At laſt ſhe's ſeen *undawb'd*, then firſt ſhe's known,
And nurſt with *aſſes milk*, whoſe *breed's* her own
And ſtill took with her, leſt *ſhe* be ſent forth
An exile, *(w)* like *Poppæa*, to the North.
But what's thus poultic'd, and thus plaiſter'd o're,
Is it a *face?* or may't be call'd a *ſore?*
'Tis worth your knowledge, what they do by *Day.* How mar-
If in the night her husband turn'd away, ried wo-
Her chief maid's dead, her dreſſer ready ſtript, men ſpend
To late comes her chair-bearer, and is whipt the day.
Becauſe another fell aſleep: His head (red. Their cru-
Breaks her tough cane: Him rods, him cords dye elty.

There are that pay the Beadles by the year.
She beats, by th'by, paints, does her gossips hear,
Or her fair gold-embroider'd garment views;
Beats on, and does the day's accounts peruse;
Which took; and bearing till the beadles groan,
Be gone, she thunders in a horrid tone.
She rules and governs in no milder sort,
Then if her *house* were a *(x) Sicilian Court.*
For if some neater *dress* she meditates,
Or hasts to the *religious Bawd* that writes
In *Isis (y)* Fane, or some ith'walks expect,
Poor *(z) Psecas* still bare-breasted, naked neckt,
Her hair torn, combs her Ladies. Why's this lock
So high? straight, her bull-pisle gives a knock.
What hath your woman done deserves these blows?
Is't her fault, Madam, you dislike your nose?
Another oth'left hand, unties the strings,
Opens her hair, and curles it into rings:
A councel call'd about dressing my Lady.
The *Matron* of the *(a) wheel* in councel sits.
Whose needle now, her Lady manumits.
She gives her vote ith'first place, as most sage,
Then her inferiours in art and age.
Great care of her self.
As if that *fame* and *life* were both at stake,
So great's the care they of their beauty take.
Her hair she doth in that rare method tie,
And builds her head so many stories high.
You see *(b) Andromache before*, behind
She's less, you there *another woman* find.
'Tis so. For you by her short wast may see
A *Virgin Pigmy* needs must taller be:
If her *Chiopins* her Ladyship should miss,
She sure must stand a-tip-toe for a kiss.
No regard of her husband or his profit.
Mean time, she to her husband's profit gives
Just no regard, but as his Neighbour lives,
In this more neer, that she his friends does hate
And servants, and consumes his fair estate.
The description of womens superstitious follies.
Behold, *(c) Bellona's*: *(d) Cybel's* Priests, the tall
Grave half-man (with no obscene part at all,
A fish-shell long since cut off that) comes in,
A *Phrygian* miter ty'd beneath his chin.

Plebian

Plebian bells, that hoarſe quire ſtill'd his mouth
Sounds loud, beware September and the South,
Unleſs ſhe purge her with a hundred eggs,
With theſe her *Fieulamort* old gowns he beggs,
Which cloths muſt all great ſudden croſſes bear,
And be an expiation for that year.
She wades, in Winter, through the broken ice,
And bathes in *Tiber* ev'ry morning thrice;
In that fierce ſtream her timorous head ſhe ſteeps,
O're (e) *Tarquin's* fields then, nak'd and trembling
On bloudy knees. If't be white (f) *Io's* will, (creeps
T'*Egypt* ſhe'll pilgrimage, at (g) *Meroe* fill
Warm drops to ſprinkle *Iſis* Temple, near
Th'*old*(h)*Sheep-coat* built; the Goddeſs ſhe dare ſwear
Speaks to her. *See the ſpirit of a Saint,*
Whom with their minds by night the Gods acquaint.
This then's her (i) darling prieſt, that's follow'd by
The linnen cloath'd ball'd crew, that houl and cry
After his God (k) *Anubis*, whom he jeers.
He prayes for her, that not the ſport forbears
On ſolemn dayes; great puniſhment remaines
Due to the Wife that her clean ſmock prophanes.
The (e) ſilver Snake to move it's head appears,
Won with his ſtudy'd murmurs and his tears
The ſin to pardon. A great *Gooſe*, no doubt,
Or a thin *Wafer* bribes *Oſyris* to't.
He gone, Her *hay* and *baſquet* left, with fear
The poor (m) ſhe-*Jew* begs in my Lady's ear. The Gypſy *Jew*.
This grove's high-prieſteſs, heav'ns true meſſenger
Hieruſalem's old Laws expounds to her;
Who fills her hand, but thinly, yet 'twill hire
Your Jew to ſell what bables you deſire.
A childleſs rich mans legacy, a young love,
Are found ith' lights of a warm trembling dove,
The (n) *Commagenian* Southſay'rs look into South Say-
A *chicken's* breaſt, the ſame th' *Armenians* do, ers.
They view the entrails of a *dog*, and reach
Sometimes a *child's*; *they do it and then peach.*
But the (o) *Chaldæan's* more believ'd, *the things* Mathema-
Th' Aſtrologers ſpeaks flow from Jove's(p) *ſecret ſprings*, titians.

Since Delphian *Oracles no more exiſt;*
And man hath loſt the future in a miſt?
But th'ofteſt-exiles chief, whoſe ſcheme foretold
(r) Otho's great Rival's death, for love and gold.
His Art finds faith, that hath had both hands chain'd,
And in the camp a *(s)* priſ'ner long remain'd.
No Math'matician a rare man is thought,
But that's condemn'd and ev'n to ruine brought.
That ſcarce got to the Cyclod's to be ſent,
And not to be in cloſe (t) Seriphus pent.

Queſtions put by Ladies to the Aſtrologers.

Theſe ſhe conſults, when the ſlow *jaundice* will
Diſpatch her mother; but thy *(u) Tanaquil*
Asks if *thou* ſhalt not die before her *mother?*
And when her *ſiſter?* and her *fathers brother?*
And if her *ſervant* ſhall her *ſelf* out-live?
For can the Gods a greater bleſſing give?

Women ſtudy Aſtrology.

Yet knows not *ſhe* what *(w) Saturn's* frowns portend,
Nor in what aſpect *Venus* ſmiles befrend,
Nor is ſo much an Artiſt, as to ſay
When 'tis a *lucky*, when a *diſmal* day.
But ſhun her, in whoſe hands thou ſeeſt ſo ſoil'd
An *(x) Ephemerides* as if 'twere oil'd,
That asks not *hers*, but can thy fortune ſhow.
That if into the field her husband go,
Or, the warrs ended, for his country come,
(y) Thraſylius figures keep her ſtill at home.
Or if ſhe move eight furlongs, th'hour is took,
For riding of that mile, out of her book.
That will, if her rubb'd eye but itch, indure,
Till her *nativity* be caſt, no cure;
And though ſhe lie ſick, yet will take no meat
Till th'*hour* that *(z) Petoſiris* bids her eat,
If *poor*, ſhe to the *fortune-teller* ſhows
Her hand and fore-head, and a kiſs beſtows:
Caſts lots, firſt hallowing both ends of the liſts,
The *(a) Phrygian Augurs* and *(b) Gymnoſophiſts*
In both the globes vers'd, the *(c) Patricians* hire,
Or thoſe old Prieſts that watch *(d)* heav'ns winged
(e) Plebian fate the mount and *(f) Circus* bounds (fire.
Bare-neckt, at *(g)* th'oval, tow'r before the rounds

Oth'

Oth' *Dolphine* pillars, in her gold-chain ſtands
A Proſtitute, who anſwers the demands
Of Goody-Ale-wife, if ſhe may forſake
Mine hoſt her husband, and a broker take.
Yet theſe the child-bed pangs and danger know, Arts us'd for abortion.
And all a Nurſe's labours undergo;
But in a rich wrought-bed ſcarce one lies in,
So prevalent have arts and med'cines bin
That unborn babes deſtroy. Rejoyce, thou wretch,
And for thy wife thy ſelf the potion fetch,
For ſhould a boy ſpring in her pregnant womb,
Thou father to an *Æthiop* would'ſt become;
Straight this black thing pretends to all thou haſt:
Ne're to be ſeen (*h*) before thou break'ſt thy faſt.
Suppoſitious children, *Biſhops* pull'd Feigned Child-births.
From the (*i*) *foul lake*, I mention not. Joy gull'd,
Religion, *honour* mockt, whilſt falſe heirs claime
The (*k*) *Salian Prieſthood*, and great *Scauran name*.
Sly fortune o're ſweet babes does nightly ſtand,
Which in her boſom warm'd, by ſlight of hand
She into great-men's houſes doth convey,
Then laughs in ſecret at the parts they play:
She is the mother of their ſecond birth.
And brings them forth to be her ſcene of mirth.
This charms, (*l*) *Theſſalian* philters, ſells that witch; Witch-craft.
So pow'rful, ſhe may clap her husbands breech
With his own ſlippers: hence thy ſoul grows blind,
And things but now done, ſlide out of thy mind.
Yet were this well, would ſhe not ſcrue thee up
To (*m*) *Nero's* unkles rage, into whoſe cup
Cæſonia did a (*n*) colt's whole front infuſe.
And what the prince his wife does, who'll not uſe?
All went to wrack in that disjointed ſtate,
As *Juno* ſhould her *Jove* intoxicate.
'Las *Agrippina's* gentler (*o*) Muſhrome ſped Impoyſoning.
One old-man, and but made his ſhaking head
And driveling mouth *deſcend* to Heaven: this drench
Not vulgar, mixt with noble bloud can quench,
(*p*) Fire, ſteel, and whips this calls for. Could one foal
Thus much? what then could ſhe that brew'd the boul?

Cruel step-Mothers.

They do, they may hate bastards none denies.
But now their sons-in-law they sacrifice:
You richer Orphanes, stand upon your guard,
No dainties touch, *pale poysons are prepar'd*
By your own mothers, get you tasters; pray,
Let your wife guardians, e're you drink, take Say.
This, sure, we feign! no President appears,
Our *newer Satyr* lofty buskins wears:
We rant in *Sophoclean* lines, too high
For our *Italian* hills, and *Latin* skie?
Would we did *feign*! but (q) *Pontia* did confess,
My sons I would have poyson'd. Vipéress,
What *two*? at one meal *two*? had I to *sev'n*
Been mother, I had sent them all to heav'n.
(r) *Medea's*, (s) *Progne's* tragick scenes we may
Believe and pardon, women durst essay
Things monstrous in those days, but not for gain,
'Tis far less foul, when in an *angry* vein
Their sex proves mischievous: *when rage once crost*,
Inflames their livers, they are headlong tost
Like stones from *Precipices*, when th'earth slides,
And leaves to the rock-head no mountain-sides;
But her *I hate, that studies and commits*
A foul crime, being in her perfect wits.
They look upon (t) *Alcestis* on the stage,
And see her for her Lord her life ingage.
Were such a change now offer'd to a Wife,
She would prefer her *little bitches* life,
You, (u) *Belides*, and (w) *Eriphiles* meet,
And (x) *Clitemnestra*, daily, in each street,
But differenc'd thus, th'old *Clitemnestra* held
A foolish *gouty Axe* she scarce could weld.
Now with a red *toad's lungs* the feat they do,
Yet have their fine *stellato's* ready too,
If wary *Agamemnon* shall have got
(y) The thrice-foil'd Monarch's *Pontick* Antidote.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The ſixth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(*a*) VErſe 1. When *Saturn* reigned] in the infancy of the world, that for it's virtuous ſimplicity merited the title of the Golden Age.

(*b*) V. 3. *Lar*] The God of the Family, figured in the ſhape of a Dog, whoſe Temple was the Houſe, the ſmoak his incenſe, and his Altar the Chimney.

(*c*) Verſe 5. Mountain-wife] That dwelt in the Mountain before ſuch time as men, although they themſelves came down, durſt bring their wives into the Level.

(*d*) Verſe 7. *Cynthia*] Miſtreſs to the Poet *Propertius*.

(*e*) V. 7. Nor her] *Lesbia*, miſtreſs to *Catullus*, who writ a handſome funeral Elegie upon the death of her beloved Sparrow.

(*f*) Verſe 10. Great Childe] Ere the debaucheries of Parents had leſſened the ſtatures of their children.

(*g*) Verſe 12. Th' Okes rupture] before men built houſes, they lodged a-nights in hollow-trees, which occaſioned the Fable, that Trees were delivered of the firſt men.

(*h*) V. 13. Had no Parents] whoſe vices they might inherit.

(*i*) V. 15. Ere *Jove* had a beard] In the ſilver Age, ſo

ſo named, becauſe it did participate more of Earth, and conſequently of ruſt and corruption, then that of Gold; but the pureſt of this Silver Age was ere *love* had down growing upon his chin, for then the Metamorphoſis will tell you what pranks he played among the women.

(*k*) V. 16. To ſwear by others heads] The common form of an Oath among the *Grecians* was, by anothers head.

(*l*) V. 19. *Aſtræa*] *Juſtice*, ſhe and *Chaſtity* were twins, and as they together came into the virtuous world, ſo they together left the wicked earth.

(*m*) V. 25. Motion'ſt thou] *urſidius Poſthumus*.

(*n*) V. 27. Thy Pledge] Upon the very marriage day in the morning, it was the cuſtom for the Bridegroom as a Pledge of his never-ending faith to ſend his Bride a Ring. *Macrob. lib.* 7. which ſhe wore upon her middle-finger, becauſe an artery reaches from the heart to that finger, and therefore the Ancients thought fit only that finger ſhould be crowned in marriage.

(*o*) V. 32. *Emilian* Bridge] *Æmilius Scaurus* (as aforeſaid) built this Bridge over the River *Tiber*, in the *Flaminian* way, a mile from *Rome*.

(*p*) V. 42. *Julian* Law] Which (as I have noted) forbade Adultery upon pain of death, a Law that *urſidius Poſthumus* deſires may be in force, now that he intends to marry and live honeſt.

(*q*) V. 42. Looſe thoſe gifts,) Such as hoped to be heirs to childleſs perſons uſed as I have noted, Sat. 4. to preſent them what rarities the Shambles afforded.

(*r*) V. 47. *Latinus* Cheſt] *Latinus* the Comedian played the lover to an Adultereſs that upon her Husband's unexpected return lockt himſelf up in a Cheſt, that part (it ſeems) *urſidius* had acted in earneſt.

(*s*) V. 50. *Tarpeian Jove*] *Jupiter* had a Temple in the *Tarpeian* Mount, whence he derived the title of *Tarpeian Jove*, when the foundation of this Temple was digged the workmen found the head of one *Tolus* which gave the whole Mount the name of the *Capitol*.

(*t*) V.

(t) V. 51. His firſt Love] *Juno*, the Patroneſs of the chaſt, and implacable perſecutreſs of immodeſt Women, to whom *Urſidius Poſthumus* could not offer leſs then a gilded ſacrifice, if ſhe had cleered the Town of Wenches juſt when he was to marry.

(u) V. 53. *Ceres*] The Goddeſs of Husbandry, whoſe Votreſſes none but chaſt women durſt preſume to be.

(w) V. 54. Crown thy doors] On the wedding day the doors and door-poſts of ordinary perſons were crowned with flowers, and wreathed about with Ivy which likewiſe covered over the threſholds. But perſons of honour had wreaths of Bays inſtead of Ivy, and builded Scaffolds in the Streets for the Town to behold the ſolemnity of the marriage, as you may read in this Satyr, verſ. 83.

(x) Verſe 56. *Iberina*] *Urſidius* his Bride that was to be.

(y) Verſe 66. *Bathyllus*] A Player that imitated the wanton *mien* of the Courtezan *Læda* with whoſe poſtures the City-Ladies, *Thuſcia* and *Appula* were much taken.

(z) V. 71. The *Forum*] The *Forum Romanum* or the old *Piazza*, where the Hall of Juſtice ſtood, &c.

(a) V. 72. In *Cybel*'s Feaſts] The *Megaleſian* Games were ſacred to *Cybele* or *Magna mater*; they began on the fourth day of *April*, and continued ſix days after, during which time common Stage-plays were prohibited. *M. Junius Brutus* dedicated theſe ſports to the Mother of the Gods.

(b) V. 73. *Thyrſe*] A ſpear (wreathed about with vine-leaves and grapes proper to *Bacchus*) which the Player *Accius* uſed to carry in his hand.

(c) V. 74. *Autonoe*'s Mad-Jigge] *Autonoe* (the daughter to *Cadmus* and mother to *Actæon*) of whom ſome *Attelan* or ridiculous jeering rhimes were made, that uſed to be ſung upon the Stage after the acting of a Tragedy to make the ſpectatours merry again; for rehearſing of this Jigge the poor beggerly *Ælia* falls in love with the Player *Urbicus*.

(d) V. 79. *Quintilian*] *Fabius Quintilianus* that famous Rheto-

Rhetorician; could it be expected ſuch women could love ſo grave a man; no ſurely, rather a Fidler, or a Piper, as follows.

(*e*) V. 83. Solemn bays] Perſons of honour at their nuptials in the place of common Ivy, uſed to trim their Gates with Bays.

(*f*) V. 84. *Lentulus*] The Poet would be thought to ſpeak to ſome noble *Roman* of this name.

(*g*) V. 86. *Hippia*] Wife to that rich Lord of the Senate (ſo often named) *Fabricius Veiento*.

(*h*) V. 89. *Pharos*] An Iſland in *Egypt*, right againſt *Alexandria*.

(*i*) Verſ. 89. *Lagus* his lewd Town] *Alexandria* where *Lagus* (the Father of *Cleopatra* and *Ptolomy*) kept his Court.

(*k*) V. 89. *Nile*] The principal River of *Ægypt* wherein *Canopus* was the moſt debauch'd Town.

(*l*) V. 95. *Paris*] A handſome young Actor, in favour with the Emperour *Domitian*, which he made uſe of (as you may read in the Authors life) to baniſh *Juvenal*, and at laſt was himſelf put to death by his maſter *Domitian* for acting a lovers part with the Empreſs.

(*m*) V. 100. *Tyrrhene* Waves] That part of the *Mediterranean* Sea lying under *Italy* (therefore called *Mare inferum*) between *Corſica* and *Sicilia*. Th'*Ionian* is part of the *Mediterranean* above the Straites of the *Adriatick*, betwixt *Sicily* and *Creete*; through both which they muſt needs paſs that ſail from *Rome* to *Ægypt*.

(*n*) V. 113. To ſhave his throat] That is, he began to grow ſomewhat ancient, and was ſhaved, to appear young in the eye of his miſtreſs.

(*o*) V. 118. This makes *Hyacinths*] *Hyacinthus* was *Apollo*'s favourite, unluckily ſlain by the God as he was throwing the Iron bowl, and afterwards by the ſame power that killed him, revived into a purple flower that bears his name *Hyacinth*.

(*p*) V. 124. When his Wife] *Meſſalina*, who when her old Husband *Claudius Cæſar* was faſt aſleep, went to the common Stews diſguiſed in a red Periwigge, which was *a la mode* with the *Romane* Proſtitutes; as

as it was likewiſe to wear gold Chains about their necks.

(q) V. 131. *Lyciſca*] A wench in great requeſt, whoſe name was chalked upon the Chamber-door where *Meſſalina* entertained all comers.

(r) V. 132. High-born *Britannicus*] *Meſſalina*'s ſon, whom the Poet ſtiles high-born, with the ſame ſcorn that towards the end of this Satyr, he ſays his ſuppoſed father *Claudius Cæſar* deſcended into heaven.

(s) V. 126. *Canuſian breed*] *Canuſium* is a Town in *Apulia*, where they had the beſt ſheep and fineſt wooll of *Italy*.

(t) Verſ. 163. *Falerne* Vine-yards] The pureſt *Italian* wine grew upon the *Falerne* Mountains, as I have noted in Sat. 3.

(u) V. 170. *Berenice*] Siſter to *Herodes Agrippa*, king of *Judæa*, who lived in inceſt with her, *Joſeph. lib.* 20.

(w) V. 179. Peace-making *Sabines*] The chaſt *Sabine* women, that coming to *Rome* to ſee the ſolemnity of the *Conſualia* were forceably detained, and married by the primitive *Romanes*, that could get no wives amongſt their neighbours by treaty, as aforeſaid; but a war growing about it betwixt *Tatius* and *Romulus*, theſe *Sabine* women, with their hair ſcattered about their ſhoulders (as at a funeral) came betwixt the Armies, bearing their yong children in their arms, and made a peace between their fathers and their husbands.

(x) V. 182. A *Venuſine* maid] *Venuſinum* was a miſerable poor Town betwixt *Apulia* and *Lucania*, where none lived but almoſt Savage people.

(y) V. 182. *Cornelia*] Mother to thoſe two (formerly named) valiant, but mutinous, Tribunes, *Cajus* and *Tiberius Gracchus*, and Daughter to *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered *Hannibal* and *Syphax* King of *Numidia*, and brought *Carthage* into ſubjection.

(z) V. 188. *Amphion*] Son to *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, he married *Niobe* the Daughter of *Tantalus*, by whom he had fourteen ſons and ſeven Daughters; *Niobe* proud of her birth, marriage, and fruitfulneſs, ſcorned the *Thebane* Matrons for ſacrificing to *Latona* that had but two.

two children; but those two *Apollo* and *Diana*, sensible of this affront offered to their Mother, in one day shot to death all *Niobe*'s numerous Issue, not sparing her husband, she her self weeping her self into a Stone-fountain, who had boasted her womb to be fruitfuller then the white Sow that had thirty sucking on her at once, as *Virgil* tells us.

(*a*) Verse 201. Till she her *Thuscan*] Till she hath changed her *Thuscan* or *Italian* Mother-tongue into *Greek*; nay, her barbarous dialect of *Sulmo* into pure *Greek* of *Athens*.

(*b*) V. 213. *Hæmus*] A smooth-tongued *Greek* Comedian mentioned in Sat. 3. one of whose fellow actours *Carpophorus* was.

V. 220. *Dacian* and *German Cæsar*] *Domitian*'s picture in gold (or rather a coin of *Trajan*, who deserved those stiles) about the Ring whereof was engraven *Dacian* and *German Cæsar*, such were usually presented by the Bridegroom in a piece of Massy plate to the Bride after his first night's lodging.

(*d*) V. 240. Her bright veil] The Bride wore a red or blush coloured veil (some say a yellow) to put her in mind, that she ought to preserve what she then covered, the blushes of a Bride.

(*e*) V. 255. *Manilia*] *Manilia* was that subtile Courtezan, who being accused to the Senate by *Hostilius Mancinus*, then the *Ædilis Curulis*, for having by night wounded him with a stone, she appealed to the Tribunes and pleaded, that he would violently have entered her house at an unseasonable hour, and was beat back with stones. No marvel my Authour uses her name for a shewrangler in the Law.

(*f*) V. 258. *Celsus*] *Junius Celsus* the Oratour, who writ seven books of Rhetorical institutions.

(*g*) V. 259. *Tyrian* Cassocks] The *Roman* Fencers were bound to play their Prizes in Cassocks died in purple of *Tyre*: this fashion the wanton dames of *Rome* brought up, nointing themselves with oyl and clay, exercising and training like the *Tyrones* or young Souldiers in *Camp. Mart.*

(*h*) V.

(b) Verſe 263. *Floral* Trumpets] The like to theſe women having never been known but in the games dedicated to the Goddeſs *Flora*, where the wenches danced naked along the Streets with Trumpets before them.

(i) Verſe 279. Great *Lepidus*] *Æmilius Lepidus* the Cenſour, that good man, who dying enjoyned his Sons to caſt a linnen Cloath over his body, and ſo to carry it upon the bed he died on to the Pile to be burned, without imbalming, purples, trumpets, waxen Images, common Mourners, or any other funeral pomp at all.

(k) V. 280. Blind *Metellus*] The Cenſour and *Pontifex Maximus*, who loſt his eyes, as aforeſaid, with ſaving the image of *Minverva* when her temple was on fire.

(l) V. 280. Spend-thrift *Fabius*] Son to *Fabius Maximus*, who in his youth ſpent his Eſtate, and was thence ſurnamed the Gulf or (as our word is) the Spend-thrift, but afterwards he became the pattern of frugality, abſtinence, and all virtues.

(m) V. 282. *Aſylus*] A Gladiator or Sword-player.

(n) V. 296. We are dumd] *Quintilian*'s Anſwer.

(o) V. 303. *Lerna*] A Lake neer *Argos*, where the many-headed Serpent *Hydra* (ſlain by *Hercules*) was ingendred.

(p) V. 313. *Rhodes*] *Rhodes* is an Iſland in *Lycia*, *Homer*'s birth-place, *Malta* an Iſland in the *Sicilian* Sea. *Sibaris* a Town ſituated betwixt the Rivers *Crathis* and *Sibaris*, ſtrangely given to luxury and filthineſs; note the Proverb, A *Sibaritick Sow*. *Tarentum* a Town of *Apulia*, (ſometimes the chief City of *Calabria*) famous for the Tarantula, whoſe ſting makes a man die laughing.

(q) V. 326. Chaſtity's old Altar] They are not pleaſed with all the variations of wantonneſs, unleſs they ſhow their ſpight to, and contempt of the Goddeſs of chaſtity, at her antiquated and neglected Altars.

(r) Verſe 333. The Goddeſs *Bona*'s ſecrets] where no man ought to be preſent, as I have noted in Satyr. 2.

(s) V. 336. *Priapus-Bacchides*] The wild women that uſed

uſed to ſacrifice to *Bacchus*, are now come (it ſeems) to offer to *Priapus*.

(*t*) V. 344. *Priam*] Who was ſo old that nothing could put heat into him, but the ſetting of his *Troy* on fire, or ſuch a fight as this.

(*u*) V. 344. *Hernia*] A rupture which *Neſtor* had that ſpoiled his courtſhip.

(*w*) V. 354. A ſhe ſinger] *Clodius*, who came diſguiſed like a ſinging-woman to *Cæſars* wife as ſhe was ſacrificing to the Goddeſs *Bona*, where males were not permitted to be preſent ſo much as in Picture. *vid.* Sat. 2. he was diſcovered by *Aurelia Cæſars* mother.

(*x*) V. 356. *Cæſars Anti-Cato's*] *Cæſar* writ two books titled *Anti Catones* (in oppoſition to *Cicero's* book called *Cato*) which were rolled up in the form of a Cylinder.

(*y*) V. 361. Earthen] King *Numa*, that taught the *Romans* their ſacred Ceremonies, made uſe of earthen ſacrificing veſſels moulded at the *Vatican*, which were never ſo prophaned as the veſſels of Gold have been.

(*z*) V. 368. Tall *Syrians* Shoulders] Theſe *Syrians* were men of as huge bulk as the modern *Switzars*, kept by the Ladies of *Rome*, as thoſe now are, for their Chair-bearers or Sedan-men.

(*a*) V. 396. *Ogulnia*] A wanton, of a poor fortune.

(*b*) V. 393. With *Bacchus*] Thoſe vaſt ſtatues of *Bacchus* and *Priapus*, Gods of the Vines and Orchards.

(*c*) V. 398. To th'*Prætors*] The *Prætors* were by their office to ſet forth publique Plays and Games, and to hire Muſick and voices to delight the Spectatours.

(*d*) V. 403. The *Lamian* houſe] A great Family in *Rome*, whoſe founder is by *Horace* called the ancient *Lamus*.

(*e*) V. 404. *Veſta* and *Janus*] *Veſta* and *Janus* were two of the principal Deities worſhipped by the *Romanes*, who offered to them barley Cakes and Wine, which with a Lamb made a compleat ſacrifice.

(*f*) V. 405. *Pollio*] A mercenary Luteniſt.

(*g*) V. 406. Oaken wreath] An oaken wreath given to him that was adjudged the beſt Muſician in the *Capitoline* Games inſtituted by *Domitian Cæſar*.

(*h*) V.

(b) V. 411. Her face to veil] The ſacrificer uſed to ſtand veiled and repeat the Prieſts words.

(i) V. 412. She look'd pale] For fear there ſhould be ſome unlucky ſignes that made againſt her Muſician.

(k) V. 413. Old God] *Janus* was ſo old a God that the antients called him *Chaos*.

(l) V. 415. For Buskins, ſhe for Socks] Great Ladies, come in perſon to make offerings for Tragedians that Act in Buskins, and Comedians that play in Socks.

(m) V. 416. Th' *Auruſpex*] The *Auruſpex*, that propheſies by inſpection made into the intrails of Beaſts, is now in danger of growing crooked with ſtooping to the ſacrifices made for Fidlers and Players.

(n) V. 429. *Niphates*] A River of *Armenia*.

(o) V. 442. Two leaden Balls] Thoſe that would ſweat before they bathed, ſwung with two leaden Balls, in each hand one, and then were nointed.

(p) V. 466. The labouring Moon] The *Romans* believed that they brought help to the Moon labouring in her Eclipſe, when they ſounded Trumpets, and rung braſs Baſons, or Kettles, &c.

(q) V. 469. *Sylvanus*] God of the Groves and Cattle; whom the Philoſophers, and any man ſacrificed to, but no woman.

(r) V. 470. A Farthing] Schollars payed no more but a Farthing a piece for their Bath, which *Horace* objects to a Stoick that bragg'd he was a King.

(s) V. 472. *Enthymem*] An imperfect Syllogiſm wanting one propoſition.

(t) V. 475. *Palæmon*] *Remmius Palæmon* was a ſingular good Grammarian, but ſo proud of it, that he ſaid learning was born and would die with him; he was Tutor to *M. Fabius Quintilian*, and uſed to call that learned *Roman M. Varro* a letter'd Hog. He bragg'd that *Virgil* in his Bucolicks prophecied of him as the only competent Judge of all Orators and Poets, and ſaid, that being taken by Thieves, as ſoon as he named himſelf they ſet him at liberty. But poverty was not ſo kind as thoſe Thieves, for when ſhe caught him (after all his coſtly Bathes and Suppers) ſhe never let him go.

(*u*) Verſe 486. *Poppæa*] *Nero's* Empreſs, ſhe invented a rare Pomatum, and was ſo elegant, ſo careful to preſerve her Beauty, that when ſhe was baniſhed *Rome* ſhe carried fifteen ſhe-Aſſes along with her for their Milk to waſh her ſelf in.

(*w*) Verſe 495. Like *Poppæa*] And ſo be forced to imitate baniſhed *Poppæa* in her *fortune*, as ſhe ſtrived to do in her *Art*.

(*x*) Verſe 511. A *Sicilian* Court] In the Reigns of *Sycily's* cruelleſt Tyrants, *Phalaris* and the *Dioniſii*.

(*y*) Verſe 514. *Iſis* fane] The Temple of *Iſis* or *Io* in *Rome* was the place where the Bawds waited to make their matches. *Ovid*, *Multas* Io *facit*, *quod fuit illa* Jovi. *Io* makes many what ſhe was to *Jove*.

(*z*) Verſe 515. *Pſecas*] The waiting Gentlewoman or dreſſer.

(*a*) Verſe 522. The Matron of the Wheel] Who being now grown aged, her Lady ſpares her old eyes from needle-work, and puts her to ſpinning.

(*b*) Verſe 530. *Andromache*] *Hector's* tall Wife.

(*c*) Verſe 540. *Bellona*] *Minerva*, or *Pallas*, the Goddeſs of War, whoſe Prieſts were a kind of mad men.

(*d*) Verſe 540. *Cybell*] *Cybele* (or rather *Cybelle*) being an Infant was expoſed upon the Mountain *Cybellus*, where ſhe was found and bred up by a Shepherds wife, and call'd by the name of the Mountain; ſhe was the firſt among the *Greeks* that uſed the Taber and Pipe, and played upon the Cymballs; for her love to children ſhe was ſtiled *magna mater*, and *mater Deorum*, the great mother, and mother of the gods. Her Prieſts were gelt with a fiſh-ſhell, and called *Galli* and *Phrygi*: her chief Prieſt *Archi-gallus* from *Gallus* a River in *Phrygia* of which he that drank preſently ran mad, and gelt himſelf; which was the puniſhment that *Cibelle* inflicted upon her beloved *Atys* her firſt Prieſt, for breaking his vow of chaſtity made unto her, and deflowring of a Nymph; a crew of her Prieſts went dancing about the ſtreets from houſe to houſe with Tabers and Pipes and Cymballs, begging and cheating the ſuperſtitious women, whence they were called *Cybel's* Collectors,

Collectors, or *Circulator's* Juglers, and any notorious debauch'd knave *Circulator Cybelleius*. It was not lawfull for a free-born *Roman* to be one of these.

(*e*) Verse 553. *Tarquins* Fields] *Campus Martius* or *Tiberinus* (because it was near the River *Tiber*) was given to the people of *Rome*, as aforesaid, by *Caja Tarratia* a Vestal Virgin; these fields *Tarquin* the Proud converted to his own use, and caused them to be sowed with Corn, but after his expulsion by *Brutus*, the Fields were restored to their former martial use, the Crop thrown into the River, it being thought unfit, that any one should make a benefit of ground dedicated to the Gods.

(*f*) Verse 554. White *Io*] *Io* (daughter to *Inachus*) ravished by *Jove*, suspected by *Juno*, was by her all-powerfull servant transformed into a white Cow, and even in that shape begged by his jealous goddess and given in charge to the hundred-eyed *Argus*; but upon a pacification betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno*, *Io* was restored to her beauty, received among the celestials as a Goddess by the name of *Isis*, and worshiped by the *Ægyptians*, as their Patroness. She had a Temple in *Rome*, a vertuous place, as I have formerly noted, the Mart of Bawds and Panders.

(*g*) Verse 555. *Meroe*] Some think *Meroe* to be a City of *Ægypt*, others an Island of *Nilus* in *Æthiopia*.

(*h*) Verse 557. Th'old Sheep-coat] *Romulus* his old Palace, near unto which stood the above mentioned Temple of *Isis*.

(*i*) V. 560. Her darling Priest] the Priest of *Isis* at *Rome*.

(*k*) Verse 562. *Anubis*] Son to *Osyris* and *Io* or *Isis*, worshipped in the form of a dog, because in his schutceon he bore a dog, as his brother *Macedo* did a wolf; after this dog the *Roman* people went crying and howling as following him (after the *Ægyptian* custome) in search of his father *Osyris*, who being King of *Ægypt* was drowned in a Well, and mourned for with this ceremony. *Osyris* was adored in the form of an oxe, called *Apis*, which is in their language an oxe, his offering was hay, which, if he took, it betokened prosperous success, but if he refused, it portended evil fortune.

(l) V. 566. Silver Snake] That ſilver Snake which in the Temple of *Iſis* and *Oſyris* twined it ſelf about the images of the dog and woolf.

(m) V. 571. The poor ſhe-*Jew*] who durſt not come a begging publikely, becauſe ſhe was an alien; but eſpecially becauſe ſhe begged in the name of one God, and not of the gods of *Rome*.

(n) V. 578. *Commagenian*] The *Commagenian*, or *Syrian*, and the *Armenian* Soothſayers divine of the future by making inſpection into the entrails of pidgeons, chickens and dogs, ſometimes of children; which crime when they had committed, they played the informers, and left their good Dames to the penalty of the law.

(o) V. 582. *Chaldæan*] The *Chaldæans* (as you may ſee in *Diodorus* and *Cicero*) were famous in *Syria* for their skill in Aſtrology.

(p) V. 583. *Jove's* ſecret Springs] Sceptically ſpoken, as if the Aſtrologers were inſpired by *Jupiter* to ſupply the defect of *Apollo*'s Oracle at *Delphos*, which was ſilenced at the birth of our Saviour *Chriſt*.

(q) V. 586. Th'ofteſt Exile's chief] That Aſtrologer is eſteem'd in the ſuperlative by the Ladies, that hath been ofteſt baniſht for predictions ominous to great perſons, and repealed upon the accompliſhment of his prophecies: ſuch a one as he that promiſed *Otho* that he ſhould ſucceed *Galba* in the Empire.

(r) V. 587. *Otho*'s great Rival] *Galba*.

(ſ) V. 589. A Priſoner] The Aſtrologers were kept priſoners in the Camp till ſuch time as the victory was won, or the day loſt, contrary or according to their vaticination.

(t) V. 593. *Seryphus*] to the *Cyclades*, Iſlands in the *Ægean* Sea, the *Romans* confined ſuch perſons as were baniſhed for hainous crimes, as aforeſaid, the leaſt and barreneſt of which Iſlands was *Seryphus*.

(u) V. 595. Thy *Tanaquil*] *Tanaquil* was Queen to *Tarquinius Priſcus*, ſhe was much addicted to the ſtudy of Aſtrology and the Mathematicks.

(w) V. 600. *Saturn's* frowns] *Saturn* is the ſulleneſt, moſt cold, and malignant Planet; *Venus* the ſweeteſt, moſt

moſt benigne, and fortunate, eſpecially in conjunction.

(x) Verſ. 605. *Ephemerides*] A Scheme ſhewing the motions and Aſpects of the Planets every hour of the day.

(y) V. 609. *Thraſyllus*] A Platoniſt, and an excellent Mathematician in great eſteem with *Tiberius Cæſar*.

(z) V. 615. *Petoſyris*] A famous *Ægyptian* Aſtrologer, as *Pliny* and *Suidas* teſtifie.

(a) V. 619. *Phrygian Augurs*] *Cicero* 1. *de divinatione* tells us, that the *Phrygians*, *Cilicians*, and *Arabians* were very skilful Augurs, or Diviners by the flights of birds.

(b) V. 619. Gymnoſophiſts] *Indian* Philoſophers.

(c) V. 620. Patricians] The Nobility of *Rome*.

(d) V. 621. Heaven's winged fire] The lightning, which was watcht by certain old Prieſts appointed for that purpoſe; and where the thunder was ſuppoſed to fall, the place was purified by ſacrificing a pair of young Heifers, and being called Bidental (of the *Bidentes* or Heifers) was for a certain time hedged about.

(e) V. 622. *Plebeian*] The common ſort of *Roman* people.

(f) V. 622. *Circus*] The great ſhew-place formerly deſcribed.

(g) V. 623. Th'*Oval* Tower] A woodden Tower of the form of an Egge, built by *Agrippa* for the Judges of the *Circenſian* Games to view the courſe; this Tower was ſupported with pillars cut in the figures of Dolphines, before which upon a Mount ſtood a Proſtitute dreſt up as the Poet deſcribes her, who told poor women their fortunes.

(h) V. 637. Before thou break'ſt thy faſt] The *Romans* held it ominous to ſee a Blackmoor next their hearts in a morning.

(i) V. 639. The foul Lake] The *Velabrian* Lake, where the fruitful poor women uſed to expoſe their children, and the barren rich women to take them up, and impoſe them upon their husbands to father them as their own iſſue.

(k) V. 641. *Salian* Prieſthood] The Prieſthood of *Mars*, a great dignity in the State, of which I have

ſpoken in Sat. 2. wherein I likewiſe mentioned the great name and family of the *Scauri*.

(*l*) V. 648. *Theſſalian* Philters] In *Theſſaly* the ſtrongeſt Philters or Love-potions were made, becauſe the ſoil affords the moſt poiſonous Simples.

(*m*) V. 653. *Nero's* Unkle] *Cæſar Caligula*, upon whoſe affections his wife *Cæſonia* ſo wrought with her Philters, that in his dotage he would often (like the *Lydian* King *Candaules*) ſhew her naked to his friends, and often when he kiſſed her fair neck, boaſted that he could command it to be taken off, adding, that he would ſend to the Diviners to know what it was that made him ſo infinitely in love with her, who fearing her potion might be too weak, put in ſtronger drugs and made him ſtark mad.

(*n*) V. 654. A Colt's whole front] The *Hippomanes*, a *Caruncula* or bunch of fleſh growing on the forehead of a Colt, which (ſome ſay) the mare eats in her very foaling time, as grudging man ſo great a benefit, which ſnatched from her and infuſed into a potion, makes the drinker enamoured of the Cup-bearer.

(*o*) V. 658. *Muſhrom*] *Agrippina*, as you have read in Sat. 5. poiſoned her Husband *Claudius* with a *Muſhrom* that her ſon *Nero* might be Emperour.

(*p*) V. 662. Fire, ſteel, and whips] *Cæſonia's* poiſon that made *Caligula* kind and gentle to her, made him cruel and tyrannous to all the world beſides.

(*q*) V. 674. *Pontia*] It may be ſuppoſed, that ſuch horrid acts were mentioned in this Satyr, as if they were faigned by the lofty *Greek* Poet *Sophocles* to heighten his Tragedies, therefore he cites the Preſident of *Pontia* wife to *Vectius Bolanus*, who attempting to poiſon her two ſons, was taken in the manner, and confeſſing the fact, adjudged to die for it.

(*r*) V. 678. *Medea*] Who murdered her children in the preſence of their father *Jaſon*.

(*s*) V. 677. *Progne*] Who moſt tragically killed and cooked her ſon *Itys*, and feaſted her husband *Tereus* with him, in revenge of his rape and cruelty, practiced upon her ſiſter *Philomela*.

(*t*) V.

(t) V. 688. *Alceſtis*] Daughter to *Pelias*, and wife to *Admetus*, King of *Theſſaly*, who being deſpaired of by his Phiſicians, ſent to the Oracle; whence he received this anſwer, That he ſhould not recover of that ſickneſs, unleſs there could ſome one be found that would exchange lives with him; which being refuſed by all his Nobility and favourites, his Queen *Alceſtis* accepted of, and died that her Lord might live.

(u) V. 692. *Betides*] The fifty daughters of *Danaus*, who were married to as many of their couſin-germans, ſons to their unkle *Ægyptus*, which they ſlew in one night, all but *Lynceus*, whom his wife *Hypermeſtea* ſaved.

(w) V. 692. *Eriphyle*] Who was bribed to betray her husband *Amphiaraus*, that concealed himſelf, having been told by the Oracle, that he ſhould be ſlain in the *Theban* war.

(x) V. 693. *Clytemneſtra*] Wife to *Agamemnon*, who for the concluſion of her husbands welcome from that ten years war that had detained him before the walls of *Troy*, clove his skull with a great Ax; encouraged thereto by her ſervant *Ægyſthus*.

(y) V. 699. The thrice-foyl'd Monarch] *Mithridates*, King of *Pontus*, three times vanquiſhed; by *Sylla*, *Lucullus* and *Pompey*: who fearing to be poiſoned, invented an admirable Antidote, the receipt whereof was found by *Cn. Pompeius* written with *Mithridates* his own hand, the ingredients (if we credit *Pliny*) were two dried nuts, two figs, twenty leaves of rue in powder, tempered together with a little ſalt, which he taking every morning faſting, became proof againſt poiſon, even when his laſt overthrow made him attempt to poiſon himſelf.

The ſeventh Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Arts *are fed by empty praiſe.*
The Poet *ſterves or ſells his playes,*
Leſs the Hiſtorian's *profit is,*
The Lawyer's *gettings leſs then his:*
The Rhetoritian's *yet more ſmall,*
And the Grammarian's *leaſt of all.*
Onely poor Learning's *hopes ſurvive,*
By Cæſar's *bounty kept alive.*

Poor Poets
forced to
take mean
trades upon
them,
as Bathkeepers
Common-
Cryers,

CÆſar (*a*) is both our ſtudies *cauſe* and *end*,
For he alone is the ſad Muſes friend.
Now when our famous Poets ſtrive to hire
Poor (*b*) *Gabian baths*, at *Rome* to make the (fire.
Nor to turn Cryers ſome have held it baſe,
But left in *Aganippe's* (*c*) Vale their place,
While to large Courts the hungry (*d*) *Clio* goes;
For if thy learned purſe no money ſhowes,
Get the (*e*) *Machæra's* name and living, cry
At publick ſales; What will you pleaſe to buy,
Fine pots, three footed ſtools, come chuſe your ſelves,
Shelves for your ſtudies, play-books for your ſhelves.
(*f*) *Halcione*, where *Bacchus* ſpent his wit,
The (*g*) *Thebans*, (*h*) *Tereus* by *Fauſtus* writ.
'Tis better then, if the Judge queſtion thee,
To ſay, *I ſaw*, what thou didſt never ſee.

Let

Let them do ſo, that come from th'*(i) Aſian* coaſt,
Although the *(k) Cappadocian* Knights oth'poſt,
And the *(l) Bithinian* Knights too, do the ſame,
Which thorough *Gallo-Grecia* barefoot came.
None ſhall hereafter ſtoop to ſordid pains,
That houſe on lawrel, and write lofty ſtrains. Cæſar's munificence.
Youths ſtudy, Cæſar's bounty ſpurrs you on,
That ſeeks but matter it may work upon.
But if for help from *others* thou do'ſt look, Advice for Poets.
And therefore fill'ſt thy yellow table book,
Borrow a faggot, *(m) (Theleſine)* blow blow,
And upon *(n) Vulcan* what thou writ'ſt beſtow;
Or let the moths thy lockt up works devour:
Or break thy pens, and thy ink bottle pour,
Upon thoſe warrs that did thy ſleep expell,
Thoſe mighty lines writ in a little Cell.
Only becauſe thou didſt for *(o)* Ivy hope,
And a *lean Image*, that's thy utmoſt ſcope;
For covetous rich men learn, now a dayes, Great mens ſordid avarice.
The *knowing* only to *admire and praiſe.*
As *(p)* Boy's do Peacocks, *but years flow away,*
That might have brook't the helmet, plough and Sea
And naked eloquent old-age too late,
It's ſelf, and it's (q) Terpſicore doth hate.
Now mark, to ſave his purſe what tricks deviſ'd, The reaſon why Noblemen write Verſe.
Thy Prince (the *Muſes* and their *(r) God* deſpis'd)
Himſelf makes verſes, and gives place to none
But *Homer*, for a thouſand years alone.
Caught with Fame's ſweerneſs, if thoul't *read*, to lend A Deſcription of the *Roman* Poets treading to an Audience.
His houſe will *(s) Maculonus* condeſcend,
Thou ſhalt command his churliſh Iron grates;
To open, faſter then the City gates;
He will diſpoſe his freed-men in the (*t*) pit,
His Clients and his friends great voices fit.
But not a Prince will for thy ſtage-hire pay,
Or for the Beam, that is the Scaffolds ſtay,
Or for the Chairs his Credit will engage,
To furniſh the *Orcheſtra*, next the Stage.
Yet ſtill we plow the ſhoar and ſow the ſand, Poeſie a bewitching ſtudy.
Nor if we would, can we withdraw our hand:

For

For Cuſtome and Ambition, with a Chain
Of guilded Folly, draws us back again.
The writing Evil *many men doth ſeiſe,*
And as their years grow, ſo does their diſeaſe.
What's requiſite to the perfection of a Poet.
But he that hath a Poets nobler vain,
That brings forth nothing of the common ſtrain.
That, as his great Arts Maſter, ſcorns to print
Poor trivial pieces at the publick Mint:
One that I cannot *ſhow*, but only can
Conceive, a mind untroubled makes that man,
That feels no care, loves ſilent groves, and brings
A ſpirit, fit to taſt th' (*u*) *Aonian* ſprings.
In the (*x*) *Pierian Caves ſoft ayres to chant,*
Or reach a (*y*) *Thyrſus, ſuits not with ſad want,*
That day and night is ſterv'd, When *Horace* writ
His *Ode*, he was full of *wine* and *wit.*
What place for *wit?* but where a man with verſe
Is only troubled, and holds *free Commerce*
With (*z*) *Cyrrha's* God and (*a*) *Nyſa's. 'Tis in vain*
To think one boſome can two cares contain.
'Tis work for great Souls, not one dos'd about
The mending of his bed, to figure out.
Virgils Art deſcribed.
The ſteeds and looks of Gods, and how her ſnakes
(*b*) *Erynnis*, in confounding *Turnus*, ſhakes.
Had *Virgil* had nor (*c*) Patron, nor a Boy
Whom he about his buſineſs might employ,
The elfe-lockt fury all her ſnakes had ſhed,
His Pipe play'd nothing rare, but flat and dead.
The tragick Poets now would think it fair,
If that, which kept th'old *Buſkins* in repair,
No maintenance for Poets.
Might not from (*d*) *Rubren Lappa* be withdrawn,
Whoſe *Cloak* and *Papers* (*e*) *Atreus* hath in pawn.
Wenches and *Lyons* kept for pleaſure, but not *Poets.*
Poor (*f*) *Numitor* has nothing for his *friend,*
But can rich Preſents to (*g*) *Quintilla* ſend:
Nor wants to buy a Lyon tamely bred.
And with much fleſh accuſtom'd to be fed.
Poets, belike, coſt more then Lyons doe,
A rich Poet may ſolace with the Muſes.
And are conceiv'd to eat more garbage too.
In's garden (*h*) *Lucan* pleas'd with fame may lye,
With Marble *Nymphs* and *fountains* in his eye;

But

But (*i*) *Baſſus*, poor *Saranus*, *what to thee*
Is any glory, if't bare glory be?
To their dear (*k*) *Thebaids* the people throng,
And to the ſound of his inchanting tongue,
When *Statius* with the promiſe of a day
O're joyes the Town; for in ſo ſweet a way
He reads his Poem, that to hear it ſpoke
A Luſt affects the Soul, yet when he broke
The Benches with ſtrong lines, he muſt, for bread,
To (*l*) *Paris* ſell (*m*) *Agave's* maiden-head.
Many to honour in the warrs (*n*) he brings,
With Summer-*Annulets*, and Winter-*Rings*,
He binds the Poets fingers; what there lives
No *Lord* that will beſtow, a *Player* gives.
Do'ſt thou attend the (*o*) *Camerini* then,
And *Bareæ?* thou other Noblemen
In their great Courts? 'tis (*p*) *Pelopea* takes,
She (*q*) *Prefects*, (*r*) *Philomela* (*s*) *Tribunes* makes.
Nor envy Stage rais'd Poets, where haſt thou
A (*t*) *Proculeius*, or *Mæcenas* now?
A *Fabius*, *Cotta*, *Lentulus* agen?
Wit and munificence were equal then;
Now, moſt mens gettings are, pale fac'd to grow.
And all December long, no wine to know.
But you Hiſtorians to more purpoſe toile,
Your Works requiring both more time and oile;
None ſhort of the two thouſandth Page can fall,
And meer expence in Paper breaks you all.
The boundleſs matter upon which you go,
And laws of Hiſtory will have it ſo.
But what fruit reaps your labours? where is he
Will give th'*Hiſtorians* an *Atturney's* Fee?
No you are lazy people, either laid
Upon your beds, or walking in the ſhade.
Then tell me what do active Lawyers gain,
By Civil Buſineſs, their great books and train?
They bawl loud ever, but then deaf our ears;
When the rich Creditor, that fees them hears.
Or by the ſleeve he pulls them, who doth claim
A right to great deeds, by a doubtful name;

The Emperours Favourite a *Player.*

Great Offices given for Playes.

The reward of poor Poets.

The Hiſtorian and his fortune deſcribed.

The Character of a Lawyer.

Pains taken in pleading.

Then

Then th'hollow bellows breaths forth mighty lyes,
And on their breasts their eager spettle flyes.
To rate their profits truly, set me here
A *hundred Lawyers*, and *(u) Lacerta* there.
And that one *(w) Coachmans* land shall buy th'estates
Of all those hundred learned *Advocates*.
They *sit*, that are the Grandees of the War,
And thou poor *(x)* Ajax *standest* at the Bar;
And for Litigious titles quot'st the Laws
To a dull heardsman, who must judge the cause.
Crack thy stretcht lungs poor wretch, that when th'art
The *Lawyers Bays*, *green Palms*, may be acquir'd. (tir'd,
Poor Lawyers fees. What is the price at which thou settest thy tongue?
A little bacon flitch, i'th chimney hung,
Or Tunny barrell'd, when 'tis mud, not fish:
Or stinking onions, *Ægypts (y)* monthly dish.
Or Wine our *Tiber (z)* watermen transport
Five bottles, if th'hast pleaded four times for't.
The Judge and Lawyer sharing. And if one piece of gold come, which is rare,
As your Agreement was, the Judge must share.
A rich Lawyer must have great fees. *(a) Æmylius* shall have what he demands
(Yet we plead better, for at's gate there stands
A chariot, and four goodly steeds of Brass
And *(b)* he, in's one-ey'd statue, makes a Pass
On's fiery war-horse, with his bending Spear
Putting the Foe, at distance in a fear.
Ostentation and its punishment. Thus into debt hath *(c) Pedo* vainly run,
Thus *Matho* breaks, *Tongillus* is undone,
Who from his great *Rhinoceros* took oile;
And with his durty Train, the Bath did soyle:
And his young *(d) Medians* shoulders prest so sore,
When his *Sedan* they through the *Forum* bore,
As he was going to buy silver plate,
Faire *(e) Myrrhin* bowls, fine boys, with an estate
And Country-house, for all which, at the day
His *Tyrian* purple promises to pay;
The people cosened with pomp and formality. And yet this gallantry with some does well,
Purple and *Violet Robes the Lawyers sell.*
A noise and face of wealth do him befriend;
But lavish Rome puts to expence no end.

Should

Should our old Orators return and live,
No one would now two hundred *drachma's* give
To *Cicero* himſelf, unleſs there ſhone
Upon his finger a great Precious ſtone;
He that begins a ſuit, i'th firſt place marks,
If thou haſt ten Companions, and eight Clarks;
Whether a cloſe chair doth behind thee wait,
And men in gowns before thee walk in ſtate.
A Gem to plead with, *Paulus* therefore hires,
And therefore *Paulus* greater fees requires,
Then are by *Coſſus* or by *Baſil* took,
For Eloquence in rags men ſeldom look.
When's *Baſil* honour'd, after his report
To bring the weeping Mother into Court,
Or who hears *Baſil*, plead he ne're ſo well?
Away to *France*, or rather chuſe to dwell
In (*f*) *Africa*, the nurſery of the Law,
If from thy pleading thou would'ſt profit draw.
Thou'teacheſt *Rhet'rick*, O the Iron breaſt
Of (*g*) *Vettus*, that can thoſe hard Themes digeſt
Which murder Tyrants! who the ſelf ſame things,
He ſitting reads, to others ſtanding ſings,
And the *ſame verſes* i'th *ſame tune* inſtills,
Poor School-maſters this twice boil'd Lettuce kills.
The *trope*, the *kind* o'th plea, the queſtions *ſum*,
What arrows from the *adverſe part* may come,
All men would know, *none for their knowledge* pay;
Pay would'ſt thou have? what do I know I pray?
The *maſters* tax'd that under the left breaſt
There's nothing beat's i'th young (*h*) *Arcadian beaſt.*
Who, every ſixt day, makes my poor head ake
With his dire (*i*) *Hannibal*, what courſe he'll take
After the fatal day at (*k*) *Cannæ* won,
If he directly ſhould to *Rome* march on,
Or to get's weather-beaten forces out
Of ſtorms and (*l*) lightning, wiſely wheel about.
Ask what thou wilt, I'le give it thee, 'tis there,
That his own Father him ſo oft would hear.
But with *one* mouth; at leaſt *ſix Lawyers* plead
For *men*, and not as *you* do for the *dead.*

The miſerable condition of a Rhetorick Maſter.

They

They do not wrangle about (*m*) *Hellens* Rape,
Medea's charmes, th'ingrateful poor eſcape
Counſel for Rhetoricians. Of *Jaſon*, nor what kind of medicine might
Bring *old blind Æſon* to his *youth and ſight*,
The Rhetorician ſhall (if rul'd by me)
Thus take his *wand* up, and himſelf make free,
Declaim in *Law-Courts*, and deſcending from
The feigned *ſhadow*, to the *ſubſtance* come.
Leſt that ſmall ſtock, which his own loaf ſhould buy,
Be ſpent, which teaching School will ne're ſupply.
Do but (*n*) *Chryſogonus* and *Pollio* weigh,
And for what miſerable ſtipends, they
To great mens ſons their Rhetorick impart,
Diſſecting *Theodorus* and his Art.
The profuſe expences of great men in building and houſe-keeping. His bath coſt's much, his riding houſe coſts more,
Wherein he paces till the ſhowr be o're,
Is't fit his Lordſhip for fair weather ſtay,
And ſoil his handſome beaſt with new made clay?
No, here his Mules neat hoof unſully'd ſhines.
On that ſide, he his dining-room deſignes,
Which on (*p*) *Numidian Pillars* round muſt run,
Where Weſt and North cool th'Eaſt and Southern Sun.
What ere his houſe coſt, he will Artiſts take
To order diſhes, and rare ſawces make.
And when all theſe *Seſterria* thus are ſpent,
The Tutors ſmall allowance. (*q*) Two; at the moſt, (*r*) *Quintilian* muſt content.
Nothing coſts Fathers leſs then Sons. How got
Quintilian ſo much land then? tell me not
Of Preſidents that are with fortune rare,
The fortunate is valiant, and is fair,
The fortunate's wiſe, generous, well born,
The miraculous power of fortune. On his black ſhooe a ſilver Creſſent's worn,
The fortunate ſpeaks handſom'ſt, argues beſt;
Though hoarſe, ſings well: for *here's thy intereſt*;
What Stars receive thee, when but newly come
Crying to light, and bluſhing from the womb,
If fortune will, poor Rhetorician, ſhe
Can raiſe thee, and thou ſhalt a Conſul *be.*
And from a Conſul, *if ſhe will ſhe can,*
Make thee again a Rhetorician.

What

what was (s) Ventidius? *what (t)* Tully *too,*
But proofs of what the Stars and Fates could do?
Who crowns on (u) servants, boys on slaves bestow:
But 'tis a *Chance*, rare as the milk-white crow.
Many repented that they play'd the fool
In teaching of a barren Rhet'rick School,
As in (w) *Thrasimachus* may be observ'd
And (x) *Secundus* Charinas, almost sterv'd,
Ith'midst of *Athens*, that to Schollars, now,
Except cold (z) Hemlock, nothing dare allow.
(a) *Grant Heav'n, that gentle weightless earth may lie,* What respect the Antients gave to their Sons Tutors.
On our Forefathers bones, and sprout on high
In flow'rs, which to the Air perfumes may bring,
Clothing their Tombs in a perpetual spring;
Because a Tutor they did still repute
To be the sacred Parents Substitute.
When's Rod the (b) *Centaur* singing-master shak't,
Achilles, in his fathers (c) mountain quak't,
Though a great boy, yet who, ev'n then, could fail,
But laugh to see a Master with a Tail.
Now his *own Schollars* would on *Ruffus* fall;
(d) *Ruffus*, that oft did *Tully Frenchman* call.
Who to (e) *Enceladus*, or to the learn'd The beggarly professions of a School-master.
Palæmon, tender's justly, what is earn'd
By a *Grammarian's* pains; be what it may,
('Tis less still then a *Rhetoricians* pay)
Yet thence, he who the school-boy oversees,
Defalks (as all Pay-masters will) his fees.
Palæmon yield, fall from thy highest rate, The Description of a Grammar School.
Like Tradesmen in their shops, a *little* bait,
So long as *all's* not lost, intic'd wherewith,
Thou sat'st up till midnight, which no smith,
None that cards wool with sloap-tooth'd, wire would.
So long as all's not lost, that put thee to (do,
Th'indu'ring what a *Grammar-school* annoys,
As many several smoaks as thou taught'st boys,
When *Horace* with his lamp was all besmear'd,
And *Virgil* like a Blackamoor appear'd.
Yet seldom that which is their due is paid,
Unless Complaint be to the *(f) Tribune* made.

But

But you on *Tutors* ſtricter laws impoſe,
Your Maſter muſt be one all Grammars knows,
Rules, Authors, Hiſtories, and thoſe, as well
As he can his own nails or fingers tell.
That if perhaps you ask him, as you go
To the Town-Bath, or *Tytan's*, you may know
Anchyſes's Nurſe, the mother in laws name
T' *Archemorus*, the Country whence ſhe came,
How long *Aceſtes* liv'd, how many a Pot
Of his *Sycilian* wine the *Trojans* got.
You do expect he ſhould a ſchool boy take,
And mould his manners, juſt as one would make
A face of wax: you do exact that he
To all your Children ſhould a Father be,
And look they ſhould no filthy paſtimes uſe,
Nor is't a little toil to him, that views
The hands of ſuch a world of Boys, and pryes
Into the trembling corners of their eyes.
Do this they ſay, and for our whole years Debt,
Thou ſhalt have, what a *(b)* ſuit in Law can get.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The ſeventh Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 1. *Cæſar*] *Domitian*, ſo we muſt needs underſtand the Author, if we believe him to be baniſhed for this *Satyr* at the inſtigation of the Player *Paris*. But I confeſs, it ſounds ſtrange to me, that *Juvenal*, who is ſo plain with *Domitian* in his 4th. Satyr, ſhould in this quote him for a *Patron* of *learning*; unleſs his meaning be, that he was ſuch a favourer of the learned, as ſent *many* of them to perfect their knowledge in the *next world*, and the *reſt* to follow their ſtudies the better in this, by retiring into *Exile*.

(b) V. 4. *Gabium*] *Gabium* (as you may ſee *Satyr* 3. verſe 224. and Sat. 10. verſe 118) was a beggarly *Volſcian* town, where to be *Maſter* of a Bath, was but a place equivalent with *making fires* to a Bath at *Rome*.

(c) V. 6. *Vale*] *Aganippe's Vale* and *Fountain* were in *Bœotia*, ſacred to the *Muſes*; but inſtead of retyring to ſuch privacie, hunger forces the *Poets*, as *Cryers* of goods to be ſold, to come into large *Courts*, where their Chapmen may have room to flock about them.

(d) V. 7. *Clio*] One of the nine *Muſes*, reputed the Inventreſs of Hiſtory.

(e) V. 8. *Machæra*] A man then as famous for a *Cryer*, as *Mulſack* is now for a *Chimney-ſweeper*.

(f) V. 13. *Halcyone*] The Poet *Bacchus* his *Tragedy* of *Alcyone* the wife of *Ceix*, transformed with her husband into Birds, See *Ovids Metamorphoſis*, lib. 11.

(g) V. 14. The *Thebans*] The *Tragedy* of *Laius* King of *Thebes*, who being forewarned by the *Oracle*, how he ſhould be ſlain by his Son *Oedipus*, delivered the Child to a Shepherd to be deſtroyed, who could not for pitty kill him with his own hands, but left him to the cruel mercy of wild beaſts and hunger; both which he eſcaped; and was (by *Phorbas* that found him) made a Preſent to the Queen of *Corinth*, but *Oedipus*, long after going to *Thebes* to enquire of his Parents there, unwittingly fulfilled the Oracle, killing his Father *Laius* in a Tumult, and then marrying *Jocaſta* his own Mother.

(h) Verſe 14. *Tereus*] *Fauſtus's Tragedy* of *Tereus*, *Progn'es* husband, who for raviſhing her ſiſter *Philomela*, was feaſted by his wife with the *head* of his Son *Itis*, as is noted near the end of the laſt Satyr.

(i) Verſe 17. *Aſian*] Heretofore *Aſian* ſlaves, now *Roman* Knights.

(k) V. 18. *Cappadocian*] The *Cappadocian ſlaves* could not but make excellent *Roman Knights* o'th *Poſt*: witneſs the Proverb τρίκ κάππκ κάκιςκ, in which number is the *Cappadocian*.

(l) Verſe 19. *Bithynian*] A people of *Aſia* the leſs, neighbours to *Galatia*, where *Brenneus* and his *Gauls* ſetled themſelves, and mingling with the *Greeks*, the Country came to be called *Gallo-Græcia*.

(m) V. 27. *Theleſine*] A Poet, unto whom ſome do conceive the *Satyr* is directed.

(n) V. 28. *Vulcan*] The *God* of Fire.

(o) V. 33. *Ivy*] *Poets* were crown'd with Oak, Lawrel, Ivy and Parſley.

(p) V. 37. *Boyes*] Who *commend* Peacocks, but *give* them nothing.

(q) V. 40. *Terpſicore*] One of the *Muſes*, the Inventreſs of Muſick.

(r) Verſe 42. *God*] *Apollo*.

(s) V. 46. *Maculonus*] A ſordid rich man, that like *Fronto*, *Sat.* 1. accommodated the *Poets* with his houſe and Gardens to read their works in.

(t) V. 49. *Pit*] By this and what follows, you may clearly

clearly perceive, the *Roman Poets* read in a place diſtinguiſhed, by a Cock-pit, Scaffolds, and *Orcheſtra* or Muſick room, in as formal a manner, as our Stages are prepared for action.

(*u*) Verſe 68. *Aonian*] The *Aonian* Spring is in *Bœotia*, conſecrated to the *Muſes*, by whom *Heſiod* tells us that he was invited, and carryed thither to drink.

(*x*) Verſe 69. *Pierian*] The *Pierian* Ladies the *Muſes*, had certain Caves in *Parnaſſus*, that were believed to be full of their *Deity*.

(*y*) Verſe 70. *Thyrſus*] A Spear, wreathed about with Grapes and Vine-leaves, as is already noted Sat. 6. Which *Thyrſus*, *Horace* mentions (and acknowledges himſelf to be full of *Bacchus* whoſe peculiar weapon it was) in that *Ode* which *Juvenal* here relates unto, beginning, *Ohe recenti mens trepidat.*--------

(*z*) Verſe 75. *Cyrrha*] An old town at the foot of *Parnaſſus*, dedicated to *Apollo* of which he is ſtiled *Cyrrhœan Apollo*.

(*a*) Verſe 75. *Nyſa*] An *Arabian* town, not far from *Ægypt*, where *Bacchus* was bred, and from whence he receives the title of *Nyſæan Bacchus*.

(*b*) V. 80. *Erynnis*] A *Fury*, one of the 3. Infernal Spirits, that diſtract the mind, from whence the word *Erynnis* is derived ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐρύω, κ, νῶς, but here he intends *Aiecto*, for 'tis ſhe that *Virgil* brings in hiſſing *Turnus* into madneſs, l. 7. *Æneid. Talibus Alecto dictis exarſit in iras, &c.*

(*c*) Verſe 81. Patron] *Mecænas*, that noble *Roman*, Favourite to *Auguſtus*, and Patron to *Virgil* and *Horace*.

(*d*) Verſe 87. *Rubren Lappa*] A poor, but ingenious *Tragick* Poet, to whom the Author thinks it but juſt, that as great entertainment ſhould be given, and as high honour and eſtimation, as to the *Antient Tragick Poets*, *Æſchilus*, *Æuripides* and *Sophocles*.

(*e*) Verſe 88. *Atreus*] A broaking Uſurer.

(*f*) Verſe 89. *Numitor*] A rich Gentleman and fooliſh.

(g) Verſe 90. *Quintilla*] A Lady of pleaſure kept by *Numitor*.

(h) Verſe 100. *Lucan*] The rich and noble *Author* of that Poem of the Battel fought betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey* at *Pharſalia*.

(i) Verſe 102. *Baſſus*] *Baſſus* and *Sarranus* were two *diſtreſſed Poets*.

(k) Verſe 104. *Thebaids*] That Poem of the *Theban war* writ by *Statius*, ſo *dear* unto the people, that they courted it like a *Miſtreſs*.

(l) Verſe 111. *Paris*] The handſome Player, of whom Sat. 6. Verſe 94. He was Patron to many learned men, particularly to *Statius* whom he kept in penſion.

(m) Verſe 111. *Agave*] The Tragedy of *Agave*, Mother to *Pentheus* King of *Thebes*, who, for his contempt of the God *Bacchus*, was transformed into a Boar, and torn in pieces by [the *Bacchides*] his own Mother and her Sifters.

(n) Verſe 112. He] *Paris*.

(o) Verſe 116. *Camerini*] The *Camerini* and *Barcæ* were noblemen of *Rome*.

(p) Verſe 118. *Pelopea*] The Tragedy of *Pelopea*, Daughter to *Thyeſtes*, of whoſe Inceſt with her Father was born *Ægyſthus*, who lived in Adultery with *Clytemneſtra*, and aſſiſted her in the murther of her Huſband *Agamemnon*.

(q) Verſe 119. *Præfects*] Governours of Provinces.

(r) Verſe 119. *Philomela*] The Tragedy of *Philomela* and *Progne*, of whom ſee the end of Sat. 6.

(s) Verſe 119. *Tribunes*] Not *Tribunes* of the people, but Field Officers, Serjeant-Majors General.

(t) V. 121. *Proculeius*] *Proculeius* was a Gentleman of *Rome*, very liberal to his kindred and friends. *Mæcenas* (as I have noted a little higher) a noble Patron to *Virgil* and *Horace*; And of the liberality of *Fab. Max.* read *Val. Max.* l. 4. c. 3. and *Plinius ſecundus de Viris illuſtribus*, of Cotta. Sat. 5. verſe 122. of the nobility and ſtate of *Lentulus* Sat. 6. verſe 84.

(u) Verſe 145. *Lacerta*] *Lacerta* was Coachman to the Emperour *Domitian*.

(x) Verſe 149,

(x) Verſe 149. *Ajax*] Pleading like *Ajax* in *Ovid* l. 13. *Metamorph.*

(y) Verſe 157. Monthly] The Fleet coming from *Ægypt* monthly,

(z) V. 158. *Tyber*-watermen] You may ſee whence the *Thames*-watermen learned their trick of qualifying the fury of pure Wine with an allay from the River.

(a) Verſe 162. *Æmilius*] A rich Lawyer.

(b) Verſe 165. He] *Æmilius* in Braſs.

(c) Verſe 168. *Pedo*] *Pedo*, *Matho* and *Tongillus* were *poor* Lawyers, who ſtriving to *appear rich*, grew beggars. Of *Matho's* new Sedan, you read in the firſt Sat. and here of *Tongillus* nointed after his bath, with oile diſtilling from the precious horn of a *Rhinoceros*, the beaſt that is Antagoniſt to the *Elephant*.

(d) Verſe 172. *Medians*] Chair-bearers, or Sedanmen of *Media*.

(e) Verſe 175. *Myrrhin*] In what eſteem Bowls of *Myrrh*, were in *Rome*, you may ſee Sat. 6. where the Imperious Wife commands her Husband to make a Voyage in perſon to furniſh her Cup-board with them in *winter*, when the Merchants themſelves durſt not truſt the Seas.

(f) Verſe 198. *Africa*] The *French* were Lawyers even in *Juvenal's* time, as he tells us in this place, and Sat. 15. Verſe 124. where they inſtruct the *Britiſh*. But yet the *Africans* were much more litigious, for there a Lawyer, though never ſo poor, might get ſome kind of thing, becauſe his Brethren the Beggars ſued one another.

(g) Verſe 201. *Vettus*] A *Rhetorick*-Maſter.

(h) Verſe 211. *Arcadian*] The dull Schollar, that *Arcadian* Mule or Aſs.

(i) Verſe 213. *Hannibal*] *Hannibal* was a Common *Theme* of the young *Rhetoritians*, as you may ſee Sat. 10.

Go climb the horrid *Alpes* vain glorious fool.
To pleaſe the boyes, and be their *Theme* at School.

(k) Verſe 214. *Cannæ*] Where *Annibal* overthrew the *Roman* Army, led by raſh *Terentius Varro*, from whence,

Marharbal, General of his Horſe, adviſed him to march directly to *Rome*; but finding him otherwiſe reſolved, ſaid, *The Gods have not made one man capable of all things:* Hannibal, *You know how to conquer, but you know not how to uſe your Victory.* Livius, *lib.* 22.

(*l*) Verſe 217. Lightning] For when *Hannibal* was (at the third ſtone) three miles from *Rome*, it fell a thundring and lightning, as if Heaven had forbid him to make his approaches nearer.

(*m*) Verſe 222. *Hellens* Rape] Theſe were it ſeems common *Caſes* argued in the *Rhetorick School*; whether the Rape of *Hellen* were a juſt ground of a War againſt *Troy*, or whether *Medea* was a Witch, or her Husband *Jaſon* ingratefull to forſake her, or whether his Father *Æſon* might be reſtored to his Youth and Sight by *natural means.*

(*n*) Verſe 232. *Chryſogonus*] *Chryſogonus* and *Pollio* were *Rhetorick-Readers.*

(*o*) Verſe 235. *Theodorus*] An Author read at the Rhetorick-School.

(*p*) Verſe 242. *Numidian*] The *Numidian* Marble, was eſteemed the rareſt, and it ſeems the *Roman* Voluptuaries had dyning-rooms that turned round upon Pillars of that ſtone.

(*q*) Verſe 247. Two] Two *Seſtertia*, are 30. *French* Crowns after ſome men's Account.

(*r*) Verſe 247. *Quintilian*] That excellent *Rhetoritian*, Tutor to *Juvenal*, often mentioned in his *Satyrs*, never without honour.

(*s*) Verſe 262. *Ventidius*] *Ventidius Baſſus*, a *Piſan*, born of an *Aſculan* bond-woman, carried in triumph by *Strabo*, Father to *Cneus Pompeius*, was firſt a *Carrhe* man, then a muliteer, then in one year made *Prætor* and *Conſul*; Afterward being created *General*, he triumphed over the *Parthians*, ſo that he who formerly formerly lay in priſon as a *Captive*, at laſt filled the *Capitol* with his *Trophies*, vi, is. S. d. *Val. Max.* lib. 6. cap. 10. & *Agellium* lib. 15. cap. 4.

(*t*) Verſe 262. *Tully*] The incomparable Orator *Marcus*

Marcus Tullius Cicero, a ſtranger to the town of *Rome*, obſcurely born at *Arpinum*, was afterward *Conſul* of *Rome*, and ſtiled by *Cato*, *Father of his Country*.

(*u*) Verſe 264. Servants] As upon *Servius Tullius*, Son of a Bond-woman, whom fortune raiſed to the Crown and Scepter of *Rome*.

(*w*) Verſe 268. *Thraſimachus*] *Thraſimachus* the *Carthaginian*, Schollar to *Plato* and *Iſocrates*, was a publick profeſſour of *Rhetorick*, but his gettings were ſo very inconſiderable, that he left off his profeſſion. And (as ſome ſay) hanged himſelf.

(*x*) Verſe 266. *Charinas*] *Secundus Charinas* profeſſed Rhetorick at *Athens*, and was (ſaith *Tacitus*) *learned* in *toyes* or inconſiderable arts: *Dio* ſaith that *Charinas*, conſtrained by want, came and ſet up School at *Rome*, where making an Oration which concluded againſt Tyrants, *Caligula* baniſhed, or (as others ſay) poiſoned him.

(*x*) Verſe 271. Hemlock] A cruell Bounty, beſtowed by the ingratefull *Athenians*, upon the learned *Socrates*, whom they forced to drink the cold Poiſon of Hemlock.

(*a*) Verſe 272. Grant] The Common Prayer for the dead among the *Romans*.

(*b*) Verſe 278. *Centaur*] *Chiron* the *Centaur* (Tutor to *Æſculapius*, *Hercules*, and *Achilles*) who had a Horſe-tail, for below the waſte the *Centaurs* were Horſes, as their *Enemies* the *Lapiths* reported.

(*c*) Verſe 279. Mountain] *Pelion* in *Theſſaly*.

(*d*) Verſe 283. *Ruffus*] *Satrius Ruffus*, who ſo much ſcorned the *Rhetorick* of *Tully*, that he called him *Allobrogian*, the *French-man* of *Rhoan*.

(*e*) Verſe 284. *Enceladus*] *Enceladus* and *Palæmon* were *Grammarians*. See *Sat.* 6.

(*f*) Verſe 301. *Tribune*] One of the Protectors of the People.

(*g*) Verſe 308. Nurſe] The Nurſe to *Anchyſes* is not named by any Author; *Archemolus* his Mother in Law, was called (ſome ſay) *Caſperia*, but born none knows

where: That *Acestes* the *Trojan* King of *Sicily*, furnished *Æneas* and his Mates with Wine we read, for which *Virgil* calls him the *good Acestes*, but how many pots he bestowed, would I believe puzzle the *Grammarians*, and *Criticks*, who, (saith *Seneca*) labour to *know* things, that it were better a man should be *ignorant of*.

(b) Verse 322. Suite] Judg'd by the Peoples Votes taken by the *Tribune*, to whom (as before said) the School-Master is glad to complain ere he can get the poor Yearly Stipend promised for teaching of his Schollars.

The

The eight Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Maim'd Statues, *cripled by times rage,*
And Pictures *now grown dim with age,*
Our Anceſtors deſerts *proclaime:*
And if we live not well, our ſhame.
Honour conſiſts in worth not blood,
The *Great* weigh nothing, if not *good.*
The Mean, whoſe virtue is their birth,
Have prov'd the greateſt men *on Earth.*

WHat's Pedegree? (*a*) *Ponticus*, what good can flow
From great blood? What is't, Anceſtors to
In paint & ſtatue? the (*b*) *Æmilii* plac't (ſhow
Intire in Chariots, (*c*) *Curii* to the waſt,
(*d*) *Corvinus*, whoſe noſe mouldred ſcarce appears,
And (*e*) *Galba*, that hath neither noſe nor ears?
What's a (*f*) *Dictator* drawn to life, or what
Dimme Maſters of the horſe, ſtill pointed at,
If the Great (*g*) *Lepidi* ſee thee live ill?
Thy houſe why do ſo many *Generals* fill
Breathing in Marble, if thou in the fight
Of arm'd (*h*) *Numantians* play'ſt at dice all night,
And go'ſt to bed about the break of day:
The time, that their camps colours march't away?
Why ſhould his *French* extraction (*i*) *Fabius* pleaſe,
His altar and deſcent from *Hercules*

Genealogies Statues, and Pictures of Anceſtors how to be eſteemed,

A Gamester compar'd with his warlike Predeceſſors.

If

If covetous, if phantaſtical he be,
If no (k) *Eyganean* lamb more ſoft then he?
If his skin ſmooth th' (l) *Ætnean* pumice ſhaves,
Slandring his noble Fathers in their graves,
Blaſting whoſe Urns this poys'ners image ſtands,
Fit to be broken by the hangman's hands?
Though thy Courts full of Wax-Effigies be,
Virtue's the true and ſole Nobilitie.
The true Nobility deſcribed. A (m) *Paulus*, (n) *Coſſus* or a (o) *Druſus* prove,
In Goodneſs; thy *carv'd Anceſtors* remove,
To give their *fame* precedence, let *it* go
Before thoſe (p) *rods* which thee a *Conſul* ſhow.
With thy minds treaſure firſt pay me a debt,
By deed and word the ſtile of vertuous *get*,
That thou art noble *ſhall need no Record*;
Or (q) *Roman* or *Getulian*, hail my Lord,
So I ſhall call thee, of what ever blood,
That to thy Country art ſo great a good.
We will receive thee with as loud a ſhout,
As *Ægypt* when (r) *Oſyris* is found out.
But who will honour him that's Honours ſhame,
Noble in nothing but a noble name.
The dwarf of ſuch or ſuch a Gentleman
We *Atlas* name, and call the *Negro*, ſwan,
The Maid *Europa*, that's nor ſtraight nor fair,
The dog whoſe Mangy eats away his hair,
And lazy, lies and licks the diſhes dry,
To him we *Panther*, *Tyger*, *Lion* cry,
Or if there be a thing more full of gall
In nature, by that name this cur we call.
Take heed thou goeſt not for a (s) *Creticus*
And bear'ſt the *Camerini's* title thus.
An admonition to Princes. Whom do I counſel? 'tis to thee I ſpeak,
(t) *Rubellius Plautus*; ſwoln as they would break
With (y) *Druſian* blood, thy veins do proudly run,
As if thou had'ſt ſome thing of honour done.
Or as the mighty Lady that doth ſhine
In all the ſpendour of the *Julian* line
Muſt needs have teem'd thee, and not ſhe that ſits
On the (x) bleak Mount, and for her living knits.

You

You are poor rogues he ſays, the people's ſcum, Mean Birth
Your fathers no man knows from whence they come; deſpiſed.
But I am a (y) *Cecropian*; Bleſs your grace,
And give you joy of your illuſtrious race. The Plebeians anſwer.
Yet in that ſcum, among the meaneſt kind,
You ſhall ſome Eloquent Plebeian *find,*
Defending with his learned tongue or pen,
The cauſes of unlearned Noblemen.
Out of the gowned people he doth riſe,
Reads the Laws Riddles, and their knots unties.
This poor young *Souldier* at (z) *Euphrates* wards,
That, with our Eagles conquered (a) *Belgia* guards:
Thou meerly a *Cecropian* art, and we
Like (a) *Mercuries* old *Statue* worſhip thee:
For other difference no Optick gives,
But his heads marble, and thy image lives.
Tell me thou ſeed of (c) *Troy*, *who talks of blood*
In the dumb beaſts whoſe courage is not good? (eaſe, Which are
We praiſe the horſe that wins moſt Palms with the gallanteſt Horſes.
Whoſe Vict'ries the hoarſe (d) *Circus* oftеſt pleaſe.
Hee's noble, let his breed be what it will,
Runs *beſt*, and caſts the dirt up *formoſt* ſtill;
But they are ſold (though (e) *Hirpin* were the ſire,
Or *Coritha* their dam) that uſe to tire,
And loſe the match; what their foreſathers won,
Dyes there, *no honour is to ſhadows done.*
Then, for ſmall priſes, ſlow-feet having got
New maſters, no more draw a Chariot,
But with gal'd necks at *Waggons* tug and gird,
Or are to *Nepe's* his horſe-mill prefer'd.
That we may therefore you, *not* yours *admire,* Nobility comes more by Acquiſition then by blood.
Firſt Sir, ſome honour of your own acquire,
Which we may on their Monuments engrave,
To whom we give, and you owe all you have.
Let it ſuffice, that we have ſaid thus much
To that proud puff't up (f) youth, (fame ſpeaks him
Full of his kinſman *Nero*, for 'tis *rare* (ſuch)
If a great fortune common ſenſe can ſhare. The Authors good Counſel.
But *Ponticus*, I would not have thee go
Upon thy *Anceſtors paſt* praiſes ſo,

As

As that to *future* praiſe thou ſhould'ſt not riſe.
Hee's wretched that on others fame relies,
The pillars fall if the foundation ſhrink,
Divorc'd from th'Elm the widdow'd vine muſt ſink.

Souldiers Guardians, Judges and witneſſes.

Be a good *ſouldier*, a good *guardian* be,
A *Judge*, from favour and corruption free,
And if in Court thou ſhalt a *witneſs*, ſtand,
Though (g) *Phalaris* an untruth ſhould command,
And dictating a perjury, bring in
His brazen bull: *think it the fouleſt ſin,*
Should'ſt thou to ſave thy breath thy honour ſpend,
And forfeit for thy life, lifes chiefeſt end.
Death ſuch deſerves, nor doth he live indeed,
Although a hundred (h) *Gaurans* oiſters feed
His riot, though the unguents (i) *Coſmus* us'd
In's braſen bath, be all on him diffus'd.

Inſtructions for Governors of Provinces.

When Governour thy ſu'd-for Province hath
At length receiv'd thee, bridle in thy wrath
And Avatice, pitty our Confederates groans,
Behold (the marrow ſqueez'd) Kings empty bones.
Mark th'*Empires* laws, the *Senate's* juſtice, look
How worth's advanc'd, how their juſt thunder ſtruck
(k) *Tutor* and (l) *Capito* for making prize
Of the *Cilician* Pyrates, the doom lies
Heavy on them, But poor man where's thy (m) eaſe
When all thy old Lord left, thy new ſhall ſeize?
Thy rags, (n) *Chærippus* let the *Cryer* ſell,
And hold thy peace while thou art us'd thus well.

No going to law with great men.

'Tis madneſs after all to caſt away,
The ferry-money that ſhould Charon *pay.*
Not ſuch th'*old* loſſes, nor ſo deep the wound,
When our Confederates did with wealth abound.

A Deſcription of the riches of the Eaſt, when they cal'd in the *Romans.*

Each houſe had heaps of money, wardrobes full
Of (o) *Coan* ſilks, and (p) *Sparta's* purple wooll;
(q) *Parrhaſius* his pictures, Ivory brought
To life by (r) *Phidias*; Statues (s) *Miron* wrought
Or *Polyclet*, did in each corner wait,
And ſcarce a table but had (t) *Mentor's* plate.
Thus th'unjuſt Governour (u) *Antonius*, here,
Addes to his wealth, and (v) *Dollabella* there.

Thus

Thus (*y*) *Verres* did by *Sacriledge* encreaſe,
And ſtole aboard his ſhips, the ſpoils of Peace:
Our friends do *now* a yoke of Oxen feed,
Or ſome few Mares, which they reſerve for breed
Out of whoſe Paſtures, even the Bull or horſe,
The father of their ſtock, is took by force, (look,
Their (*z*) *Lares*, and whatſoe're doth handſome
If't be their only Cottage-God 'tis took,
And ſuch a *toy*, the friends of *Rome* now call
Their *greateſt wealth*, and may, for 'tis their All.
Perhaps thou ſlighteſt, and maiſt juſtly ſlight (fight.
The *oyld* (*a*) *Corinthians*, (*b*) *Rhodes*, not fram'd to
For, could Revenge a ſoft thigh'd Nation arm,
How can Youth, ſmooth'd with *Roſin*, do thee harm?
But, the poor *Spaniſh* foot, *French* horſe beware.
The (*c*) *Illyrian* Sea-men, and thoſe (*d*) reapers
Feed *Rome*, that in the *Circus* ſpend their time (ſpare,
At *Stage-Plays*, But what gains ſo foul a crime,
When (*e*) *Marius* hath left *Africa* ſo bare?
However, let it be thy Maſter-care,
The *poor* and *valiant* no great wrong receive.
Though thou tak'ſt all their coyn away, thou'l't leave
Helmets and Javelings to revenge their harms,
And ſwords and ſhields; *the plunder'd will find Arms.*
Not my opinion, *but the* truth *I write*
Believe it, I a (*f*) Sybills leaf recite.
If vertuous friends and ſervants with thee dwell,
If no fair Favourite thy tribunal ſell.
If no unſatiate Wife run up and down,
Through every Country, and to every town,
Bending her crooked tallons, to lay hold,
Like a fierce (*g*) *Harpey*, on a prey of Gold;
Then bring thy birth from (*h*) *Picus*, or do'ſt love
Great names? take all (*i*) the *Giants* fought with
(*k*) *Prometheus* himſelf thy father make, (*Jove.*
Progenitors from any ſtory take.
But if raſh pride and luſt thy ſoul provoke,
If in the ſubjects blood thy rods be broke,
If thou delight'ſt to ſee the Beadle tyr'd,
Th'axe blunted; the Nobility *acquir'd*

The poor Condition to which the *Romans* had brought their Confederates.

No danger in oppreſſing the effeminate.

Take heed how you wrong a poor & warlike Nation.

What intitles great men to their honours.

What degrades a Noble-man.

By

By thy Great Parents, ſtands againſt thy claime;
And holds a glorious torch before thy ſhame.
Each crime is ſo conſpicuouſly baſe,
As he that ſins is great in birth or place.

Section. To me thy *Anceſtors* how can'ſt thou boaſt?
Monuments profan'd. When to the *Temples*, which *they* built, thou go'ſt
To *forge* a Will, their ſpirits to affront,
While their *tryumphal Statues* look upon't.
Diſguis'd Night-walkers. Or how? when nightly, thy adulterous blood
Conceals it's bluſhes in a (*f*) *French* fools-hood.
A debоiſht young Nobleman. Where his fore-fathers bones and aſhes ly
His Coach-manſhip. In's Coach fat (*m*) *Damaſippus* hurries by.
He though a *Conſul*, with huge Iron Stays,
Trigs a Coach-wheel himſelf in down hill ways.
By night indeed, but yet the *Moon* deſcryes,
And *Stars* bear witneſs, with intentive eyes.
But when he comes out of his *Conſulſhip*,
At *noon-day Damaſippus*'s cracks his (*n*) whip.
Nor bluſhes, though his aged friends he meets,
But with his whip firſt his acquaintance greets.
And when his horſes are unharneſt, feaſts
With Oats himſelf pours out, the wearied beaſts.
Nay when in *Numa*'s Ceremonial ways,
He ſheep or Oxen at *Jove*'s altar ſlays,
He by (*o*) *Hippona* ſwears, and all that crew
Whoſe *pictures* we o're *naſty mangers* view.
Tavern Revels. But when his (*p*) Tavern Revels are begun,
Up ſtairs and down, doth *Syrophœnix* run;
Moiſt (*q*) *Syro-phœnix*, that ſweats th'oyls he ſells
The Vintner and his wife. At th'*Idumæan* port, for there he dwells.
And with the Courtſhip of an *Hoſt*, the word
That he ſalutes with, is my *Prince*, my *Lord*.
The like doth (*r*) *Cyane*, bringing flaggons ſtill
In a clean apron, which inflames the Bill.
But thou ſaiſt, pleading for him when hee's chid,
Thoſe that excuſe youth's debochery anſwered. That young we did the like; 'tis true, we did.
But are't reclaim'd? thy errour do'ſt retract?
Short let it be, which thou dar'ſt fouly act.
Some crimes with our firſt beards are cut away:
Of courſe ſue out their pardons children may.

But

But *Damaſippus* takes his bathing Cups,
And on the (*ſ*) painted tavern-linnen ſups,
Ripe for th' (*t*) *Armenian* war, fit to make good
The *Syrian* ſtreams, the (*u*) *Rhene* or *Iſter*'s flood,
Of years that *Neroe*'s perſon may defend.
Send to thy Fleet at (*x*) *Oſtium*, *Cæſar*; ſend:
But thy great Adm'ral in ſome Tavern ſeek,
There they ſhall find him lying cheek by cheek
With murdrers, mixt with Pyrates, and Purſe-takers,
Run-away ſlaves, Hangmen and Coffin-makers.
With *Cybels* Prieſt on's back, his bells at reſt.
Where equal freedom welcomes every gueſt.
Where every man for the ſame cup may call,
One table, that too, alike neer to all,
If thou had'ſt ſuch a *ſervant*, what would'ſt thou
Do with him *Ponticus?* ſend him to plow
Thy (*z*) *Lucan* fields, or chain him to a Mine
In *Thuſcany*; *but you o'th* Trojan *line*
Do with your ſelves diſpence, and what's held vile
In mean ones, in the great we noble ſtile.
Who would have thought we could this baſeneſs find
In men of honour, but ther's worſe behind.
Thy fortune's ſpent, thou *Damaſippus* let'ſt
Thy breath out, and o'th *ſtage* thy living get'ſt,
Catullus his ſhrill *Phantaſm* ſpends thy breath,
Lentulus ſtil'd the (*a*) *ſwift*, plays (*b*) *Laureols* death.
Acts *hanging* well, and, or my judgment ſwerves,
Or for it, a *true hanging* he deſerves.
Nor can the *people* be excus'd in this,
The Peoples fore-heads are more braz'd then his,
That impudently ſit and pleaſure take,
To ſee the ſport which our *Patricians* make.
That can our *Fabian* Comædians hear,
And laugh at a *Mamercus* box o'th ear,
No matter for how much their breath they ſell,
Which now there is no *Nero* to compel.
Nor do they ſtick in the great *Prætors* ſhews,
To ſell their action: here a *ſtage* ſuppoſe,
And there a *Scaffold*, which would'ſt thou refuſe?
Who ſo fears death, that he would rather chuſe

How the Great diſparage themſelves in Taverns.

Noblemen act that they would not ſuffer their ſervants to do.

Some ſpendthrifts turn ſtage-players

To

To watch fair (c) *Thymele* o'th ſtage, where he
And *Corinth* the dull fool muſt fellows be.
Nor i'ſt a wonder, when the Prince ſhall love
A Fidlers *name, if Lords do* Players *prove,*
What could the town be *then*, but plays? And there
(d) *Gracchus, Romes* infamy doth arm'd appear,
A *Retiarius*, no *Sequutors* ſhield
No crooked faucheon brings into the field,
Nor wears his beaver down (no he reproves,
Reproves and hates that habit) ſee he moves
His trident, and (the net pois'd in his hand
Leaſt he might throw it out of his command)
He holds up his bare face, and in the eyes
Of all *Rome*, round about the liſts he flies,
His Caſſock ſpeaks him, gold-ſtrings hanging at
His Chin, and glittering in his high-crown'd hat.
Who therefore was *Sequutor* to this Lord,
Shame cut him deeper then he ſtruck his ſword.
What Raſcal would not, were his vote now free,
Give it to (e) *Seneca, Nero* e're to thee?
For (f) whom we ſhould not as *one Parricide*,
One Ape, one Serpent and one ſack provide:
(g) *Oreſtes* had thy *crime*, but not thy *guilt*,
The Gods were Authors of the blood he ſpilt,
His Father to revenge, made drunk and ſlain:
Yet him his ſiſters murder did not ſtain,
Nor, in a rage, his *Spartan* wife he kil'd,
Nor bowls of poiſon for his kindred fil'd.
Oreſtes ſung no *Odes*; no *Troicks* writ,
Books which of all crimes *Nero* did commit.
(h) *Vindex, Virginius, Galba* ſhould have firſt
Reveng'd, of all his cruelties the worſt.
Works for a Prince are theſe? do theſe arts ſute
With Majeſty, it ſelf to proſtitute,
On ſtages, to put *forrein Actors* down,
And carry from the *Greeks* their (i) *parſley crown?*
Thy voices trophies let thy father bear.
Thyeſtes (k) long train let *Domitius* wear,
(l) *Antigone's* or (m) *Menalippe's* tire,
And on (n) *Auguſtus Cæſar* hang thy lire.

Other great men having ſpent all, turn Gladiators or Fencers.

The Net-bearer and the Follower deſcribed.

Section.

The particulars of *Nero's* cruelty and debaich'neſs.

Section.

Who

Who any thing finds higher [illegible] line.
(o) *Cethegus* reaches? *Catili*[illegible]e?
Yet you took Arms, and did [illegible] conspire
To set our houses and our God[illegible]re.
Like Sons of *Galls*, or Rogues at *Lions* born,
For which you ought (p) pitcht doublets to have worn.
But on your motion did the *Consul* wait,
This *new man*, *Tully*, this poor (q) *Arpinate*,
Late made at *Rome* a *Country-Gentleman*:
Set guards, where e're the line of danger ran,
Unmaz'd us, and took pains for all the town.
And therefore, even within the wals, (r) the *Gown*
A greater title upon him bestow'd,
Then any name (s) *Cæsar* to *Actium* ow'd;
To *Thessaly*, or to those weapons, kept
Moist with the bloud which they so often wept.
For *Rome*, freed *Rome*, did call her self his child,
And *Cicero* his *Countries Father* stil'd.
An other (t) *Arpinate*, *Cajus Marius*, tills
First as a hireling, the rough *Vaiscian* hills.
Then, with the Vine was cudgel'd, if the Cramp
His plane took, pallizadoing the Camp.
Yet he at (u) *Cimbrian* horrours never check't,
But did alone, the trembling State protect.
And when slain *Cimbrians* did the Crows invite
Which never can on goodlier bodies light,
A (x) second lawrel was by *Marius* worn,
Made then an Equal to the (y) *nobly-born*.
Plebeian souls and names the (z) *Decii* were,
Yet for our Youth, our friends and Armies, here
And every where, th'infernal Gods, and th'Earth,
The Mother to whom all things owe their birth,
Accepted *them*, and more the *Decii* priz'd
Then *all*, for whom their lives were sacrific'd.
(a) He had, that from a *bond-woman* did spring,
Romes purple, *Crown and Rodds*, our last good King.
The gates of *Rome*, in baniſh't (b) *Tarquin's* aid,
The *Consul's* noble (c) Sons would have betray'd.
Who for our *doubtful liberty* were ty'd
To Act, what (d) *Cocles* would have magnifi'd,

Section.

How *Catiline* and *Cetegus* imbal'd the greatness of their bloud.

How *Cicero* innobled the meanness of his birth.

A Ploughman protects *Rome*.

Or (e) *Mutius*, or the (f) *Maid* that courage found
To ſwim o're *Tyber*, then our Empires bound.
But by a *ſlave* diſclos'd, whom *Mothers* taxe,
They felt their *Fathers* Rods and our juſt axe.
(g) Therſites *I could wiſh thy* Father *were*,
So thou, like to (h) Achilles, *migh't'ſt appear*
In Vulcans *Arms: e're my conſent would let*
Achilles *like* Therſites *thee beget*.
The Original of the *Romanes*. Yet fetch how far thou canſt thy Pedegree,
Thy *firſt houſe* muſt the baſe (i) *Aſylum* be,
And whoſoe're thou for thy Chief *can'ſt frame*,
A Shepherd *was, or what I'me loath to name*.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The eighth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 1. *Ponticus*] The *Noble-man*, to whom the *Satyr* is directed.

(b) V. 3. *Æmilii*] *Whole Statues*, of *P. Æmilius Macedonicus*, who had a *triumphal Robe* given him in *Senate*; and of *Scipio Æmilianus*, that deſtroyed *Carthage* and *Numantia*.

(c) V. 4. *Curii*] *Half-Statues* of the *Curii*, the other half being eaten away by Time's Iron-teeth. You have the Character of the firſt Nobleman of this Family in the beginning of Satyr 2.

(d) Verſe 5. *Corvinus*] *Valerius Corvinus*, who being challenged by a *Gall* of a huge Giantly Stature, killed him, by th'aſſiſtance of a *Crow*, that from Sun-riſing ſate upon his Helmet, and, as he fought, peckt the *French-*

French-mans lips and eyes, and from hence he was surnamed *Corvinus*, or *Crow*.

(*e*) V. 6. *Galba*] The greatest part of *Corvinus* his nose was mouldred away with age, but it seems *Galba's* statue was so old that it *wanted* a nose and ears too; therefore I suppose it was not the *Emperour Galba's* statue, but some *progenitor* of his, that lived nearer to *Jupiter's time*, from whom they derived their pedigree.

(*f*) V. 7. *Dictator*] A *Dictator* was chosen by the *Romans*, when the *Republique* was endangered by a war, no appeal lay from his sentence to the *people*, his office (unless prorogued) lasted but six moneths; as soon as he was elected, he made choice of his *Magister Equitum* (*Master or General of the Horse*, or vice-Dictator) who in his absence had the same uncontroleable authority.

(*g*) V. 9. *Lepidi*] *Æmilius Lepidus*, when he was a boy, slew an enemy in the field, and by decree of *Senate* had a statue in his *pretexted purple* and *golden Bulla's* [or bubbles] set up in the *capitol*.

(*h*) V. 12. *Numantians*] Those *Roman* Commanders that served under *Scipio Æmilianus* at the siege of *Numantia* in *Spain*, which town held out 14. years, and then set fire on their goods and themselves, leaving onely more *field room* to the *Romans*, that were 40000. the besieged having never been above 4000.

(*i*) V. 15. *Fabius*] *Fabius Maximus*, from his Conquest over the *French Allobrogian's*, was surnamed the *Allobrogick*. This Family derived it self from *Hercules*, to whom the *Romans* dedicated two temples, one of them in the *Roman Smithfield* or *Forum Boarium*, neer the *Flaminian Circus*, which *Altar* was hereditary to the *Fabian* Family.

(*k*) V. 18. *Euganeans*] The *Tarentines*, *Calabrians* and *Venetians* were called *Euganeans*; their *sheep* had the softest fleeces of *Italy*.

(*l*) V. 19. *Ætnæan*] *Ætna* shoots Pumice stones into the Countries about it, and the *Italians* to this day have the fashion of pumicing their skin to get off the hair, or at least do that which is equivalent.

(*m*) V. 25. *Paulus*] *Paulus Æmilius*, of whom formerly.

(*n*) V. 25. *Coſſus*] Who being General to the *Roman* forces, with his own hands ſlew the General of the enemie's Army, and brought the *Spolia opima* to the *Capitol*.

(*o*) V. 25. *Druſus*] Who having killed the Enemie's General called *Druſus*, brought his *name* to his own Family.

(*p*) V. 25. Rods] The *Faſces* (being bundles of Rods with an ax in the middle of them) were ſtill carried before the *Conſul* by his *Lictors*, or Serjeants.

(*q*) V. 32. *Roman*] *Syllanus* was of a very noble *Roman* family, ſo *Tacitus*, therefore *Juvenal* only names him, but means any noble *Roman*. For whether the man be as noble as *Syllanus*, or a barbarous *Getulian*, ſtill the Author, for his particular, will ſalute him as his *good Lord*, in caſe he deſerve the ſtile, by doing ſervice to the *publick*, and meriting honour from his *Country*.

(*r*) V. 36. *Oſyris*] *Oſyris* (as I have noted Sat. 6.) was, in their Ceremonies, yearly ſought by the *Ægyptians*, with mourning and howling: and being found, in the ſhape of an *Ox*, was received with loud ſhouts of joy by the people. The reaſon why they worſhipt him in that form, was becauſe he invented the *plough*, and taught the breaking up of ground, ſowing of Corn, and planting of Orchards, there are that ſuppoſe (not without probability) that *Joſeph* was *Oſyris*, and then the cauſe of their ſeeking is plain; becauſe his bones were carried away by *Moſes*: and only their deſire of him, and the memory of his merits, left to the *Idolatrous Ægyptians*. The Analogy betwixt *loſt* and found *Oſyris* and a *good Patriot* I leave you to apply.

(*ſ*) V. 47. *Creticus*] A Deſcendent from *Metellus*, ſurnamed *Creticus*, from his Conqueſt of *Crete*. Of the *Camerini* I have ſpoken in the precedent Satyr.

(*t*) *Rubellius Plautus*] *Rubellius Plautus*, was (by the Mothers ſide) as neer in blood to *Auguſtus*, as the *Emperour Nero* was *Tacitus*, lib. 13.

(*u*) V. 51. *Druſian*] *Druſus* was ſon to *Auguſtus* his Empreſs

Empreſs *Livia*, of whoſe untimely death *Ovid* writes a Conſolatory Elegie to his Mother.

(*x*) V. 56. Bleak Mount] In *Tarquin*'s Mount the pooreſt plebeian women got their livings by knitting and weaving.

(*y*) V. 59. *Cecropian*] *Cecrops* was, as the *Greek* Hiſtorians ſaid, King of *Athens* before *Deucalion*'s flood, from whom the *Athenians* (that held themſelves the moſt nobly deſcended of the world) derived their Pedigrees; Touching the noble *original* of *Athens*, ſee *Juſtin.* lib. 2. *Ante* Deucalionis *tempora regem habuere* Cecropem, *&c.*

(*z*) V. 68. *Euphrates*] This river comes from *Armenia major*, runs through the midſt of *Babylon*, and falls into the *Perſian* Lake.

(*a*) V. 69. *Belgia*] The ſeventeen Provinces of the lower *Germany*, lying betwixt the Rivers of *Sein* and the *Rhene*.

(*b*) V. 70. *Mercury*] *Juvenal* compares them that brag of their *Athenian Nobility*, to the *Mercurial* wooden *Images* with marble heads, which (*Thucidides* ſaith) uſed to be preſented by the State for publick ſervice done by the Noblemen of *Athens*, who it ſeems begat ſome children with no more brains then thoſe fine Idols

(*c*) V. 73. *Troy*] From ſpeaking of the *Græcian Nobility* that were deſcended of *Cecrops*, now the Author comes to the *Romans* and their *Trojan* Pedigree.

(*d*) V. 76. *Circus*] The great *ſhow-place* formerly deſcribed.

(*e*) V. 79. *Hirpine*] *Hirpine* and *Coritha* were then (it appears) the beſt bred *Horſe* and *Mare* in *Italy*.

(*f*) V. 92. Youth] *Rubellius Plautus*.

(*g*) Verſ. 104 *Phalaris*] The moſt ingenious of all the *Sicilian* Tyrants, as his Epiſtles live to teſtifie; but his wit was never ſo juſt, as in the puniſhment of *Perillus*, who invented the *brazen Bull*, for the tyrants Recreation; and was the firſt that ſhewed him ſport in it: May all projectors of others miſeries meet the like reward.

(h) V. 85. *Gauran*] *Lucrine* oisters, taken about the *Baian port*, near the *Gauran* mountain.

(i) V. 116. *Cosmus*] A rich Voluptuary.

(k) V. 124. *Tutor*] *Julius Tutor*, who robbed his fellow-thieves; for he pillaged the *Cilicians*, that lived themselves upon free-boot.

(l) V. 124. *Capito*] *Capito Cossutianus*, was impeached by Commissioners from the *Cilicians*, for that (he being Governour of that Province) had impoverished them with cruel and unjust exactions, *Tacit* lib. 4.

(m) V. 126. Thy ease] What ease indeed? when the new Governour *Pansa* (I omit the particular names) seizes the poor Remainder which his predecessour *Natta's modesty in Rapine* had left the suffering Inhabitants.

(n) V. 128. *Cherippus*] A *native* of *Cilicia*, or indeed of any *Province* under the *Roman* Empire

(o) V. 135. *Coan*] We owe the Invention of silk-weaving to the Island of *Cos*.

(p) V. 135. *Sparta*] The *Lacedæmonian purple* was in great esteem with Souldiers. *Julius Pollux*.

(q) Verse 136. *Parrhasius*] A picture-drawer born at *Ephesus*, who *first* drew to life the hair, with the sweetness and air of the face, and was by the general confession of workmen, the best in giving the last hand to a piece. *Pliny* lib. 35. cap. 9. & *Fabius* lib. 12.

(r) V. 137. *Phidias*] *Phidias* lived in the year of the world 3517. and left a statue of *Minerva* of his work in *Athens*, of 26. Cubits long, cut in Ivory.

(s) V. 137. *Myron*] *Myron* and *Polycles* were two excellent statuaries, of so swift hands, that they filled the world with their designs.

(t) V. 139. *Mentor*] An incomparable Graver in metal.

(u) V. 140. *Antonius*] *Cajus Antonius*, whom the *Censors* banished for six years, declaring the cause to be, for *extorting* from the *Associates* of *Rome*: See *Pedianus* and *Strabo*.

(x) V. 141. *Dolobella*] *Proconsul* of *Asia* condemned upon

upon the Statute of extortion, being impeached by *M. Scaurus Tacitus*.

(*y*) V. 142. *Verres*] *Prefect* of *Sicily*, accuſed for the greateſt thief in the world by *Cicero*, who at large deſcribes his *theft*, which *Juvenal* here calls *ſacriledge*, becauſe in robbing the Confederates of *Rome*, he robbed the *Gods*, to whom the *Romans* gave faith for the protection of their *friends* and *Allies*.

(*z*) V. 148. *Lares*] Houſhold-Gods.

(*a*) V. 153. *Corinthians*] No marvel the *Corinthians* were enamoured of Garlands and Unguents, their moſt ſolemn devotions being directed to *Venus*, in whoſe temple at *Corinth* two hundred maids daily ſtood at Livery.

(*b*) V. 153. *Rhodes*] Wholly given to Luxury, videſis. *Satyr* 6.

(*c*) V. 157. *Illyrian*] Whoſe Country lies upon the *Adriatick* Sea.

(*d*) V. 157. Reapers] The *Ægyptians*, the deſcription of whoſe *fruitful ſoil* and *vain Inhabitants*, you have at large in *Pliny's Panegyrick* 19. & 20. p.

(*e*) V. 160. *Marius*] *Marius Priſcus*, *Proconſul* of *Africa*, accuſed in *Senate* of *Bribery* and *Extortion*, at the ſute of his abuſed *Province*.

(*f*) V. 168. *Sybil's* Leaf] *Sybilla Cumæa* writ her predictions in *palm-leaves*; whether he alludes to them I know not, but I am ſure he does to the Prophecies of the *Sybils*, and clearly foretels the Revolt of *Africa*, for the injuſtice and extortion of their Proconſuls.

(*g*) V. 173. *Harpey*] The *Harpies* are ſaid to be ſwift wing'd *birds* with *Eagles tallons* and *womens faces*; they were the off-ſpring of *Zephirus*. See their deſcription in *Virgil*.

(*h*) V. 174. *Picus*] The *Romans* derived themſelves from King *Latinus Lavinia's* father, *Latinus* derived himſelf from *Faunus* and a *Nymph*, *Faunus* from *Picus*, *Picus* from *Saturne*, See *Virg.* lib. 7.

(*i*) V. 175. Gyants] The *Titanides*, that made war againſt *Saturne* and *Jupiter*. *Metamorph.* 1.

(k) V. 176. *Prometheus*] The ſon of *Japetus* and *Climene*, that is fabled to have ſtolne *fire* from heaven, and therewith to have formed a man of Clay.

(l) V. 191. Fools-hood] This *Santonick* or *French-hood Martial* calls *Bardocucullus* a *fools-hood*.

(m) V. 193. *Damaſippus*] A profuſe young nobleman, newly come to his eſtate, who at laſt is glad to put in for a ſhare with the Players.

(n) V. 199. Whip] How much pride the *Roman* gentry took in driving Coaches, you may read in the Character of *Fuſcus*, Sat. 1. v. 71.

(o) V. 206. *Epona*] The Goddeſs of ſtables, which *Damaſippus* ſwore by, according to the Cuſtom of *Rome*, where every ones oath was by the Deity he moſt eſteemed; as you may ſee by the effeminate man-ſervant, who ſwears by his Maſters *Juno*. Sat. 2. v. 118.

(p) V. 208. Tavern-Revels] A Cook was of a nobler Profeſſion then a Vintner in *Juvenal*'s time; for he deſcribes all the gallants drinking wine, and bathing in *Popinis*, *Cook-ſhops*.

(q) V. 210. *Syropbœnix*] A Mungrel Vintner or Cook, born betwixt *Syria* and *Phœnicia*, whence he tranſports his oyls, to noint his gueſts after bathing.

(r) V. 214. *Cyane*] Wife to *Syrophœnix*.

(ſ) V. 223. Painted] Stained table-clothes brought out of my hoſt's Country.

(t) V. 224. *Armenian*] *Armenia* rebelled againſt *Nero*, who made war there by his Lieutenant *Domitius Corbulo*. *Tacitus*.

(u) V. 225. *Rhene*] *Damaſippus* might for ability of ſtrength and years (if he had honour in him,) defend the borders of the Empire along the banks of *Danubius* and the *Rhine*.

(x) V. 227. *Oſtium*] *Oſtium*, now *Oſtia*, the next Sea-port to *Rome*.

(y) V. 232. *Cybel's* Prieſt] Of the *Archigallus* and his debaucheries, you have read amply Sat. 2. and of his bells Sat. 6. verſ. 544.

(z) Verſe 237. *Lucan* fields] In *Hetruria* or *Thuſcany*.

(a) V.

(a) Verſe 247. The ſwift] The ſurname of the noble Family of the *Lentuli*, who were called *Veloces* the *ſwift*.

(b) Verſe 247. *Lawreol*] A ſlave condemned in the Play for running from his Maſter, A part acted by *Lentulus*: The like was done upon the Stage by Gentlemen of the noble houſes of the *Fabii*, and *Mamerci*; for now they needed not *Nero* to compell them to be Players, but they offered themſelves for money (which their prodigality had driven them to want,) both to act on Stages and to venture their lives at the ſharp in the *Showes*, which the *Pretors* or Lords Chief Juſtices were to ſet forth before the people.

(c) Verſe 262. *Thymile*] The forementioned Wife to the Actor *Latinus*, who when he took the *Noblemen* that *acted* her *ſervants* courting her, it ſeems he would give them ſo ſound boxes o'th ear, as would ſet all the houſe a laughing.

(d) Verſe 262. *Gracchus*] Of whom Satyr 2. verſe 75. where the Author paſſes a worſe Cenſure on *his* baſeneſs, then upon his *Brother's*, that married himſelf as a *woman* to a *Piper* or a Trumpeter. This *Gracchus* noted to be a *Retiarius* or a Net-bearer, by his Trident in that Satyr, is *here* deſcribed exactly, together with the weapons uſed by the *Sequutor*.

(e) Verſe 281. *Seneca*] The cruel Emperour *Nero's Tutor*, a mean-born man, but juſt, vertuous, and learned.

(f) Verſe 282. For whom] *Nero*, that was not to be puniſhed as a *ſingle Parricide*; Whom the Law condemned to be ſowed up in a Sack, with a *Dog*, a *Cock*, a *Serpent*, and an *Ape*, and ſo drowned in a Bag, leſt if he were caſt *naked* into the Sea, his body might pollute the Element of *Water*, which waſhes all things elſe from their pollution, videſis *Senec.* lib. 5. Controv. Digeſt. lib. p48. ad Leg. Pom. de Parricid. Cæl. Rhod. lib. 21. cap. 21. *Cicero* pro *Sexto Roſcio*.

(g) Verſe 285. *Oreſtes*] The Son of *Agamemnon* who committed *Nero's Crime*, for he ſlew his *Mother*, *Clytemneſtra*,

temneſtra, but he had not the extent of his *guilt*, 'twas done in *Revenge* of his *Father* murthered by his *Mother* at the entertainment ſhe made to welcome him from the ten years ſiege of *Troy*. Beſides, the *Gods* were authors of his fact (if *Homer's* authority be taken;) for in the beginning of his *Odyſſes*, *Jupiter* ſayes, that he ſent *Mercury*, to warn *Ægyſthus Clytemneſtra's* Adulterer, that he ſhould take heed of imbruing his hands in *Agamemnon's* bloud, for if he did, *Oreſtes* ſhould *revenge* it with *his* and his own *Mothers* death. Neither did *Orreſtes* murder his *Siſter Electra*, as *Nero* did his *Siſter* in Law, *Antonia*. Nor did *Oreſtes* kill his *Spartan* Wife *Hermione*, Daughter to *Menelaus* and *Hellen*, as *Nero* with a kick ſlew his big-bellyed Wife *Poppæa*; Nor did *Oreſtes* poiſon his *kindred*, as *Nero* did his Brother *Britannicus*. Nor did he *ſing* on the *Stage* like *Nero*; Nor writ *Oreſtes* of *Troy*, though by his *Wive's Mother* he had ſome title to write *Troicks*, which was the greateſt of *Nero* his cruelties, for they put him into a vein of ſeeing how *Troy* ſhowed when it was on fire, which he tryed upon *Rome*, and then laid the *Fact* upon the *Chriſtians*, condemning thoſe poor *Innocents* to the torture of the *pitcht Doublet*, preſently mentioned in this *Satyr*, and fully deſcribed, *Sat.* 1. verſe 104.

(h) V. 292. *Vindex*] *Vindex Junius* took up Arms againſt *Nero* in *France*, *Sergius Galba* in *Spain*.

(i) Verſe 297. Parſley] It was the Cuſtom of *Achaia*, that he that won the Prize in the *Nemæan Games* ſhould be crowned with Parſley. *Plin.* lib. 19.

(k) Verſe 299. Long train] The Author in ſcorn bids *Nero* inveſt the ſtatue of his Grandfather *Domitius* with the Robes, which *Nero* in the Tragedy of *Atreus* wore when he played his Brother *Thyeſtes*; whoſe Son *Pliſthenes Atreus* ſlew like a loving Brother, and treated the Father with a feaſt of his Sons fleſh boiled.

(l) Verſe 300. *Antigone*] The Daughter of *Oedipus*, who led her father when he was blind.

(m) Verſe 300. *Menalippe*] *Neptune's Miſtreſs* of whom he begot *Bacchus*.

(n) Verſe 301. *Auguſtus Cæſar*] *Nero* when the Judges of

of the Stage ſent him the Lyre, *adored* it, and commanded, (that as a trophy of his victory) it ſhould be hanged up on the Statue of *Auguſtus*. *Suetonius Tranquillus*.

(o) Verſe 303. *Cethegus*] *Cethegus* and *Catiline* were indeed nobly born, but yet Conſpirators againſt *Rome*, which they determined to *burn*, as if they had come from *Lyons*, and been part of the *Galls* that fired the City.

(p) Verſe 307. Pitcht Doublets] Doublets of Pitch and Flax, vid. Sat. 1. verſe 184.

(q) Verſe 309. *Arpinate*] *Cicero*, called by his adverſaries in ſcorn *novus homo* the *new man*, and the *Arpinate*; he being free born at *Arpinum*, among the *Volſcians*, now *Abruzzo*, an obſcure town, till made famous by the birth of *Cicero* and *Marius*.

(r) Verſe 313. The Gown] Hail thou that firſt wer't ſtiled *Father of thy Country*, and that in the *Gown* did'ſt firſt deſerve a *triumph*, and the *Lawrel* of the *Tongue*. So to *Cicero* ſayes *Pliny*, lib. 7. cap. 2. This title *Pater Patriæ* was given by *Cato* to *Tully* for preſerving *Rome* from *Catiline's Conſpiracie*.

(s) Verſe 315. *Cæſar*] *Octavius Cæſar*, whoſe *Sea-Conqueſt* when he ruin'd *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* at *Actium*, and his *Land-Victory* when he overthrew *Caſſius* and *Brutus* in the *Philippick* fields in *Theſſaly*, merited not ſo much *honour*, as the ſervice done in the *Gown* by *Cicero*.

(t) Verſe 320. Another *Arpinate*] *Marius*, born likewiſe at *Arpinum*, (as aforeſaid.) The cheif City of the *Volſcians* was *Sueſſa*, the other towns were *Arpinum Aquin Fabrateria* and *Fruſino*, the two laſt were very poor, as you may ſee Sat. 3. verſe 262.

(u) Verſe 324. *Cimbrian*] The *German* or *Teutonick* Out-laws, that had vanquiſhed *Syllanus*, *Manlius* and *Cæpio*, and had ruined *Italy*, if *Marius* had not undertook the War, who utterly deſtroyed them.

(x) Verſe 328. Second Lawrel] *Marius* having formerly triumphed for his conqueſt over King *Iugurth*.

(y) Verſe 329. Nobly born] *Quintus Catulus*, whoſe Collegue in the Conſulſhip *Marius* was. And no doubt though

Though *Catulus* was better *born*, yet *Marius* was as nobly *reputed*, who had *deſtroyed* thoſe *Cimbrians*, from which (ſome ſay) the other *fled*.

(*z*) Verſe 330. *Decii*] Firſt *Decius* the Father, then *Decius* the Son, devoted and *Voluntarily* ſacrificed their lives for their *Country*. The Father, being General againſt the *Latians*, and dreaming that ſide ſhould have the Victory, whoſe General ſhould be ſlain, put ſpurrs to his Horſe, and rid into the thickeſt of his Enemies forces: where dying, while the *Roman* Army ſtrove to fetch off his Body, they won the Field. The Son, in the War againſt the *Samnites* or *Thuſcans*, devoted his life in theſe words, that he derived upon his *own head* all the miſeries threatned to his *Country*: Hence *Juvenal* concludes, that theſe mean-born *Decii*, were as precious to the *Gods*, as the *State* of *Rome*, becauſe thoſe two *particular perſons* were accepted by commutation for the *whole State*.

(*a*) Verſe 336. He] *Servius Tullius*, Son to *Oriculana*, a bond-woman, who (after the murder of *Tarquinius Priſcus* by the Sons of *Ancus Martius*) was crowned King of *Rome*, and reigned 44. years.

(*b*) V. 338. *Tarquin*] *Tarquinius Superbus* the laſt King of the *Romans*, who ſucceeded *Servius Tullius*; no marvel therefore if *Tullius* be called *Romes laſt good King*.

(*c*) Verſe 399. Sons] *Titus* and *Tiberius*, Sons to the Conſul *Junius Brutus*, had promiſed to betray a gate of *Rome* to *Tarquin*, and his Son *Sextus*; but what theſe *Noble-men* had plotted, being revealed by *Vindex Cecinenſis a ſlave*, the *Conſul Junius* ſpared not the lives of his own Sons, though they were all he had.

(*d*) Verſe 341. *Cocles*] *Horatius Cocles*, who ſtood *Porſenna*, and his whole Army, till the *Tiber*-bridge was broke, and then took the River, and ſwam ſafely to the *Romans*. *Liv.* lib. 2.

(*e*) Verſe 342. *Mutius*] *Scævola*, that having ſworn to kill *Porſenna* (then beſieging *Rome*) miſſ o ik, and ſlew his *Secretary*: and, being brought before *Porſenna*, when he underſtood his errour, in his preſence he burned off his own *erring hand*, *Liv.* l. 2.

(*f*) V. 342.

(f) Verſe 342. Maid] *Cœlia*, who being given for Hoſtage to *Porſenna*, walking with her Keepers to the Banks of *Tiber*, (which then *bounded* the ſmall Dominions of *Rome*) ſhe pretended, that ſhe was to perform ſome *Religious Rites*, by waſhing in the Flood; and ſo ſending off her Keepers, ſwam over to the *Roman* ſide.

(g) Verſe 346. *Therſites*] Whom *Homer* juſtly call'd the ugliеſt of all that came to the ſiege of *Troy*, for he was both *ill-ſhaped*, and *ill-natured*.

(h) Verſe 347. *Achilles*] The valianteſt of all the Beſiegers of *Troy*, whoſe Mother *Thetis* prevailed with *Vulcan*, to make him thoſe *Arms*, for which after his death *Ajax* contended with *Ulyſſes*, See the *Metamorph. lib.* 13.

(i) Verſe 351. *Aſylum*] *Rome* was firſt only an *Aſylum* or *Sanctuary* for *Outlaws*: the founder of it *Romulus*, being a *Shepherd*, or (which the Author forbears to name) a *Parricide*, ſtaining his hands in the bloud of his Brother *Rhemus*.

The ninth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

A Dialogue the Poet frames;
Where poor lew'd Nævolus *declaims,*
*That nothing now th'*unchaſt *beſtow*
But poyſon, *when they jealous grow.*
For fear whereof, he ſilence prayes;
But ſtones *will tell, the Poet ſayes:*
Gives him good counſel, but in vain,
So jeers, and leaves him to complain.

* *Poet.*

The Deſcription of a forlorn Wencher.

HOW comes it, *Nævolus*, I meet thee *now*,
Like conquer'd (*a*) *Marſias*, with a cloudy brow?
What doſt thou do with *Ravola's* ſtrange look,
When he was, with his Beard bedabled, took
Licking of (*b*) *Rhodope*, and ſtood in fear,
Like ſlaves at ſweet-meats, of a box o'th ear?
Crepereius Pollio made not ſuch a face,
When he went promiſing, from place to place,
The tripple Intereſt, and found none ſo fond
In all the City, as to take his bond.
How on the ſudden art thou wrinkled thus?
Why, late thou liv'dſt ſo well, thou ſeemd'ſt to us
A kind of *ſlaviſh Gentleman*, our Feaſts
Rung with thy fine, and thoſe no Country-jeaſts.

The

The world's now chang'd, thy look ſad, thy (d) dry
A horrid wood, thy ſkin not ſmooth nor fair, (hair
As when warm bird-lime plum'd it; now thy thighs
Are rough, thy coppice-hair neglected lyes.
How com'ſt thou by th'old ſickman's jaundice, whom
A quartan feaver hath long kept at home?
Thy frail fleſh joy and grief of ſpirit knows,
Both which thy face, in divers habits, ſhows:
May be, thy former courſe thou do'ſt forſake,
And quite another way thy voyage make.
For late, as I remember, at the (e) *Fanes*
Of *Iſis* and of *Peace* (wherein remains
Fair *Ganimed*,) and at the cloſe abodes
Built for th'imported Mother of the Gods,
And *Ceres*; (for what Temple may not we
Have Wenches at?) none was cry'd up like thee.
Ladies did not (f) *Auſidius* ſo much woo,
Nor will I tell, you pleas'd their husbands too.
Sir, 'tis a thriving life to many men; *Nævolus.*
But I got nothing by it: now and then, A covetous creature.
A greaſie Cloak, or Gown i'th dying ſpoyl'd,
Courſe cloth, in dreſſing which *French* Fullers toyl'd;
Some ſmall baſe ſilver of the ſecond vein.
The fates in parts, that men keep ſecret, reign.
For if thy Starrs their influence countermand,
Thy unknown length ſhall for a Cipher ſtand.
Though (g) *Virro's* mouth even water at thy ſight
I'th Bath, though thick-writ letters thee invite,
Whereto he in a Poſt-ſcript, doth annex
Some *Greek* Careſſes, to allure his ſex.
No monſter like a covetous (h) *Pathick* whore:
I gave thee this, then thus much, and then more,
He counts and kiſſes. Let's caſt up the ſums,
Boy bring the notes, you ſee in all it comes
To ſix *Seſtertia*. Reckon now my pains,
Is't eaſie, when a handſome------one ſtrains
Into a ſtinking------and there ſhall greet
The Bowels, and the laſt night's ſupper meet.
I hold him to be more a ſlave, that's bound
To dig his maſter, then his maſter's ground.

Yet

Yet you ſir, think your ſelf compos'd for love,
Deſign'd for heaven, fit to give wine to *Jove*.
Poor *Paraſites* muſt look for nothing ſure,
When you'l not pay *us*, that your itchings cure.
Lo here, to whom the green *umbrella* went,
To whom the goodly Amber Bowl was ſent
Upon his birth-day, or when th'humid Spring
Did with it ſelf the *(i) female Calends* bring.
When, Carpets laid beneath his feet, he ſate
And view'd his preſents in a Chair of State.
Say Sparrow, who ſhall heir thoſe mountain-heights,
All thoſe *Appulian* Vallies, all *thoſe kites*,
Wearied with flying o're thy land? Rare Wines
Thy Cellars fill, from fruitfull *(k) Trifoline* Vines.
The *Miſene* Precipice, bleak *(l) Gauran* hills,
No man with long-liv'd Muſt more hogsheads fills.
What wer't, if thou to thy *ſpent Client* gave
Some acres? wer't not better he ſhould have
The Country Child, his Mother, and their ſhed,
And dog, that ſtill their play-fellow was bred?
Then that all theſe a *Legacie* ſhould raiſe
For thy *(m) Camrade*, that on the Cymbals playes?
Thou art not honeſt, when thou ask'ſt, ſay's he;
But ask, my boy and houſe-rent cry to me.
My one Boy, like to *(n) Polypheme's* one eye,
For whoſe large orb *Ulyſſes* was too ſly.
Another muſt be bought, *one* will not do
My buſineſs, and then I muſt diet *two*.
When winter comes, what ſhall I do I pray?
What to my boyes bare legs and ſhoulders ſay,
When them cold breath'd December ſhall benumb,
Have patience and the Graſhopper will come?
But to diſſemble, and let paſs the reſt,
How rat'ſt thou it, that I was ſtill thy preſt,
Thy devote Client, that but for my aid
A Witoll. Thy wife had to this hour remain'd a maid?
By what wales I was wrought upon, thou know'ſt,
And what upon thy promiſes thou ow'ſt.
Oft in my armes the flying maid I caught,
When ſhe to tear the new-ſeal'd writings fought.

Whil ſt

Whil'ſt at the door thou whin'ſt, I wrought thy ends,
And ſcarce my whol nights labour made you friends.
Witneſs the pretty little bed, whoſe creak
Thou heard'ſt, and with it heard'ſt thy Lady ſqueak.
The marriage-knot crack't, ready to divide,
Th'Adult'rer hath in many houſes ty'd.
Now *firſt* or *laſt*, what can'ſt thou *count upon?*
Falſe and ingrateful, is't no merit? none?
That I for thee a boy or girle *beget*;
Which thou maiſt *breed*, and in our Records ſet
Proofs that thou art a *man?* thy gates adorn
With Garlands, now to thee is iſſue born?
What I have given thee, ſtops the mouth of fame;
Beſides the priviledges fathers claim;
That thou art made an (*) Heir, thou ow'ſt to me,
The ſweet *(o) Caducum* too I purchaſe thee;
Nay 'tis to thee much more advantage yet,
If *(p)* three, the legal number I beget.
* Thou haſt, poor *Nævolus*, juſt cauſe to grieve. * *P.*
* And then, Sir, when he ſhould my wants relieve, * *N.*
As a neglected thing he lets me paſs,
And ſeeks himſelf a new two-footed Aſs.
Be ſure you never do this truſt reveal,
But in your boſom my complaints conceal.
For the ſmooth *Cinæde* is the deadlieſt foe;
So jealous of his ſecret, what we *know*,
As if it were *betray'd*, inflames his ire;
Hee'l ſtab, or brain us, or our houſes fire;
Nor doubt where ſo much riches do abound,
That any want of poyſon will be found.
My counſel therefore keep, as cloſely hid,
As theirs *the Court of* (*q*) Mars *at* Athens *did.*
* O (*r*) fool, fool, do'ſt imagin rich men can * *P.*
Have any ſecret? Though the ſerving-man
Prove ſilent, *Truth from Beaſts will ſpeech compell:*
The dogs, the poſts, the marble ſtones can tell:
Thy windows ſhut, o're crannies hangings lay,
Lock double doors, and take the lights away.
Let all give charge that none lye near thee; yet,
What thou ſhalt in thy bed-chamber commit,

Wicked perſons ever ſuſpicious.

Sin cannot be conceal'd.

Even when the Cock the ſecond time ſhall crow,
Ere it be day ſhall the next tavern know.
And hear crimes that were not committed; lies
Wooll-weighers, Carders, Maſter-Cooks deviſe,
The malice of Servants. *Who care not what they 'gainſt their Lord compoſe,*
When with their rumours they revenge his blows.
Some will way-lay thee, nay enforce thee hear,
And being drunk themſelves, make drunk thy ear,
Intreat their ſecreſie, as thou do'ſt mine,
They'd rather tell it, then ſteal *Falerne* wine:
Or then out-quaff thoſe cups (*s*) *Laufella* takes,
Occaſion of ſcandal to be ſhun'd. When for the people ſhe her offring makes.
We muſt for many cauſes live upright,
But chiefly that we ſervants tongues may ſlight.
For, of th'ill people that to us belong,
Great men ſlaves to their ſervants. *The part that is moſt evil, is the tongue.*
And yet that Lord's condition is far worſe,
Who fears them, that live on his bread and purſe.
N. Good counſel, to ſcorn ſervants tongues, I've learn'd,
But *generall*, wherein all men are concern'd,
What unto me in my *particular* trade,
Now time and hope are loſt, wilt thou perſwade?
Lifes brevity. *For this fair flow'r goes ſwiftly to decay,*
Poor wretched life's ſhort portion haſts away,
Whilſt we drink, noint, wench, and put garlands on,
Old age ſteals on us, never thought upon.
P. Fear not, thoul't ne're want *Pathick* friends, ſo long
Vice will flouriſh. As theſe *Hills* ſtand and flouriſh, they will throng
To *Rome*, by boat and coach to make that match,
All who their heads do with *one finger* ſcratch.
Another hope may riſe, and that more great,
Only do thou ſtore of *Eringos* eat.
N. You ſpeak to happy men, my fates would joy
If all my trading might my teeth imploy.
O my poor (*t*) *Lares*, I offer to your powers
Looſe perſons build Caſtles in the air, in the firſt place. A *little* Incenſe, bran, and crowns of flowers.
When ſhall the fortune I attain be ſuch,
Will keep me from the hovel and the crutch?
For Intereſt money, when ſhall I receive (leave?
Ten thouſand, for which they good pawns ſhall

Have

Have ſilver veſſels, pure illegal plate,
Such as (*u*) *Fabricius* cenſur'd for the weight?
And two young hackney (*x*) *Mœſians* at command,
Safe in the clamorous *Circus* me to land?
A crooked graver, and another Knave
Paints faces in a trice? theſe would be brave.
But I, poor wretch, muſt of ſuch hopes deſpair,
For, when to Fortune I do make my prayer,
Againſt me with that (*y*) wax her ears ſhe arms,
That ſav'd (*z*) *Ulyſſes* from the *Syrens* charms.

And at the next conſideration grow deſperate.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The ninth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(*a*) VErſe 2. *Marſyas*] A *Phrygian*, who having been once ſo proud as to challenge *Apollo* at the pipe, had afterward good cauſe to look *dejected*, being not only *vanquiſhed* by the *God*, but his skin likewiſe to be pulled about his ears, and flead alive, for his *unbecoming preſumption*.

(*b*) Verſe 5. *Rhodope*] The name of an *Ægyptian* Curtezan (fellow bond-woman to *Æſop* the Fable-maker) who *traded*, till with her gettings ſhe built her ſelf a *Pyramid*.

(*c*) Verſe 7. *Crepereius Pollio*] A broken Citizen, and *known* to be a bankrupt.

(*d*) Verſe 15. Dry hair] Deboiſht *Nævolus*, had not money enough to buy *unguents* for his hair; But yet it ſeems the hair ſtuck on, in thoſe daies.

(*e*) Verſe 25. The *Fanes*] The *Temples* of *Peace* (wherein *Veſpaſian* had placed the ſtatue of *Jupiter's*

Cup-bearer *Ganymed*) and of *Cybel*, whose image was brought out of *Phrygia*, and *Ceres* who then held the people in such awe, as no *unchast* person durst *touch* her *Veil*, Sat. 6. verse 53.. These *Fanes* were *now* become as very *Stews*, as that of *Isis*, Sat. 6. verse 513.

(*f*) V. 31. *Ausidius*] A Lascivious *Græcian* of *Chios*, much cry'd up among the *Beauties* and the *Pathicks*.

(*g*) V. 41. *Virro*.] One of that sect, whereof you read Sat. 2. verse 105. where they worship the *good* Goddess, or Goddess *Bona*, the clean contrary way.

(*h*) Verse 44. *Pathick*] *Virro*.

(*i*) Verse 62. Female] In the *Calends* of *March*, when the *Matrimonialia*, *the female feasts* were kept, the *Roman* Ladies dressed up in all their splendour, used to sit under a cloth of state, in a Chair set upon Carpets, and to receive *Presents* from their Husbands or Servants. This the Effeminate *Virro* imitates, and his poor servant *Nævolus* must be at the charge, to send him *umbrella's* Fans, Amber Bowls, &c.

(*k*) Verse 68. *Trifoline*] A part of *Campania*, fruitfull in rich Vines.

(*l*) Verse 69. *Gauran*] The *Gauran* hills afforded rare Wine, and the Rocks below excellent Oysters, called *Circean* or *Gauran*.

(*m*) Camrade] *Cybells* Priest, a great Companion to all Voluptuaries, as you read Sat. 2. verse 135. Sat. 8. verse 237.

(*n*) Verse 79. *Polypheme*] One of the *Cyclopes*, who gave *Ulysses* quarter, but devoured four of his company, which he took prisoners with him. This Monster had but one eye, but that a vast one in his forehead; but *Ulysses* cozen'd it, with a Bottle of Wine, that he set in the Gyants way, who, drinking drunk, and sleeping, *Ulysses* burned the end of his Staff wherewith he put out the one eye, and escaped. You may read the Fable in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*.

(*o*) Verse 109. Heir] Whereas *Batchellours* were *fined* for their *contempt* of *marriage*, *Fathers* had *right* to stand for Civil Magistracy, to cast lots for *Provinces*, and to be Heirs by *Will*. *Tacitus*.

(*o*) Verse

(o) Verſe 110. *Caducum*] *Caducum* by *Cujacius* out of *Ulpian*, is defined to be that which is left to a perſon by Law capable to receive, but yet for ſome reſpects devolves from him to the Exchequer after the Teſtators death. Of this there were two ſorts: The one, when the Gift to an Heir or Legatee (that died before the Teſtator, or opening of the Will,) went to the Prince. This was enacted by the Law *Papia Popæa* (made to ſupply *Auguſtus Cæſar* with money; the publick Coffers being exhauſted by the Civil Wars) and abrogated by *Juſtinian*. Lib. 6. Cod. *Juſtin.* Tit. 1. The other ſort was, when the Prince had by the Law *Julia* and *Popæa*, that which was left by Will to ſuch as were *unmarried*, if they did not marry within 100. daies after the Teſtators death: And half that was ſo conferr'd to ſuch as were *married* but had no children, in caſe the *man* was 25. years of age, or the *woman* 20. Except it was given by their *Kindred*, which *Cujacius* thinks extended to the ſixt degree. This Law was repealed by *Conſtantinus*, *Conſtantius* and *Conſtans* lib. 8. Cod. *Juſtin.* Tit. 58.

And to this the Poet here hath reference: The Servant telling his Maſter amongſt other good turns he had done him, that by him he was put in a condition to receive

---------*Nec non & dulce Caducum.*

(p) Verſe 112. Three] *Jus trium liberorum*, *The Law of three Children* which freed a man from being Ward, gave him precedency in election to Offices in the Common-wealth, trebled his meaſure of Corn in the publick allowance, &c. This *Pliny* the *Conſul* obtained of *Trajan* for his friend *Tacitus*.

(q) Verſe 126. *Mars*] The Court of *Mars* that ſate in the *Areopagus* at *Athens*; where, to reveal the Secrets of the Court was death.

(r) Verſe 127. Fool] *Nævolus*. *Juvenal's* word is *Corydon*, *clowniſh*, *ill-bred fool*.

(s) *Laufella*] A famous Courtezan, as you may read Sat. 6. verſe 336. who (being to ſacrifice for the people in the feaſt of the *Goddeſs Bona* or *good Goddeſs*)

dess) no doubt but she would drink the Wine abundantly.

(*t*) *Lares*] Houshold-Gods, to whom the *Romans* offered Incense, Bran and Flowr, which though it was no costly Sacrifice, yet poor *Nævolus* could afford *them* but a little quantity of each.

(*u*) Verse 176. *Fabricius*] *Fabricius Lucinius*, and *Q. Æmilius Papus* being *Censors*, they fined *P. Cornelius Ruffinus* (who had been twice *Consul* and once *Dictator*) as *too expensive*, for having a *Silver Flaggon* of ten pound weight.

(*x*) Verse 179. *Mœsians*] Chair-bearers of *Mœsia*.

(*y*) Verse 184. *ulysses*] Who being warned by *Circe* to avoid the *Sicilian Syrens* charms, commanded his mates to stop their own ears with wax, and to bind him to the main-mast, charging them likewise, if he were never so earnest with them to loose him, yet they should not do it. *Homer Odyss.* lib. 12.

The

The tenth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

For wealth, power, Rhetorick, martial ſway,
Long life, and beauty, Mortals *pray;*
Which if the bounteous Gods *beſtow,*
Our ruin to our prayers we owe.
What then befits *us to receive,*
We to the Powers divine muſt leave,
And ſhunning riot wiſely live;
This bleſſing we our ſelves may give.

IN all th'earth, from (*a*) *Cales* Weſtward, to the (ſtreams
Of (*b*) *Ganges*, gilded with the morning beams,
To few men Good *and* Ill *unmask't appear.*
For what with reaſon do we hope or fear?
What haſt thou by thy happieſt projeƈt gain'd,
But thou repent'ſt, thy pains and wiſh obtain'd;
Whole houſes th'eaſie Gods have overthrown,
Granting their prayers that did thoſe houſes own.
In peace and war that's *ſought*, we ſhould avoyd.
How many hath pure Eloquence deſtroy'd?
(*c*) He vainly ſhortned his life's hopeful length,
By truſting to his more then humane ſtrength.
What multitudes have toyl'd to *meet* their fate
Gathering vaſt ſums? which now the beſt eſtate
Falls as far ſhort of, as our *Dolphins* faile
To match the hugeneſs of the *Britiſh Whale.*

Mans ignorance in not diſtinguiſhing between Good & Ill

What pains we take to procure our own miſery.

 (*d*) *Lon-*

The Rich more exposed to danger than the poor.

(d) *Longinus* was girt therefore, by command
From *Nero* with a military band.
(e) *Seneca's* gardens, like his riches, great:
And the fair (f) *Lateran buildings* were beſet
By a whole (g) *Cohort*: but in that ſad time,
Seldom the Souldiers did *poor* (h) *garrets* clime.
If thou in the night ſeaſon travel'ſt late,
And carrie'ſt but a little ſilver plate,
Thou fear'ſt the ſword and club, thy faint heart quakes
At every reed, whoſe ſhade by Moon-light ſhakes.
The poor way-faring man, that doth not bring
A Charge along, before the thief will ſing.
The *firſt prayer*, made to almoſt all the Powers
Is, that our riches may encreaſe, that our's
In all th'Exchange may be the beſt fill'd trunk.
But out of earthen pots no poyſon's drunk:
Fear that, when thou rich (i) Setin wine do'ſt hold
Sparkling mid'ſt Diamonds in a bowl of Gold.
How lik'ſt it now, that (k) one of th'*Sages* ſtept
Ore's threſhold laughing ſtill, and (l) th'other wept?

The laughing and weeping Philoſopher.

But laughter's eaſie, any may deride,
'Tis ſtrange whence moiſture th'others eyes ſuppli'd.
Democritus (that laught his lungs ſore, *there*
Where no (m) *Pretexta* (n) *Trabeæ* (o) *Faſces* were,

How *Democritus* would have laught at the folly of the *Romans*, and their triumphal Ceremonies.

(p) Cloſe chair, (q) high throne) had burſt ſure, had he
Upon our *Prætor*, in his Chariot rais'd (gas'd,
I'th mid'ſt o'th duſty *Circus*, in *Jove's* gown:
On's back imbroyder'd robes, on's head a *Crown*,
An *Orbe* which ſcarce one (r) *Atlas* can ſupport;
Therefore a Crown-bearer ſweats ſoundly for't:
And leſt that *Prince* aſpiring thoughts might wrong,
This *Groom* in the ſame Chariot rides along.
Then th' (s) Eagle muſt, from's Ivory Scepter ſoar.
Here Cornets ſound, there long troops ride before,
With him white *Romans*, in whoſe pockets lurks
Th' (t) *Alms-basket*, which on their good natures
He *then* found matter to deride all thoſe (works.
He met withall: whoſe mighty judgment ſhows,
Brave men, examples which the world adorn,
May in (u) *dull climes and groſſer air be born.*

The

The buſ'neſſes of men, their joyes and fears
He laught at, and ſometimes their very tears.
A halter on proud fortune *he* beſtow'd,
And when ſhe frown'd, his (*x*) middle finger ſhow'd.
While to the Gods wax't (*y*) knees *vain man* repairs,
With his ſuperfluous or deſtructive prayers.
Power ſubject to great envie ruins ſome, (come,
Long rolls of glorious names, from whence they
Or thoſe atchiev'd, which did their triumphs crown;
Braſs (*z*) ſtatues follow ropes that pul'd them down.
Their Chariot-wheels groan under th'Axes ſtroke,
And ev'n their innocent horſes legs are broke.
The fire to crackling flames the bellows turns,
The head, adored by the people, burns,
The great *Sejanus* melts; and of that face,
Which in the whole world had the (*a*) ſecond place,
Baſons and Ewers, pots, frying pans are made.
(*b*) Let wreaths of Laurel in thy houſe be laid,
Drag to the Capitoll a (*c*) milk-white bull.
Behold *Sejanus* through the ſtreets they pull,
The people ſhout to ſee him drag'd with hooks.
What lips he has? how like a rogue he looks?
Truſt me I never could that man abide.
But what crime? who inform'd? who teſtifi'd?
No ſuch thing; a long worded letter came
From (*d*) *Capreæ*, good; I no more Queres frame.
What do the Rabble all this while? they run
Along with fortune, as th'ave ever done,
And hate condemned men. That very hour,
Had (*e*) *Nurſcia* ſmil'd upon her *Tuſcans* power,
And he ſurpriz'd th'old Prince by truſt beguil'd,
Thoſe raſcals had *Sejanus Cæſar* ſtil'd.
E're ſince we left the (*f*) ſelling of our voice,
We take no care; the rout, that once made choice
Of *Conſuls*, *Prætors*, *Tribunes*, what it pleas'd,
Is long ago of all that trouble eas'd:
And only, with perplext devotion, prayes
For two things, *Bread* and the *Circenſian* playes.
Hark how they whiſper, ſhall he die alone:
No ſure, that great fire s made for more then one:

The fall of a great Favorite inſtanced in the ſtory of *Sejanus*.

Their ſtatues broke and turned to contemptible uſes.

The Vulgar encourage one another to ſacrifice for *Cæſars* deliverance.

The humor of the common people.

They inſult upon the unfortunate.

That would have ador'd ſucceſs.

And only mind their bellies and their paſtimes.

Their diſcourſes and opinions.

At

At *Mars* his altar (may the omen faile)
I met (*g*) *Brutidius*, and my friend look't pale.
Pray heav'n our mighty *Ajax* do not kill
Thoſe that were for him, ſhould his cauſe go ill.
Their complying Fury. *Then, whilſt he lies upon the brink, let's go*
Full ſpeed, and trample upon Cæſar's *foe.*
But let our men ſee't, leſt on us they fall,
And to the bar their pinneon'd maſters call.
News of *Sejanus* thus went up and down,
Theſe were the ſecret murmurs of the town.
Whether is better, Greatneſs with envy, or Poverty with ſafety. Would'ſt be *Sejanus?* courted at his rate.
A *Conſul* this, a *Tribune* him create,
Be th'*Emperor's Tutor*, who at *Capreæ* ſits,
Thron'd on a *rock* 'mong his (*h*) *Chaldæan* wits?
Would'ſt have the horſe and foot ſerve under thee,
And Captain oth'*Prætorian* life-guard be?
Why ſhould'ſt thou not deſire it? *Thoſe that would*
Act no foul miſchief, do yet wiſh they could.
Is there in greatneſs ſo much good, as will
But only ſerve to counterpoize the ill?
Would'ſt be with that drag'd Traitors purple grac't;
Or be at (*i*) *Gabii* or *Fidenæ* plac'd,
Break ſmall pots,) udgement of falſe meaſures give,
At poor *ulubræ* a patcht *Ædile* live?
Sejanus therefore never underſtood,
You muſt confeſs, true and eſſential good,
Who much too *wealthy*, much too potent grown,
Pil'd tow'r on tow'r, whence he was headlong thrown
Whom fortune did to that ſtrange height entice,
To make his Fall more horrid by his Riſe. (caught,
What o'rethrew (*k*) *Craſſus*, conquer'd (*l*) *Pompey*
And him (*m*) who to his whips *ſlav'd Romans* brought?
Ev'n ſupream power, got by arts ſtrangely odd,
And prayers heard by ſome Malignant God.
Eloquence deſtructive to the two great Orators, *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes.* *To* Ceres (*n*) *ſon in law but few go down*
In Peace that wear, none that uſurp a Crown.
At (*o*) *Tully's* and *Demoſthenes* his fame
Boyes in *Minerva's* five daies feaſt do aime,
And of their (*p*) penny-*Pallas* Rhet'rick crave,
Waited upon by the ſmall ſatchel's ſlave.

Yet

Yet both theſe Orators their tongues ſtruck dead,
His wit coſt *Cicero* both his hand and head.
Such barbarous cruelty who ever ſaw
Done on a (q) duller *practicer at Law?*
O happy Rome *when I was* Conſul *born*;
Antonie's ſword he might have laught to ſcorn,
If he had ſtill thus *poetiz'd*: I pray
The Lady-*Muſes*, that I rather may
The Author of *Ridiculous Poems* be,
Second divine Philippick then of thee.
Th'*Athenian (r) wonder* too, was put to death,
Who rul'd the *People* with his powerful breath,
Got when the Fates were froward, Gods unkind,
Whom's father, with the ſmoaky forge half blind,
From blows, on ſooty *Vulcan's Anvil* ſpent
In ham'ring ſwords, to ſtudy Rhet'rick ſent.
The man of Wood that ſpoils in triumph bears, The Deſcription of a Conqueror entring *Rome* in triumph.
A helmet broke, breaſt batter'd, dangling ears;
Horſes that draw a *pole-leſs* Chariot,
Streamers from Gallies in a Sea-fight got,
And a ſad Captive ſet a top of all;
Theſe more then humane bleſſings ſouldiers call.
Theſe the *Greek*, *Roman*, *Barbarous* Generals ſought,
And with ſo many wounds and dangers brought,
Vertue is ſo much leſs belov'd then Fame,
For, bate reward, who will at vertue aime?
Hence, have ſome *few* ſunk nations with their pride,
That Glorious titles might their aſhes hide,
Which the wild *(s)* fig-tree ſpringing, breaks away.
For tombs themſelves the pow'r of Fate obey.
Weigh *(t) Hannibal*, how many pounds can'ſt find The fortunes of *Hannibal*.
In that great Generals body now? whoſe mind
Not *Africa* to the *Atlantick* Main,
Nor where warm *Nilus* bounds it, could contain.
He to his *Moors* and their tall Elephants
To joyn *Spain*, o're the *(u) Pyren* mountains jaunts,
Though nature th'*(x) Alpes* & ſnow in's way had laid, His Victories.
Through rocks with *(y)* vinegar he his paſſage made.
Now *Italy* is his, hee'l yet march on,
There is, ſaith this proud ſouldier, nothing done,
Unleſs

Unleſs my *Carthaginians* ſtorm the town,
And ith' (*z*) *Suburra* pitch my ſtandard down.
O how did (*a*) th'one-ey'd General's picture look,
Riding on his (*b*) *Getulian Elephant* took;
Alaſs, what's th'end of glory! he that ſpread
His Exile. His conqueſts, vanquiſht, into exile fled;
Muſt (great ſtrange Waiter) part oth'Preſence make,
Till the *Bithynian Tyrant* pleaſe to wake. (States,
That life which threatned th'earth with change of
Nor ſword, nor dart, nor rocky mountain dates,
His Death. But the revenge of (*c*) *Cannæ*, of that Spring
Of *Roman* blood, was a poor little (*d*) ring.
Go climb the horrid *Alpes* vain-glorious fool,
Alexander. To pleaſe the *boyes*, and be their theme at ſchool.
the Great, The youth that honour'd (*e*) *Pella* with his birth
His Ambition. Vext at *one world*, coop't up i'th narrow earth,
As if the rocks of (*g*) *Gyarus* wall'd him in,
Or as he had in cloſe *Seriphus* bin
When he a Conquerours entrance had compel'd
To brick-wall'd *Babylon*, *one coffin* held.
His End. *Death does alone deal plainly, and declare*
What things of nothing humane bodies are.
Xerxes his We may believe, what was believ'd of old,
Expedition That ſhips put in at (*h*) *Athos*: and what bold
into *Greece* And lying *Greece* on hiſtory impos'd;
(*i*) *Xerxes* that Mountain with his fleet inclos'd,
His Bridge That o're the ſolid Sea by Coach he paſt,
over the Drank up whole rivers, when he broke his faſt:
Helleſpont. And all that, hovering with her drunken wings,
His vaſt The Muſe of (*k*) *Soſtratus* the Poet ſings.
Army. But how from (*l*) *Salamin return'd* he ſhipt, (whipt?
Whoſe barbarous pride the (*m*) Eaſt and Northweſt
Never in (*n*) *Æolus* his Jayle ſo paid.
Who *fetters* on th'Earth-ſhaker *Neptune* laid,
And 'twas done gently that he ſpar'd his *brand*:
What God would not ſerve under his command?
But how *return'd* he? in a bark he fled,
His baſe Sayling through bloud, retarded by the dead,
flight. Whoſe bodies to arreſt his flight did ſwim;
Thus ſo much courted glory puniſht him.

Grant

Grant health, O Jupiter, grant length of dayes, Old age de-
Thus the fresh youth, thus th'old and sickly prayes. scribed with
But how great constant ills do old men brook, all its mi-
How ugly, how unlike themselves they look? series.
Instead of *skin*, they have a nasty *hide*. Their looks.
Sagg'd Cheeks, wherein such wrinkles are descry'd,
As when through (o) *Tabraca's* thick woods we shape
Our Course, we see scratcht in an old she-ape.
There's somewhat still that diff'rences the *young*;
This then that fairer, He then he more strong.
The old have one face, the same palsie makes Their Pal-
Their voices tremble which their body shakes. sies.
Their heads an aged fall o'th leafe disclose,
And th'infancy of a still dropping nose.
Disarm'd of teeth, this *Chavells* with his gums,
And to wife, children, and himself becomes
So loathsome, that the sight turns (p) *Cossus* blood, Their loath-
Who brings him presents of the rarest food. somness.
Nor in his meat, or wine, do's th'ancient gust Their taste
Rejoyce his duller pallat; and for lust, lost.
A long oblivion cancels those Essayes,
A Nerve lies couchant which no art can raise;
Indeed, what faith, a comfortable effect
From weak gray-hair'd *Priapus*, can expect?
Beside, though he may *lust*, he cannot *love*; Their
Shall *Venus*, without strength to please her, move? weakness.
The suffering of another part now see,
In rarely well-set ayres what joy takes he? Their
Although (q) *Seleucus* sing them to his Lute, deafness.
Or one o'th Players in his golden suite.
What matter where o'th *Stage* he sits, whose ear
Can scarce the Cornets, or the Trumpets hear?
Whose loud-tongu'd boy the very house must rock,
To make him know who's come, or what's a clock.
Then, in's cold body, his almost *no* blood
A feaver only warms; and such a flood, Their want
Of all kind of diseases, that to tell of blood.
Their very names, I might sum up as well
How many youths got (r) *Hippia's* good will:
What patients (s) *Themison* did one Autumn kill:

What

What friends to *Rome* by *(t) Buſil* cheated were
Abroad; by *(u) Irus* what poor Orphans *here*.
What men long *(x) Maura* in one day enjoyes,
Or the baſe ſchool-maſter *(y) Amillus*, boyes:
Sooner might my Arithmetick avow,
How many Mannors he is Lord of now,
Who, when my youthful beard did trimming crave,
(z) Correction with his nimble ſcizzers gave.

The failing of their limbs and ſight.

This loſes th' uſe of's ſhoulders, that of's thighes,
He of his hips, and he of both his eyes,
Envi'ng the pur-blind; the freſh colours fled
From's lips; and thoſe with other's hands are fed.
He, at the ſight of ſupper, wont to fall
A yawning, gapes and gapes, and that is all.

The love of a Parent.

So gape young ſwallows, to bring whoſe ſupplies
With her mouth full, their (a) faſting Mother flies.
But loſs of all his *members*, equals not

The loſs of their Senſes.

His loſs of *ſenſes*, who hath quite forgot (knows,
His ſervants names, nor his friends count'nance
Nor who 'twas ſupt with him laſt night, nor thoſe
He got and bred, though now his Will declare
Them ſtrangers, making *(b) Phiale* ſole heir,
For her warm breath, a trick that ſhe did uſe,

Inevitable griefs belonging to old age.

For many years together, in the Stews.
But if he have his ſenſes, Yet he muſt
Be forc't to lay his children in the duſt,
With his fair ſiſters aſhes fill an urn,
Give order for the fire too, that muſt burn
His brothers body, and his deareſt wife.
This penance all muſt do that have long life.
They muſt new funerals of their houſe behold,
And in perpetual grief and blacks grow old.

The ſtory of *Neſtors* age.

King *Neſtor* did (if *(c)* faith to thee we give,
Great *Homer)* neareſt to the *Raven* live.
Bleſt, ſure, to be ſo many ages old,
That he his years upon his *right hand* told;
And drank ſo often wine ith' *Muſt?* but ſtay
A while before you judge, and mark, I pray,
How he complains oth' fates too kind decrees,
Of too much thred they ſpun him, when he ſees

His

His Son (d) *Antilochus* his beard on fire;
He, then, of all about him doth inquire,
What was't should him to so long life ingage,
What he had ever done deserv'd that age?
So *Peleus* raves for his *Achilles* slain,
(e) He for *Ulysses* wandring on the main.
Priam (*Troy* safe) had his last progress made
In state unto (f) *Assaracus* his shade;
Hector, his subjects weeping and forlorn,
With all his brothers, had the body (g) born;
Cassandra, (h) first, her funeral tears had spent;
And then (i) *Polixena* her garments rent:
If he had dy'd before his Sons foul guilt,
Ere wanton *Paris* his bold ships had built.
What did long life conferr? a sight oth'fall
Of *Asia*, fire and sword destroying all.
Then for his *Crown* th'old (z) trembling souldier took
An *helmet*, and at great *Jove's* (l) Altar strook,
Fell like an oxe, in his old age despis'd,
And by th'ingrateful plow-man sacrific'd.
Yet *Priam* dy'd a (m) *man*, but his old wife
Surviv'd a *bitch*, and bark't away her life.
I come to our own stories, passing by
The (n) *Pontick* King and (o) Solon's *wise reply*;
who would not Crœsus *should his fortune praise*,
untill the close and Evening of his daies.
(p) *This* (u) *Marius* from his native soil divorc'd,
To lurk in the *Minturnian* fenns enforc'd,
Then lodg'd him in a dungeon, whence he fled,
And near to Conquer'd *Carthage* begg'd his bread.
A happier *Roman Rome* had never seen,
Nor had his parallel in nature been:
If when his crowd of Captives did proclaim
His triumph, when in all wars pomp he came
Fom his *Teutonick* Chariot to alight,
(r) Then his victorious soul had took her flight.
To *Pompey* provident (s) *Campania* gave
A *timely* seaver, but his life to save,
In many Cities publick prayers were made,
The *Conquerour* preserv'd, to be betraid

The misfortune of long life in *Priam*.

Old *Hercuba's* worse fortune.

The example of C. *Marius*.

Pompey unfortunate in's old age.

When

When *conquer'd* by *Romes* fortune and his own;
His head cut off, a punishment unknown
To our most dangerous delinquents, *(t)* thus
Cethegus suffred not, nor *Lentulus*,
Ev'n *Catilin*, who to her funeral fire
Had destin'd *Rome*, came to his own intire.

Women pray for Sons, but especially for handsom Daughters.

To *Venus*, in her temple, for fine *Boyes*,
The zealous mother prayes with lesser noyse,
But prayes aloud for *Girles* exactly faire,
Each nicety remembred in her prayer.
Why laugh'st thou at her zeal? the deify'd
And fair *Diana* was *(u)* *Latona's* pride.
But the fair *(x)* *Lucrece* and her fatal rape.

The misfortunes of Beauty.

Encourages no one to wish her shape.
(y) *Virginia* *(z)* *Rutila's* bunch'd back would show,
And her fair eyes on *Rutila* bestow.
Fair creatures are by trembling Parents watcht,
So seldom beauty is with vertue matcht.
But if *mean houses* vertuous breeding give,
Where, like th'old *(a)* *Sabines* poor and chast they live.

The vertuous poor robb'd of their handsom children or bought out of their title.

If o're rebelling bloud a grave command
Be giv'n to youth by *nature's* lib'ral hand.
And nature can do more then breeding can,
Or Tutors; the *boy* ne're shall be a *man*,
For ev'n to tempt the Parents some are bold,
Such is their courage that come arm'd with gold.
The Tyrant *Nero*, to an Eunuchs place
Advanc'd no poulst foot, nor ill favoured face,
Nor worthy of that sad *preferment* held,
Those who had necks, or backs, or bellies sweld.
Now in thy handsom sons and daughters joy,
Which because handsom, greater woes annoy.

The lew'd and handsome ever unfortunate.

He shall be the town-prostitute, and fear
What wives expect from husbands most severe.
Nor can his starrs for so good fortune look,
That he should ne're in *Mars* his nets be took;
Where *Vulcan's* rage will reason more controul,
Then any passion that invades the soul.
Some *Ganymeds* are slab'd, some whipt to death,
And the live *Mullet* enters some beneath.

But

But thy *Endymion* ſhall have her he loves.
Straight, when with powerful gold (*b*) *Servilia* moves
He ſhall have her he hates, her gowns ſhall fly
To ſale, ſhee'l nothing to her luſt deny.
Rich *Hippia* and poor *Catulla* too,
When they do long for't, will like women do.
But how can Beauty hurt the Chaſt? what good
Came to (*c*) *Belerophon* by his govern'd blood? The handſome and chaſt, not ſecure.
(*d*) *Hippolitus*, his miſtreſs too perplext,
Phædra no leſs *Stenobæa* vext.
The edge of womans wrath is then moſt keen,
When a repulſe adds bluſhes to her ſpleen.
Wouldſt thou have (*e*) him whom *Cæſars* wife will The ſtory of *Meſſalina* and *Silius*.
Co-husband, to *accept* or to *refuſe?* (chuſe
This great *Patrician*, young and handſom, dyes
For being ſuch in *Meſſalina's* eyes.
She long hath ſate in her (*f*) bright veil, her bed
With nuptial purple (in a garden) ſpread,
Ten thouſands told, the cuſtomary ſum;
The *Publick Notaries* and th' *Auſpex* come.
She thinks this ſecret witneſs'd by too few,
Shee'l marry publickly; Sir, what ſay you?
Deny to do't, and *Hymen's* tapers burn,
That from her bed ſhall light thee to thy urn.
Conſent, and thou ſhalt gain a little time,
Till the news fill the City, till the crime
Arrive the people, and the Prince's ear.
Who, laſt, the blemiſh of his houſe ſhall bear.
If then a few daies life thou ſo approv'ſt,
Obey; but whether thy own *youth* thou lov'ſt,
Or on her *beauty* doat'ſt, not only thou,
But ſhe her fair neck to the axe muſt bow.
Shall man then pray for nothing? If I may Section. Divine Counſel.
Adviſe thee, *let the Gods thy wiſhes waigh,*
Unto their Providence thy will ſubmit,
And for what's ſweet, they'l give thee what is fit.
And that which thy condition moſt behoves,
The Gods love man more then himſelf he loves.
Tranſported with a blind ſelf-love, we crave
That all of us may wives and children have.

But to th'Omniſcient *Deity*, alone,
What wives, *what* children we ſhall have, is known.
Yet, that for ſacrifice thou maiſt prepare
Thy white hog, and for *ſomething* make thy prayer.
Subjects fit for Prayer. *Pray, that the Gods be graciouſly inclin'd,*
To grant thee health of body, *and of* mind.
Aſk a ſtrong ſoul *that may death's terrour ſcorn,*
And think, to die, as good, as to be born.
As great a gift of nature; that no croſs
Can daunt, that knows no paſſion, fears no loſs.
That *Hercules* his labours can digeſt,
Far better then *(g) Sardanapalus* feaſt,
His wenches or his feather-beds, I ſhow
What thou thy ſelf maiſt on thy ſelf beſtow.
The path to peace is vertue; All the Powers
Will be our own, if Wiſdome *be but ours.*
And yet to thee vain Fortune *we have given*
The name of Goddeſs, and plac'd thee in heaven.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The tenth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(i) VErſe 1. *Cales*] *Gades* So *Juvenal* properly names thoſe two Iſlands, the fartheſt *weſt* diſcovered to the *Romans*, they lie in the South of *Spain*, their chief City (without the ſtraits of *Gibralter*) is now the Magazine of *Spain* call'd *Cadiz*, by us corruptly *Cales*, Unleſs you will ſay we had liberty to give it what name we pleaſed, when it was in our poſſeſſion; for it

it is the Town, which in Revenge of the Invaſion of 88. Queen *Elizabeth*, in 96. took and ſackt by her Commiſſioners, *Eſſex*, *Nottingham*, and *Rawley*.

(*b*) Verſe 2. *Ganges*] The faireſt River in the Eaſt *Indies*; accounted in *Juvenals* time, the fartheſt *Eaſt*.

(*c*) Verſe 11. He] Such was *Milo*, who (as *Gellius* and *Strabo* tells us) when the houſe, where the Philoſophers met, was falling, ſupported it by main ſtrength, till they were all out of danger, The confidence of which ſtrength, that had ſaved the Philoſophers lives, afterward loſt his own. The ſtory is. That paſſing through a Wood in *Italy* he ſaw a tree a good way cloven, and being ambitious to finiſh what *age* or accident had begun, he aſſayed to tear it aſunder with his hands; the Tree at firſt yielded to the violence, but preſently with as much violence cloſed again, wherein his hands being taken priſoners, he became a prey to the wild *beaſts*.

(*d*) Ver. 17. *Longinus*] C. *Caſſius Longinus* the learned Civil Lawyer, (to whom *Caligula* married *Druſilla*) whoſe Eyes *Nero* firſt put out, then gave him but an hour to prepare for death. The *pretence* of his puniſhment, was becauſe he had in his chamber the Image of *Caſſius*; but the truth is, all his *crime* was his *wealth*.

(*e*) Verſe 19. *Seneca*] The moſt learned vertuous and rich, and *therefore* unfortunate *Tutor* to the Emperour *Nero*; of whom formerly.

(*f*) Verſe 20. *Lateran*] *Plautus Lateranus*, deſigned *Conſul*, being apprehended for one of *Piſoes* conſpiracie againſt *Nero*, was ſo quickly diſpatched of his life, by the Emperours mandate, that he was not ſuffered to have the freedom of dying perſons, to expire in the embraces of his Children. *Tacitus lib.* 15.

(*g*) Verſe 21. *Cohort*] A Regiment of 600. the tenth part of a *Legion*.

(*h*) Verſe 12. *Garrets*] Where beggars lived, as you had it Sat. 3. verſe 233.

(*i*) Verſe 33. *Setine*] How precious the *Setine* wine was held among the *Romans*, you may ſee by their preſerving of it, Sat. 5. verſe 39.

(k) Verſe 35. One] *Democritus*, the *Abderite*, the *laughing Philoſopher*, who being asked why he did nothing but laugh, anſwered, he could not chuſe, having for his continual *object*, *Man*, ſo full of *ignorance*, all whoſe deſignes diſcovered him to be a child again, Till at laſt he killed himſelf with Cares; which never came near *his* chearful heart, elſe he would ſcarce have lived to be 109. years old, as *Laertius* ſayes he was.

(l) Verſe 36. The other] *Heraclitus* the *Epheſian*, the *weeping Philoſopher*.

(m) Verſe 40. *Prætexta*] The *Prætexta* was a *Gown* ſo named from the *purple border*, it was firſt worn by the *Prieſts* of *Rome*, with the like Priviledge that ſome *Chriſtian Orders* have at this day, for none could have *ſentence* of *condemnation* paſs againſt them that wore it, but they muſt be firſt *degraded*, and put off that habit; But in proceſs of time, the *Prætexta* was permitted to the *Children* of the *Nobility*, and afterwards to the *Children* of the *Romans* in general.

(n) Verſe 40. *Trabeæ*.] The *Trabeæ* were of three ſorts, the firſt a gown woven *all* of *Purple*, and conſecrated to the Gods, ſuch was the Robe mentioned ver. 44. of this Satyr, viz. *Joves Gown*. The ſecond was the Robe ſpoke of in this place, worn by the *Kings* and *Conſuls*, of *Purple* interwoven with *white*. The third was the *Augure's* habit of *Scarlet*, woven with *Purple*. *Serv. Aen. lib. 7. Alexand. ab Alex. Gen. dier. lib. 5. cap. 18.*

(o) *Faſces*] The *Faſces* were a Bundle of Birchen Rodds, with an Axe in the middle, carried before the *Conſuls*, (as I have formerly noted) ſignifying the different puniſhments to be inflicted on *great* and *petty* offenders.

(p) Verſe 41. Cloſe chair] The *Roman Sedan* deſcribed *Sat.* 4. ver. 24.

(q) Verſe 41. High Throne] This High Throne (was I ſuppoſe) the *ſella Curulis*, or Ivory Tribunal, conſtantly carryed after the *Conſuls* in a cloſe Coach.

(r) Verſe 45. *Atlas*] The *Prætor* it ſeems was not a ſufficient *Atlas* to ſupport the weight of his *golden Orbe*, the Crown which he wore, when he managed the *Circenſian*

cenſian Shews and *Playes*, See Sat. 8. Verſe 263. and Sat. 11. Verſe 249. But there was a further reaſon why a *ſlave* was aſſigned to attend theſe great *Magiſtrates*, for it was the ſlaves office in the midſt of the Sports and Triumphs to cry aloud, *Look behind you, Remember that you are a man.*

(*s*) Ver. 49. *Eagle*] The Arms of the Empire, carried upon the top of the *Prætors* Ivory Scepter.

(*t*) Ver. 51. Alms Basket] The *Sportula*, which *payed* for the *white Robes* wherein they attended the Triumphant *Prætor*, and did oblige that attendance.

(*u*) Verſe 56. Dull Climes] *Democritus* was born in *Abdera* in *Thrace* where the inhabitants are barbarous and groſs-witted Clowns, their brains being like their country, ever in a fog.

(*x*) Verſe 60. Middle finger) the *infamous* finger which pointed out the affront now given by the *Italians* in the word *Cazzo*, See *Perſius* Sat. 2. and *Martial* 28. Epig. lib. 2.

(*y*) Ver. 61. Wax'd Knees] The ſuppliant uſed to conceive his prayers in writing, and to faſten them to the Knees of that *Gods image* they prayed unto, which were wax'd, on purpoſe to make the paper ſtick on.

(*z*) Ver. 66. Statues] The condemned for *Tyranny* or *High Treaſon*, or for any other enormous crime, had their *names* croſt out of the *Roman Kalender* (or Court Records) and their *Statues* broke, and that, either by the Decree of the *Senate*, or by the fury of the *People*, *Tacitus* 6. *Anal. Plinies Panegyrick.*

(*a*) Verſe 72. Second place] *Sejanus* was perpetual Colleague to the Emperour *Tiberius Cæſar*, and therefore he had the *ſecond* honours of the *Empire*.

(*b*) Verſe 74. Laurel] That thou mayeſt have them ready to put on when thou ſacrificeſt, for *Cæſars* deliverance to *Jupiter Capitoline*. Thus begins the popular diſcourſe.

(*c*) Milk white] The colour *Jupiter* moſt affected in the Bulls ſacrificed to him, as being the ſame wherein he diſguiſed himſelf when he was a *Bull* for *Europa's* ſake.

(k) Verſe 35. One] *Democritus*, the *Abderite*, the *laughing Philoſopher*, who being asked why he did nothing but laugh, anſwered, he could not chuſe, having for his continual *object*, *Man*, ſo full of *ignorance*, all whoſe deſignes diſcovered him to be a child again, Till at laſt he killed himſelf with Cares; which never came near *his* chearful heart, elſe he would ſcarce have lived to be 109. years old, as *Laertius* ſayes he was.

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(*z*) Ver. 65. Statues] The condemned for *Tyranny* or *High Treaſon*, or for any other enormous crime, had their *names* croſt out of the *Roman Kalender* (or Court Records) and their *Statues* broke, and that, either by the Decree of the *Senate*, or by the fury of the *People*, *Tacitus* 6. *Anal. Plinies Panegyrick.*

(*a*) Verſe 72. Second place] *Sejanus* was perpetual Colleague to the Emperour *Tiberius Cæſar*, and therefore he had the *ſecond* honours of the *Empire*.

(*b*) Verſe 74. Laurel] That thou mayeſt have them ready to put on when thou ſacrificeſt, for *Cæſars* deliverance to *Jupiter Capitoline*. Thus begins the popular diſcourſe.

(*c*) Milk white] The colour *Jupiter* moſt affected in the Bulls ſacrificed to him, as being the ſame wherein he diſguiſed himſelf when he was a *Bull* for *Europa's* ſake.

(*d*) Ver. 82. From *Capreæ*] An Iſland near *Campania*, where *Tiberius* had retired himſelf (that the buſineſs of *Rome* might not diſturb his private pleaſures) at the very time he diſcovered the Treaſon of *Sejanus*, and from thence he writ about it to the Senate a moſt *tedious Letter*, of which *Dio Caſſius* ſayes Ἀνεγνώσθη ἡ ἐπιστολὴ, ἦν δὲ μακρὰ. *The Letter was read, and it was a long one.*

(*e*) Ver. 86. *Nurſcia*] Was the Goddeſs of *Thuſcany*, where *Sejanus* was born.

(*f*) Selling of our voice] Before the Soveraign power was inveſted in the *Emperours* when the State of *Rome* was governed by the *Senate* and the *People*; the poorer ſort lived wholly upon the *Sale* of their *Votes*, to *Canditates* that were ſuters to them for the *Conſulſhip*, the *Prætors* and *Tribunes* places, or for the government of *Provinces*, &c.

(*g*) *Brutidius*] A Civil *Lawyer* of Counſel with *Tiberius Cæſar* who is here called *Ajax* by *Juvenal*, becauſe in his fury he uſed to miſtake the perſons he ſhould puniſh, as *Ajax* did in *Sophocles*, where he beats an herd of *Oxen*, ſuppoſing them to be *Græcians*, See Sat. 14. Verſe 334.

(*h*) *Chaldæan* wits] *Thraſillus* and the reſt of the *Mathematicians*, with whoſe Aſtrologie *Tiberius* was ſo much delighted, that he is in this place deſcribed ſitting with them on a Rock, to be inſtructed in the aſpects of the Starrs.

(*i*) *Gabii*] A Town of the *Voſcians*, diſtant from *Rome* 70. miles, founded as *Virgil* tells us, by the *Alban* Kings, 7. *Aeneid.* and became ſubject to the *Romans* by the fraud of *Sextus* Son to *Tarquin* the *proud*. *Fidenæ* a Town of the *Sabines*, *Plin. lib.* 3. 65. and *cap.* 12. *Ulubræ* a pitifull poor Town of the *Volſcians* near *Velitra*, memorable for nothing but that *Auguſtus Cæſar* was bred there, and that 'tis mentioned here by *Juvenal*.

(*k*) Ver. 127. *Craſſus*] Slain in *Parthia*, whither his ambition carried him. *Juven.* ſayes *Craſſi*, meaning the Father and Son: *as he doe's of the Pompey's.*

(*l*) Verſe 127. *Pompey* ſlain by *Achillas* Eunuch to *Ptolomy*

Ptolomy perfidiouſly pretending to receive *Pompey* as a Friend.

(*m*) Verſe 128. Him] *Julius Cæſar* after he had reduced the State of *Rome*, to his Arbitrary Power, ſlain in the Senate by *Brutus*, &c.

(*n*) Verſe 141. *Ceres* Son in Law] *Pluto*, God of the infernal Regions, that ſtole away *Proſerpina* Daughter to *Ceres*, as ſhe was gathering of flowers in the Fields near *Ætna*.

(*o*) Verſe 133. *Tully*] *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, the great *Roman* Orator and Philoſopher, as appears by his Books of Orations and Philoſophy. He repealed the *lex Agraria*, the Law for Diviſion of the Lands belonging to the publick; He diſcovered the Conſpiracies of *Catiline*, was baniſhed by the deboiſt *Tribune*, *Clodius*, and called back from exile, by the general vote of the *Senate*, *nemine contradicente*: And in his old age, his death was made part of the agreement of the *Triumviri Auguſtus*, *Anthony*, *and Lepidus*, which accordingly *Anthony* (againſt whom he writ his *Philippicks*) executed, and cutting off the *hand* and *head* of *Cicero*, nailed them up in the Pulpit for Orations. But what ſayes *Velleius Paterculus* to the murderer, *Rapuiſti vitam*, &c. Thou haſt robbed a *Life*, that would have been more unworthy of *Cicero*, under thy reign, than *Death* could be under thy *Triumvirate*. But the *glory* of his Actions and Orations thou haſt been ſo far from *taking away*, as thou haſt *added* to it. That lives, and ſhall live in the memory of all ages. And whilſt or by Chance or Providence, or any way, this joynted frame of Nature (which almoſt he alone, of all the *Romans*, penetrated with his Spirit, fathomed with his Wit, and illuminated with his Elocution) ſhall hold together, it ſhall draw along his Fame, as Time's inſeparable Companion. And all Poſterity ſhall admire his Writings againſt thee, and execrate thy cruelty to him, and ſooner ſhall Mankind periſh from the earth, then his praiſe fall to the ground.

(*p*) Verſe 135. Penny-*Pallas*] School-boyes bought a leaden Image of *Minerva* the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, and in her *Quinquatribus* or *five dayes Feaſt*, prayed to

that poor penniworth of wit, to make them as famous Orators as *Cicero*, or *Demoſthenes*.

(q) A Duller] And if *not* upon a *duller practiſer at Law*, ſure a *Poet* need not fear ſuch cruelty.

(r) V. 147. *Athenian* wonder) *Demoſthenes* Son to a Curler of *Athens*, who was left young and rich by his Father, but being coſened of all he had by his Guardian, could hardly get money to pay his School-maſter, yet afterward grew to be the *miracle* of *Eloquence*, and writ thoſe excellent Orations againſt *Philip* of *Macedon* (who then plotted the ſubjection of *Greece*) in imitation whereof *Cicero* called theſe Orations *Philippicks*, which he wrote againſt *Anthony*, who in like manner plotted againſt the Liberty of *Rome*; but *Demoſthenes*, after he had lived the Reigns of *Philip* and *Alexander*, finding his life to be ſought by their Succeſſor *Antipater*, took Sanctuary, (as *Suidas* ſayes) in the Iſle of *Calauria*, ſacred to *Neptune*, whither *Antipater* ſent the Player *Archias*, to get him out with fair words, and to aſſure him that if he would go with him to *Antipater*, he ſhould not ſuffer in any kind: to which *Demoſthenes* anſwered, that he never liked *Archias* on the Stage, and that he was not mended ſince he *played* the *Embaſſadour*; afterward *Archias* threatning to pull him out by force, yea marry ſaid *Demoſthenes* now thou unfoldeſt the *Macedonian Oracle*, before thou ſpakeſt like a Player. Let me but write to my Friends, and I go with thee, and ſo as if he meant to diſpatch his Letters, he put a quill to his mouth and ſuckt up the poyſon, which to that purpoſe he carried ſtill about with him.

(s) Ver. 165. Wild fig-tree] That where it ſprings breaks down with its roots, as with cables, ſtrongeſt walls or piles of ſtone.

(t) Ver. 167. *Hannibal*] That famous General of the *Carthaginians*, who not contenting himſelf to have enlarged their *Empire* to the *Atlantick* Sea, which bounds *Africa* on the *North*, and to *Nile* where it terminates on the Eaſt, undertook, and almoſt compleated, the conqueſt of *Spain* and *Italy*.

(u) Verſe 172. *Pyrene* Mountains] Which he muſt needs

needs paſs before he came to *Spain* landing firſt in *France*.

(*x*) Ver. 173. Alpes] Which he was likewiſe of neceſſity to paſs in his march from *Spain* to *Italy*, the *Pyrenæan Mountains* dividing *Spain* from *France*, the Alpes *France* from *Italy*.

(*y*) V. 174. Vinegar] That *Hannibal* forc'd a paſs for his Army through the *Alpine* Rocks with *Fire* and *Vinegar*, we have the authority of *Livie* and *Silius Italicus*, however *Polybius* rejects it as fabulous.

(*z*) Ver. 178. *Suburra*] The *Cheapſide* of *Rome*, already mentioned.

(*a*) Verſe 179. One-ey'd] *Hannibal*, who loſt an Eye in paſſing the *Appeniue*.

(*b*) Ver. 180. *Getulian* Elephant] A monſtrous *Affrick* Elephant of *Getulia*, that carried *Hannibal*.

(*c*) Ver. 187. *Cannæ*] In *Apulia* where the Youth and Flower of *Rome* was overthrown by *Hannibal*; and *Rome* it ſelf had been likewiſe ruin'd with them, if he had *purſued* his Victory.

(*d*) Ver. 188. Ring.] Within the Collet whereof he alwayes carried poyſon, to *free* himſelf if *Fortune* ſhould betray him, and uſed it when the *Romans* compelling *Eumenes* and *Pruſias* to a Peace, commanded him to yield up *Hannibal*, who being accuſtomed to Victory, ſcorn'd to *become their Triumph*, whom he had ſo often *Conquered*; and ſo taking his long prepared poyſon, died a *free-man*. This Ring (as the Poet intimates) revenging thoſe many buſhels of Rings, which *Hannibal* had taken from the fingers of Noble *Romans*, at the Battel of *Cannæ*, and ſent from thence, as a Preſent to the *State* of *Carthage*.

(*e*) V. 191. The Youth] *Alexander* the *Great*, born at *Pella* in *Macedon*, who began his Reign and Wars at 20. and having conquered *Perſia*, and the *Eaſt*, while he might yet be called a *Youth*, died at *Babylon* in the 30th year of his age.

(*f*) Vext] So vext, that 'tis the common tradition, he wept to think there were *no more Worlds* for him

(*g*) Ver.

(g) Ver. 193. *Gyarus*] *Gyarus* and *Seriphus* are two little Islands of the *Ciclades*, whereunto the *Romans* used to confine persons guilty of fouleſt crimes.

(b) Ver. 200. *Athos*] The higheſt Mountain of *Macedon*, which the *Greek* Hiſtorians report, to have been cut of from the Continent by command from *Xerxes*.

(i) Ver. 202. *Xerxes*] King of *Perſia*, who, with an Army of 700000. *Perſians*, and 300000. *Auxilaries* paſſed into *Greece* by a *Bridge* of Boats, no marvel therefore that ſome ſay his Army drank up Rivers, and that all *Greece* could ſcarcely hold it. His Fleet likewiſe conſiſted of 200000. Sail; behold a gallant *Army* that wanted nothing but a *General*, *Juſt. lib.* 2. Laſtly, before he had experience of the Warrs, confiding in his ſtrength, as Lord of Nature, he levelled Mountains, plained hollow Valleys, made Bridges over ſome Seas, and cut the Earth to make his paſſage ſhorter, *Ibidem.*

(k) Ver. 206. *Soſtratus*] A *Greek* Poet, that writ the *Perſian* expedition into *Greece*.

(l) Verſe 207. *Salamin*] The laſt Battel betwixt *Xerxes* and the *Grecians* was fought in the ſtraights of *Salamin*, an Iſland over againſt *Athens*, from whence *Xerxes* adviſed ſeriouſly by *Merdonius*, and cunningly by *Themiſtocles*, fled to the *Helleſpont*, where, finding his *Bridge* of *Boats* ſcattered by winter-ſtorms, he took a *Fiſher-mans Boat*, and eſcaped. It was a ſpectacle, worthy of our ſight and wonder, in the conſideration of mans condition, and the change of Fortune, to ſee him ſculking in a ſmall Boat, whom lately the whole Sea ſcarce contained, not ſo much as attended by any Servant, whoſe Army was ſo vaſt, that the very Earth was oppreſſed with it, *Juſtin. Ibid.*

(m) Ver. 208. Eaſt] When a Tempeſt had broke his Bridge, *Xerxes* commanded 300. Laſhes ſhould be given to the Helleſpont, and a pair of *Gives* thrown into the Floud, and the Beadle of the *Helleſpont* in a barbarous tone, ſpake to it thus; *Thy Lord inflicts thus puniſhment upon thee, becauſe thou haſt injured him, that never deſerved ill of thee, and yet King* Xerxes *ſhall paſs in ſpight of thee, and to thee ſhall no man at all ſacrifice;*

thou

thou art ſo deceitfull and cruel a Flood. And having thus puniſhed the *Sea*, he repaired the *Bridge*, *Herodotus*.

(*n*) Ver. 209. *Æolus*] King of the Winds, who impriſons his unruly ſubject, *Ovid. Metam. l.* 1.

(*o*) Ver. 223. *Tabraca*] A part of *Libia*. *Poſſidonius* relates, in his voyage from *Cales* to *Rome*, that he was driven upon the coaſts of *Lybia*, where he ſaw a *Wood* along the ſhore, that was full of Apes, ſome whereof ſate in trees, ſome on the ground, ſome had breſts hanging out, and young ones ſucking, and ſome were bald and impotent.

(*p*) Ver. 233. *Coſſus*] One of thoſe *Heridipetæ* or *Captatores*, that bring Preſents to childleſs perſons, in hope to be left great Legacies at their death.

(*q*) Ver. 245. *Seleucus*] The beſt Luteniſt in the Authors time.

(*r*) Ver. 255. *Hippia*] *Viento*'s Lady, that ran away with *Sergius* the Fencer, *Sat.* 6. *ver.* 86.

(*s*) Ver. 236. *Themiſon*] Another *Arcigenes*, one of the principal Phyſicians of *Rome*.

(*t*) V. 255. *Baſil*] A *Præfect* of a *Province*, that ſpoyled the Aſſociates of *Rome*, ſuch a one as *Marius Priſcus*, Sat. 1. or *Tutor Capito* and *Natta*.

(*u*) Verſe 258. *Irus*] The Guardian that by cheating came to a great eſtate, reducing poor Orphans in his Tutelage to *vicious courſes* to get bread, you have him deſcribed in the beginning of the 1. *Sat.*

(*x*) Ver. 259. *Maura*] A Curtizan, mentioned for one of the abuſers of Chaſtities old *Altar*, *Sat.* 6. ver. 325.

(*y*) Ver. 260. *Amillus*] Such a School-maſter as his enemies unjuſtly reported *Socrates* to be.

(*z*) Correction] This very verſe you have *Sat.* 1. verſe 27. wherewith he ſhuts up the deſcription of the fortunes of *Cinnamus* the Barber.

(*a*) Ver. 272. Faſting] An excellent expreſſion of a mothers love, *faſting* her ſelf to *feed* her young ones.

(*b*) *Phiale*] A cunning Strumpet.

(*c*) Ver. 289. Faith] Note, the Author takes not upon him to judge the years that *Neſtor* King of *Pylos* liv'd, but referrs you to *Homer*, *Odyſſ.* Only it appears

Juvenal

Juvenal underſtood three ages to be three hundred years, which comes but to a third part of the way, becauſe he compares him to a Raven that lives nine ages. Other Interpreters, among which *Zenophon* is one, ſay that the *Ægyptians* (and from them the *Eaſt*) accounted an age to be but 30 years, and then *Neſtor* was but ninety years old, and then he muſt count but ten years a finger on his *left hand*, and the reſt on the right hand; whereas otherwiſe he muſt reckon twenty years a joynt, and the laſt twenty on his *right hand*.

(*d*) Ver. 297. *Antilochus*] Son to *Neſtor*, who (when he ſaw the gallant youth burning upon his funeral pile) could not but think he had lived too long.

(*e*) Verſe 302. He] 'Tis ſaid the Mother of *Ulyſſes*, going to *Laertes*, met with *Syſiphus* by the way, who got her with child of *Ulyſſes*, which *Ajax* objects againſt him, *Metamorph. lib.* 13. no marvel therefore that *Juvenal* paſſes over *Ulyſſes* his *Father* without a name.

(*f*) Ver. 304. *Aſaracus*] The Genealogie of *Aſaracus* King of *Troy*, *Jupiter the ſecond*, *Dardanus*, *Erichthonius*, *Tros*, *Ganymede*, *Aſaracus*, *Ilus*, *Laomedon*, *Priam*, who had 50. Sons, and 12. Daughters.

(*g*) Ver. 306. *Borne*] This is ſpoken according to the cuſtom of the *ancients*, for anciently the Sons carried the fathers Corps, *Plin. lib.* 7. *de L. Metello* numbers it among the examples of humane felicity, that *Metellus* beſides his ample honours, and the title of *Macedonian*, was carried to the funeral pile by his four Sons, one of them being *Prætor*, the other three *Conſular perſons*, and one of thoſe *Cenſor*.

(*h*) V. 307. *Firſt*] No doubt but *Caſſandra* would have wept firſt, becauſe her Fathers death would firſt have been revealed to her as a *Propheteſs*; ſhe was betrothed to *Coræbus*, See *Virg.* 10 *lib.* 2. *Æneid.*

(*i*) Ver. 308. *Polixena*] Another of *Priams* Daughters, a fair and great ſpirited maid, with whom *Achilles* fell in love, and would have married her, had he not been prevented by *Alexander Paris* who ſlew him for *Polixena's* ſake, for which after the ſack of *Troy*, *Pyrrhus Neoptolimus*, Son to *Achilles*, ſlew her upon his Fathers Tomb,

Tomb, who when ſhe was to be ſacrificed, that ſhe might fall decently, cut her robe, and tyed it about her knees.

(*k*) Ver. 313. Trembling) Poor old *Priam* forced to take up armes in his trembling hand.

(*l*) Ver. 314. Altar] At the Altar of *Hercian Jupiter*, where *Priam* ſtriving to defend his Son *Polites*, was ſtruck dead by *Pyrrhus*.

(*m*) Ver. 317. Man] Not being transformed into the ſhape of a beaſt, as the Poets fable his wife Queen *Heluba* to have been, who exclaiming bitterly againſt the *Greeks* for the barbarous murder of her Husband and Children, was by ſome of their drunken *Soſtrati*, feigned to be metamorphoſed into a Bitch. The Fable you have at large, in *Virg.* and *Ovid.* (*n*) verſe 320. *Pontick* King) *Mithridates* who lived ſixty nine years and reigned fourty, fifty years he was in Arms againſt the *Romans*, and having had three overthrows given him by *Scylla*, *Lucullus* and *Pompey*, and no hope of recruiting, endeavoured to poyſon his Son *Pharnaces*, and the reſt of his Brethren, but deſerted by them, and his whole Army, he converted his fury upon himſelf, and took poyſon, but againſt that his rare *Antidote* had fortified him, and therefore he fell upon his own ſword, or as ſome ſay, intreated an Officer to diſpatch him.

(*o*) Ver. 320. *Solon*] Being brought to a view of all the wealth of *Cræſus* the *Lydian* Monarch, was asked by that King, if ever he had ſeen a man more *fortunate*, he anſwered yes, one *Tellus* of *Athens*, who was ſlain, valiantly *fighting* for his *Country*. Being again demanded who he thought happy in the ſecond place, he replied *Cleobis* and *Bitho*, Sons to the *Prieſteſs* of *Argos*, who to ſupply the want of her Coach-horſes yoked *themſelves*, and drew their Mother to the Temple of *Argive Juno*, where their Mother in her *Nightly Devotion* praying to the *Goddeſs* to reward that *piety* of her *Sons*, with *what ſhe knew fit for them*; they ſlept and never waked again. Laſtly, *Solon* delivers his opinion, there could no *judgement* be made of the *felicity* of *Cræſus* till the *laſt hour* of his *life*. Afterward *Cræſus* being

ing overthrown in a Battel, and taken priſoner by *Cyrus* King of *Perſia*, was condemned to be burned, and being laid upon the *pile* of wood, with a lamentable voice he thrice cryed out, O *Solon*, and being ſent unto by the *Perſian*, to explain his meaning, he opened all the paſſage between *him* and *Solon* unto *Cyrus*, who conſidering the accidents of *humane condition*, pardoned him his life, and made him one of the Lords of his Council, *Herod. lib.* 1.

(p) Ver. 323. This] The evening of his dayes, the cloſe of his life.

(q) Ver. 323. *Marius*] Now according to promiſe, *Juvenal* comes to the Hiſtory of his *own Country*, and firſt cites *Marius* the *Arpinate*, whoſe poor beginning you have in the end of Sat 8. being General in the Warrs in *Africa*, his *Tribune Sylla*, ſo cunningly inſinuated with King *Ariobarzanes*, that he delivered King *Jugurth* into *Sylla's* hands, for which he would have *triumphed*, but *Marius* both took his *Priſoner* and his *Triumph*. This occaſioned thoſe bloudy Wars betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla*, where *Marius* loſing the day, fled, and lay hid in the *Minturnian* Fens [in *Switzerland*] where being diſcovered, he was clapt up in priſon, and a *Gall* ſent to kill him, who coming into the Dungeon, fancied he ſaw ſuch a majeſtick terrour flaming from his eyes, that he let fall his Sword, and ran away. So *Marius* eſcaped into *Africa*, where, having notice given by a *Lictor* ſent from the *Prætor* of *Africk*, *Sextilius*, that opportunity ſmiled upon him for return to *Italy*, he bade the *Lictor* tell his Lord, that he had ſeen *Marius* ſitting in the ruins of *Carthage*, an Exile, and begging of his bread, and without more words, went aboard, came into *Italy*, was received by the *Conſul Cinna*, and entring *Rome*, gave no quarter to any of *Sylla's* faction, but kept the City, and being *Conſul* the ſeventh time, died of a Feaver.

(r) Then.] At that time when. *Marius* triumphed for his Victory over the *Teutons* or *Gauls*, *before* his triumph for the ſlaughter of his *Country-men*.

(s) Ver. 333. *Campania*] After *Pompey* had, in 30. dayes

dayes reduced the *Eaſt*, for which *Sylla*, ſirnamed him the *Great*, done mighty things againſt *Sertorius* in *Spain*, how happy had he been, if he had died (when he lay ſick of his Feaver at *Capua*, ſome ſay in *Naples*) before the *Civil wars*, which enforced him to fly from *Pharſalia* to *Egypt*, where at ſixty years old, he was by the Kings order ſlain by *Achillas*, in the preſence of his Wife *Cornelia*.

(*t*) Ver. 339. Thus] Satyrically, that is, ſcoptically and jeeringly ſpoken; as if *Pompeys long life* brought him to a worſe fate than *Catiline*, *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and the reſt of the Traitors to *Rome*, who (as *Juvenal* tells you *Sat.* 8.) did conſpire, to ſet our houſes, and our Gods on fire. Yet they were all either *ſtrangled* in priſon, or ſlain in Battel, none of their heads parted from their bodies like old *Pompey*.

(*u*) Ver. 348. *Latona*] Who being *mortal*, and knowing her ſelf *mother* to two *Deities*, *Apollo* and *Diana*, no marvel ſhe conceived that joy which ſhe expreſſes in *Homer*;

Τέγηθε δὲ τὴν Φρένα Λητὼ. & *Virgil*.
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

(*x*) Ver. 349. *Lucrece*,] The fair *Lucrece* raviſhed by *Sextus*, the Son of *Tarquin* the *proud*, is a ſtory ſo well known, that I ſhall not trouble you with a *Breviate* of it, but if you will have it at *large*, you may in *Livie*.

(*y*) Ver. 351. *Virginia*] Daughter to *Virginius* a *Plebeian*, but a *Noble Beauty*, whom *Claudius*, one of the *Decemviri*, falling in love with, put her (as his ſlave) to one of his Clients, making his agreement, that he ſhould have acceſs unto her at his pleaſure. This her Father underſtanding, and not able to prevent it, ſlew her with his own hands, bidding her, *Go Daughter, I ſend thee to the ſhades of our Forefathers free and honeſt*, two titles, *which tyranny would not let thee enjoy living*. This done, his hands all bloudy, he fled to his fellow-ſouldiers, acquainted them with the injury done, for which *Claudius* firſt ſuffered *impriſonment* and then *death*.

(*z*) Verſe 351. *Rutila*] *Lara Rutila*, was an old woman

woman of threescore and ten, and miserably deformed.

(a) Ver. 356. *Sabinæ*] Those women, if they had not been *chast*, would hardly have come with their hair scattered on their shoulders, betwixt their Husbands and Fathers ready to joyn battel, *Sat.* 6. *ver.* 123.

(b) *Servilia*] An old and deformed, but a rich and wanton Lady.

(c) Ver. 384. *Bellephoron*] The story goes that *Bellephoron*, Son to *Glaucus* King of *Epire*, was bred up in the Court of *Argos*, where *Stenobæa*, wife to *Prætus* King of *Argos* fell in love with him, expresst her desires, and *inraged* at his refusal, accused him to her Husband of that crime, which she could not perswade him to. Whereupon *Prætus* sent him to her friends to act upon him what revenge they pleased, who putting him upon almost *insufferable dangers*, and finding him still to overcome them, they took it for an evident proof of his innocencie, and so of *enemies* became his *friends*, and married him to a cosen German to *Stenobæa*, which she hearing slew her self.

(d) V. 385. *Hippolitus*] The Son of *Theseus* of *Athens*, and of *Hippolita*, or (according unto others) of *Antiope*, was *chast*, but his *chastity* cost him his *life*, for his stepmother *Phædra* falling in love with him, upon her repulse, converted her *love* into *hatred*, and accused him to *Theseus*, for attempting to ravish her. This accusation sent him into banishment, and in his way the *Phocæ* or *Sea-monsters* frighted his Coach-horses, and they tore him peece-meal; But the Poets set him together again; for they say, that *Diana*, enamoured of his chastity, commended him to *Æsculapius*, who gathering his scattered limbs did a *Hermatick Cure* upon him, and brought him to life again, for which he was called *Virbius twice a man.*

(e) Ver. 389. Him]. *Caius Silius*, the handsomest of all the *Patricians*, designed *Consul*, whom *Messalina* so doated on. that when her Husband the Emperour *Claudius*, was sacrificing at *Ostium*, she publickly married *Silius* in *Rome*, nor was *Silius* ignorant of the *crime* or danger, but knowing a *denial* would be *sudden death*, chose to have some *sport* before he died, therefore consents to the solemnity. They kissed, embraced, and had

the

the other ceremonies of the marriage night: But *Narcissus* the Emperours freed man gave information of the carriage of the Empress to *Claudius*, who sent an order for their death, and accordingly both were slain in the *Lucilian* gardens, *Tacit. l.* 11. *Suet. Tranquillus. Juvenal* in the end of *Sat.* 14.

(*f*) V. 393. Veile] *Messalina* is so punctual, that she omits no *Hymenæal ceremony*, she wears the *Flameolum*, or the *Bride's flame-coloured veil*, she hath the *purple Counter-point* laid upon her *bed*, and a *summe* of *Money* tendred for her *portion*, a *publique Notary* to draw her *deeds* of *joynture*, an *Auspex* to *divine* by the flying of the birds the future felicity of her marriage, and the Town *called* in for *witnesses*. But this *impudence*, in the face of *day*, brought justice upon her for her *nights work*, Sat. 6. v. 124.

(*g*) V. 428. *Sardanapalus*] The last King of *Syria*, whose Lieutenant General *Arbactus*, being ambitious to be admitted into his presence, (a favour never before granted to any but menial servants) after much suit, prevailed, and found him in his *Prototype* of a *Seraglio*, spinning his *task* of purple-silk, habited like his *wenches*, and not at all distinguishable, but that his body appeared the tenderest, his eyes and garb the most lascivious. *Arbactus* at first sight hereof conceived it a *horrid indignity* that so many *men* should obey a *woman*, so many men that knew the use of Arms, be subject to a *distaff*; being come from him, he reported that *Spectacle* to the *Army*, and professed he would not serve one that had rather be a *woman*, then a man. They all conspire. The Army marches against *Sardanapalus* which he understanding, did not stand upon his defence like a *man*, but hid himself like a *woman*, not having before his eyes, the *keeping* of his Kingdom, but the fear of *losing* his *life*; At last with some few disorderly attendants, he takes the field, is beaten, retreats to his Pallace, and laying himself and all his riches on a pile of wood, caused fire to be set to it, doing only *this act like a man. Instin, lib.* 1.

The eleventh Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

To Supper Perſicus *is bid,*
To fare as th' ancient Romans *did,*
Not riotous novelties to eat,
Nor to ſee Wenches after meat.
But to hear Homer *read and then*
Compar'd with Virgils *mighty Pen;*
To this all ſerious cares diſplac'd,
His friend the Poet bids him haſt.

The Deſcription of a poor Epicure forced to turn Fencer.

IF (*a*) *Atticus* ſup nobly, hee's eſteem'd
A *Prince*, if (*b*) *Rutilus* hee's *mad-man* deem'd.
For what can peoples laughter more engage,
Then a thread-bare (*c*) *Apicius*? every ſtage,
Bath, table, meeting, *Rutilus* do jeer:
Becauſe, when for the State he Arms might bear,
(Not (*d*) *forc't* to't by *the Tribunes* nor *withſtood*)
Hee's brought, by feaſting of his youthful blood,
To write what Fencers dictate to his hand,
Their Laws, and words of poſture and command.

The degrees by which Gluttony conſumes a great eſtate.

Then you ſee many, that are waited for
I'th' ſhambles by the oft-mockt Creditor,
Whoſe pallat is their God, whoſe meaneſt ſort
Fare like great Lords, or Officers at Court,
And through their broken ſtock when ruine *ſhines,*
Their guſt all th'Elements for ſpoil deſigns.

No

No price for Rarities too great is thought.
Nay mind it, *they love moſt, what's deareſt bought:*
They make it nothing, for a ſumme that ſtraight
They mean to ſpend, to pawn their ancient Plate;
Or their dead mothers (*e*) images to break;
And for four hundred pieces to beſpeak
An *Ollio Podrido*, whence they fall
To that which Fencers their poor *hodge-podge* call.
The difference therefore lies, who bids the gueſt,
In *Rutilus* 'tis luxurie to feaſt;
But gains (*f*) *Ventidius* a noble name,
And his expence is waited on by fame.
Him I may juſtly ſcorn, that knows how farre
All *Lybian* hills o'retopt by (*g*) *Atlas* are,
Yet knows not where the diſproportion reſts,
'Twixt little purſes, and great Iron cheſts.
From heav'n came *KNOW THY SELF*, & ſhould be fixt
In each breaſt, with each conſultation mixt;
Whether unto a wife thou doſt pretend,
Or to the ſacred *Senate* wouldſt aſcend,
(Nor at *Achilles* arms (*h*) *Therſites* aims,
Which, with Apologie, *Ulyſſes clayms*)
Or doſt thou, as an Oratour, affect
Some cauſe of great concernment to protect?
Conſult thy ſelf, ask thy ſelf, who am I?
A (*i*) *Cicero*, *Curtius*, or *a Matho?* try
Thy tongues juſt meaſure, weigh things high and low
Ev'n if thou'lt money on a fiſh beſtow;
Leſt for a mullet thou ſhould'ſt then diſburſe,
When there is but a gudgion in thy purſe.
For what end canſt thou look for, when thy rents
Diminiſh, and thy gluttony augments?
Thy fathers goods, thy own and others drown'd
In thy vaſt womb, which cattle holds and ground?
Such riotous gallants ſell their rings at laſt,
Then muſt bare-finger'd (*k*) *Pollio* beg or faſt.
Untimely funerals gluttons cannot have,
Old age is more their terrour then the grave.
Theſe are their uſual ſteps, they've money lent
At *Rome*, and that their Creditors ſee ſpent;

The price of an *Ollio*.

The difference betwixt rich and poor Feaſters.

Our condition and abilities to be conſidered in our actions.

The miſerable end of gluttony.

Then ſomething left, but what I do not know,
When th'Uſurer, to whom great ſums they ow,
Looks pale upon't, their native ſoil they ſhun,
And to the Bath or Port of *(l) Oſtium* run.
Nor more to leave the *(m) Forum* diſapprove,
Then from the hot *(n) Suburra* to remove,
And in the cold *(o) Eſquilian* mount to live:
Onely this galls, this grieves the fugitive,
To want for one year the *Circenſian* Plays.
But not one guilty bluſh his face betrays;
Few with ſcorn'd Modeſty have now to do,
Shee'l remove ſhortly from the City too.
Thou ſhalt make trial, *(p) Perſicus*, this day,
If to theſe things, which I ſo fairly ſay,
In life and manners real proof I give,
Or praiſe courſe food, and a cloſe glutton live:
Or when I ſend my boy, that all may hear,
For *brown Loaves*, whiſper *junkets* in his ear.
Since thou haſt promiſed to come ſup with me,
I'll be thy hoſt *(q) Evander*, thou ſhalt be
Hercules, or *Æneas*, who came in
Much later, yet to heaven as near a-kin.
And when theſe Worthies to the ſtars were ſent,
The *(r)* firſt by *fire*, the *(s)* laſt by *water* went.
Now hear your bill of fare, which never did
Adorn the ſhambles; a fat little kid,
The ſofteſt of the flock, near *Tibur* bred,
In a rich ground, but with the graſs ne're fed,
That never cropt the willows humble wood,
But more participates of *milk* then *bloud*.
And mountain-*Sparagus*, which her diſtaff laid
Aſide, was gathered by the village-maid.
Great eggs, took warm from their contorted hay,
Serv'd with the mothers which thoſe egges did lay
Grapes long preſerv'd, ſuch as the vineyard bears:
(u) Signine, and *(x) Syrian*, that match *Piſan* Pears,
Serv'd up, as they came o're, in basketsfull;
Apples, that taſt like thoſe we newly pull,
Nor to be fear'd, th'ill humour being loſt,
Autumns crude juyce concocted by the froſt.

Gluttons beggard and forced to fly their Country.

The trials of a Glutton.

Juvenals Supper.

Th'old

Th'*old Senate* this *poor ſupper* would have thought
A *wanton feaſt*. His ſallets *(y) Curius* brought,
Which he himſelf in's little garden got,
And o're a ſmall fire put them in the pot.
Now rogues, that dig in chains, diſdain ſuch meat,
Remembring how the Cooks fat paunches eat.
Broil'd raſhers, that on wide gridirons lay,
Were *then* reſerv'd for ſome great holy day.
They, on their kindreds birth-day, adding lard,
And what more fleſh the *ſacrifice* had ſpar'd.
Some kinſman, whom *thrice Conſul* they had ſeen,
That had our *General* or *Dictator* been,
Came to theſe dainties early; with his ſpade,
Which tam'd the mountain, o're his ſhoulder layd;
Doubting, the (z) *Fabii* or ſtern *Cato*, ſaw,
By *(a) Scauri*, or *Fabricii*, kept in aw;
That *rigid (b) Cenſors* manners they did fear,
Who to his own *Collegue* was ſo ſevere:
None made it then their ſerious care, to note
Where in the Sea Mother of Pearl did floate,
That makes rich backs unto our *Trojan* beds:
Nak'd their bed-ſides were, with ſmall brazen heads;
Which like a crowned Aſſes head were made,
Wherewith the wanton Country children plai'd.
The houſe and meat were then alike, all rude,
No *Roman* had *Greek* arts with *wonder* view'd.
But when Towns, rich in Plunder, he did force,
He broke great work-mens bowls, to trap his horſe,
And in his richeſt helmet onely put,
Under a rock ingrav'd, the figure cut
Of that (c) wild beaſt, tam'd by the *Empires fate*,
Suckt by thoſe *twins*, the founders of our State.
And the *(d)* nak'd God's bright ſpear and ſhield did
On his arm hanging, to the dying foe. (ſhow,
No men *then* ſhone in ſilver, but when arm'd.
And the courſe meats they fed upon, were warm'd
In a poor *Thuſcan* earthen pot; which thou
Hadſt thou a noble ſpleen, wouldſt *envy now*.
Then in our temples deities *appear'd*,
And in our ſtreets a voice, at midnight heard,

The great change of Diet from the old times.

How the old *Roman* Generals went a Feaſting.

They feared the *Cenſors*.

Their homely furniture.

The Auntients were only gallant in their arms

Cry'd to the City from the Weſtern ſhore,
Poverty pleaſing to the Gods. (e) *The Gaules come*, then our *Gods* the office bore
Of their own *Prophets*, thus they bid us look
Unto our ſelves, and thus the care was took
For us and *Rome* by *Jove*, out of his mould
Of *ſtone*, in thoſe days not *prophan'd* with *Gold*.
Tables made here at home, thoſe times beheld,
Of our own wood, for that ſame purpoſe fel'd,
Old Walnut blown down, when the wind lay Eaſt.
Now our rich gluttons value not a feaſt,
The Turbut, and the wild Goat taſt not well,
The Unguents and the Roſes vilely ſmell,
The preſent Magnificence of dining rooms. Unleſs the table their large plate ſtands on,
Be Ivory, and that Ivory ſtand upon
A tall wide gaping *Pard*, of thoſe *teeth* made
Which at (f) *Syene* are a ſhipboard lay'd,
Such as ſwift *Moors*, or the tann'd *Indian* ſends,
Or where the (g) *Nabathæan* ſhade extends,
Th'*Arabian Elephant* is *forc't* to ſhed,
Now grown too great, too heavy for his head,
'Tis this creates that ravin in the guts,
'Tis this the ſtomack in ſuch choller puts.
For, a poor *ſilver foot* is ſuch a thing,
As when a finger wears an *iron ring*.
Proud gueſts I therefore ſhun, that will compare
Me to themſelves, and ſcorn my meaner fare.
Frugality commended 'Las I have not an ounce of Ivory, I,
No table-men of that ſtuff, not a die.
The very hafts of all my knives are bone,
Nor cuts nor eats my hens worſe; Look for none
To carve, in whom the *Pergula* is ty'd,
A Meat-carving School deſcribed. As Doctor (h) *Tryphers* pupil, to confide.
That hath a *Hare* and *bore* of *wood* at home,
A fat-rumpt (i) *Pygarg*, and a ſow's great womb,
Pheſants and Turkies, the *Getes* ſend to us,
And that huge red-wing'd (k) *Phœnicopterus*.
And with his wooden mock-knife when he wounds
This ſumptuous feaſt, the whole *Suburra* ſounds.
To carve a Goat, a Capons wing to cut,
My novice-boy to *ſchool* was never put,

But

But always rudely bred; his carving work,
Was but to give his fellows bits of pork.
Plebeian glaſſes, for ſmall prices ſold,
Brings my rude boy, whoſe clothes defie the cold.
On me no *Phrygian* youth, no *Lycian* waites,
Bought of the (*k*) *Mango* at exceſſive rates:
All *Romans* mine, when any thing you would,
Pray call, but call for't as a *Roman* ſhould.
All go alike, with ſhort and upright hair,
Onely this feaſt-day comb'd with greater care.
This a blunt Shepherd, that a Heardſman's ſon,
Who longs to ſee, what lare he hath not done,
His Mother and her cottage; and would fain
Meet his *old friends* the *Goats*, yet once again.
My boy's well-fac't, well-manner'd, ſuch as he
That wears the glowing purple, ought to be.
No *Draucus*, whoſe hairs are pull'd off with gums,
That when into the bath he trembling comes,
With the diſtillatory covers o're
His fiſt-like dowcets, and huge wen before.
Wine he ſhall bring thee, in thoſe mountains made,
Under whoſe brows he hath ſo often plaid,
The Country being one and the ſelf-ſame,
Both whence the *wine* and the *Cup-bearer* came.
Perhaps thou doſt expect that I ſhould bring
The *Spaniſh* Courtizans, to dance and ſing,
Their quivering thighs deſcending to the ground;
For which they are with loud applauſes crown'd.
Men and their wives do *now* ſuch ſights behold,
As in their preſence might not *once* be *told*.
Sharp *nettles* to the *rich*, dull *Venus* ſpurs;
But more the female ſex this pleaſure ſtirs,
In them it operates more, and moves the tears,
And growing water in their eyes and ears.
A *poor houſe* is not taken with theſe toys,
Their obſcene ſongs, and (*m*) *Caſtinetta's noiſe*.
At which i'th'ſtews the naked *ſlave* would ſtart.
To him leave bawdy ſongs, and all luſts Art
Whoſe ſlipping gueſts are ready ſtill to fall,
He doth his *Spartan* marble ſo beſpall.

How *Juvenal* was attended at his Table.

The laſcivious entertainment of the *Romans*.

Obſcene ſongs and actions at Feaſts.

For there with fortune we diſpenſe. The Dice
Are foul i'th' poor, adultery a vice;
Let *rich men do it, ore, and ore agen*
They'r Free-mein'd, gallants, and fine Gentlemen.
How Juvenal treats his learned Gueſts. For this days feaſt, ſhall other game be ſprung;
Great *Homer* with high ſounding *Virgil* ſung,
Shall both diſpute the doubtful palm *(n)* ſuch verſe
No matter with what tone the boys reherſe.
All cares to be ſet apart at friendly meetings. But now out of thy breaſt all buſineſs turn,
Take thy ſweet eaſe, this day all cares adjourn.
No mention what *uſe-mony* thou doſt pay.
Suppoſe thy wife go forth by *break of day*,
A ſhe gadder painted in her true colours. And about *midnight* uſes to return,
Let not thy boſome with cloſe choller burn,
Though her moiſt ſilkes ſuſpected wrinkles ſhow,
Her hair be tows'd, her face and ears do glow.
Nor bring to my houſe what hath thee annoy'd;
But whatſoe're thy ſervants have deſtroy'd,
Or loſt, *whatever vexes thee exclude*
Eſpecially thy friends ingratitude.
This while great *Cybels towel* is hung out,
No going to plays for old men after a feaſt. And to her *ſolemn Plays* the town's devout,
Where that grand *(p) horſe ſtealer* the *Tribune* ſits,
As if he *triumph'd*; And if it befits
That vaſt, that *too great people*, I may ſay
The *Circus* comprehends *all Rome* to day.
Hark what a noiſe they make, it may be gueſt
By that lowd ſhout the *(h) green-coats* have the beſt.
Were theſe ſports ſilenc'd, you ſhould ſee the town
As fatally aſtoniſht and caſt down,
As when the *(r) Conſuls Cannæ's* battle loſt.
Why youths frequent the ſtage. Let *youths* go there, that will be at the coſt
Of crying, and bold bets that muſt be laid,
And would ſit neareſt to the handſom'ſt maid.
But let us *Old men* with skins wrinkled, ſhun
The buſie *gown*, and drink the ſprings warm *ſun*.
To bath at *(s) ten*, thou *here* maiſt freely go.
Five days together thou couldſt not do ſo.
For th' *eaſieſt* life would likewiſe *tedious* ſeem
'Tis the rare uſe gives, pleaſures their eſteem.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The eleventh* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(*a*) VErſe 1. *Atticus*] A Noble-man that keeps his Eſtate.

(*b*) Verſe 2. *Rutilus*] A Gentleman by his profuſeneſs reduced to beggery, and forc'd to ſerve as a Gladiator or Fencer.

(*c*) Ver. 4. *Apicius*] It muſt needs be *rare ſport* to ſee needy Raſcals as curious in pleaſing their pallates, as the rich *Apicius* was, of whom *Sat.* 4. *ver.* 26.

(*d*) Verſe 7. Forc'd to't] As young *Proculus*, who was *inforced* by *Caligula*, to fight as a *Gladiator* with a *Thracian*. And young *Domitius Glabrio*, forced by the neceſſity of the times to make himſelf a Sword-player in the preſence of *Domitian Cæſar*: But the condition of *Rutilus* was the ſame with that of *Gracchus*, Sat. 8.

(*e*) Ver. 21. Images] Of Silver and Gold.

(*f*) Verſe 27. *Ventidius*] A rich and noble Gentleman, deſcended from the fortunate *Ventidius* mentioned, *Sat.* 7. ver. 262.

(*g*) Verſe 30. *Atlas*] The Aſtrologer, Son to *Japetus*, who uſing to contemplate the Starrs upon the higheſt Mountain of *Lybia*, the Mountain ever after bore his name, which occaſioned the Fable of his Metamorphoſis, and ſupporting the *Axletree* of *Heaven* upon his ſteep and earthen ſhoulders, *Virg. lib.* 4. *Æn.*

Oceani

Oceani finem juxta, ſolemque cadentem,
ultimus Æthiopum *locus eſt, ubi cœlifer* Atlas,
Axem humeris torquet, ſtellis fulgentibus aptum.

(*h*) Ver. 37. *Therſites*] The *uglieſt* and *baſeſt* of the *Græcians*, who could not for ſhame put in his claim to the Armes of *Achilles*, when *Ulyſſes*, the wiſeſt of his Nation, challenged them with ſo much *Modeſty* and *Caution*, See *Ovid. Met. lib.* 13.

(*i*) Ver. 42. *Cicero*] The Poet bids an Orator conſider his own abilities, whether he be of the *firſt file* of *Orators*, a *Cicero*; or of the *ſecond*, a *Curtius Montanus*, who had (ſaith *Tacitus*) a harſh kind of Rhetorick, but it was proud and windy; or of the *third* and laſt ſort, a *Matho*, whoſe *ſtrongeſt perſwaſion* lay in his *New Sedan*, Sat. 1. ver. 38. which together with his other chargeable parts of oſtentation, put him into the number of Bankrupts, *Sat.* 7. *verſ.* 169.

(*k*) Verſe 22. *Pollio*] The Voluptuary.

(*l*) Ver. 60. *Oſtium*] Now *Hoſtia*, a Town near *Baiæ*, or the *Bath*, ſeated upon the mouth of *Tiber*, where (as I have noted, *Sat.* 8. *verſ.* 227) The *Roman Prodigalls* uſed to live, eſpecially when they grew low in purſe, that in caſe they were followed by their Creditours, they might skip to Sea.

(*m*) Ver. 61. *Forum*] *Romanum*, the Roman *Piatza*, where (as I have formerly noted) they had their *Exchange*, *Courts* of *Juſtice*, Pulpits for *Orations*, *Saturns Temple*, or the *Chamber of Rome*, &c.

(*n*) Verſe 62. *Suburra*] The moſt frequented ſtreet of *Rome*.

(*o*) Ver. 63. *Eſquillian* Mount] Which was cold indeed, for it almoſt ſterved the Clients in the night, as you read *Sat.* 5. *v.* 89. but that it did ſo, ſhews what pleaſure their great Patrons took to dwell in ſo free an air.

(*p*) Ver. 69. *Perſicus*] The friend to whom *Juvenal* ſends this *Satyr*, to invite him to ſupper, as I have already told you in my argument to it.

(*q*) Ver. 76. *Evander*] This relates to the eighth book

book of *Virg. Æn.* where 'tis mentioned, that *Evander* entertained *Hercules*, and after lived to treat *Æneas*, but very *frugally* both.

(r) Ver. 80. The firſt] *Hercules* who being about to ſacrifice for the taking of the City *Oecalia*, and of his *fair priſoner Jola*, he diſpatched a Boy to his wife *Dejanira*, for his ſacrificing *Veſtment*, which ſhe returned dipped in the bloud of her *ſervant* the *Centaur Neſſus*. Which *Neſſus* when he found himſelf ſlain, with the Arrows that *Hercules* had drawn reeking out of the wounds of dying *Hydra*, left as a legacie to *Dejanira*, *this advice*, in caſe ſhe ever came to the knowledge that *Hercules* loved another woman; As ſoon as he had put on the poiſoned Robe, he felt it work, and impatient of the raging pain, made a pile in the mountain *Oeta*, and having ſet fire to it, leapt into the flame.

(s) Ver. 80. The laſt,] *Æneas*, who was ſuppoſed to be *drowned*.

(t) Ver. 83. *Tybur*] A Town of the *Sabines*, 19 miles from *Rome*, named from the founder *Tiburus*.

(u) *Signine*] Pears that came from *Signia* a Town of the *Latines*.

(x) V. 92. *Siryan*] *Pliny* and *Martial* commend the taſte of the *Siryan* Pear, but *Horace* is for the *Piſan* Pear.

(y) Ver. 98. *Curius*] I have noted the frugality and moderation of *Curius*, Sat. 2. on the 4 verſe.

(z) Ver. 111. *Fabii*] Q. *Fabius Maximus* and his *Son* were both temperate men, and as far from the leaſt exceſs as *Cato* himſelf.

(a) Ver. 112. *Scauri*] *Marcus Scaurus* Prince of the *Senate* mentioned, *Sat. 2. ver. 4.*

(b) Ver. 113. *Cenſor*] The Cenſor he means, was one of the houſe of the *Fabricii*, who ſet a fine upon *P. Decius* his *Colleague* in the Office becauſe his Table Plate was more maſſive then became the *Roman temperance*, as you ſee in the end of *Sat. 9.*

(c) Ver. 127. Wild beaſt] The *Wolf* that gave ſuck to *Romulus* and *Rhemus*, under the *Rock*, at the foot of mount *Quirinus*.

(d) Ver. 129. Naked God] *Mars*, who firſt came *naked*

naked to *Ilia*, to beget thoſe *royal Twins* that founded *Rome*, and after put on *Arms* to maintain the *Empire* they had founded.

(*e*) V. 138. The *Gauls* come] Theſe words were heard in the air by *M. Cæditius*, *Livy* lib. 5. *Marcellus* after he had freed the *Capitol*, and beat away the *Gauls*, out of fired *Rome*, in the ſame place where *Cæditius* heard the *voice*, cauſed a *Temple* to be built, dedicated to *Jupiter*, *Plut. vit. Marcelli*.

(*f*) Ver. 152. *Syene*,] An *Æthiopian* Iſland, neighbour to the Iſle of *Elephantis*, ſo named from its numerous breed of *Elephants*.

(*g*) Ver. 154. *Nabathæa*] *Nabathæa* is a Region of *Arabia*, bordering upon *Syria*.

(*h*) Ver. 168. *Trypher*,] The Maſter that taught to carve meat, having the *Pergula* of his *Academy* furniſhed with the *wooden figures* of all birds, beaſts and fiſhes.

(*i*) Ver. 170. *Pygarg*] Becauſe authors differ ſomething ſtrangely; for they agree not upon the ſpecies, ſome ſay, 'tis a kind of *wild-goat*, others an *Eagle*; I have thought good to put the epithet of *fat rumpt* before it, which expreſſes the Authors meaning, and the ſenſe of the word *Pygarg*.

(*k*) Ver. 172. *Phœnicopterus*] An *African bird*, whoſe beak is ſaid to be ſo long and crooked, that it cannot drink, unleſs the whole head be thruſt under water.

(*l*) Verſe 182. *Mango*] He that ſold ſlaves in the market and came provided of the fineſt boyes that *Phrygia*, or *Lycia* afforded, which it was then the *mode* to buy, what price ſoever they coſt.

(*m*) Ver. 212. *Caſtinetta's*] Knackers, of the form of *Cheſnuts*, uſed to this day by the *Spaniards* in their dances.

(*n*) Verſe 223. Such Verſe] As *Homers* and *Virgils* which is ſo excellent, that let the boyes *read* it never ſo ignorantly, yet an *ill Tone* cannot ſpoil it.

(*o*) V. 237. *Cybels* Towel] The *Circenſian* or *Megaleſian Playes* were inſtituted in honour of *Cybel* the *Mother* of the *Gods*, and as in our Stage-Playes we knew when the Players acted by their Flag, theſe were ſignified by a Towel hung out, the occaſion whereof was, that the people

people of *Rome* flocking to the Court Gates one day when *Nero* dined late, he being informed that they waited with patience, to know his pleaſure about the *Circenſian Playes*, threw them out of the window, the Towel he wiped his hands with, ſignifying he had dined, and would be there immediately. After which time a Towel was ſtill *Flag* to the *Circus*.

(*p*) Ver. 239. Horſe ſtealer] At the *Circenſian Playes* the *Prætor* was ſtill preſent in his Robes, whence it grew to be a proverb, to call it the *Megaleſian* Purple. And this great Officer, making uſe both of his Place and of his Authority, would often preſs for *publick uſes* the beſt Horſes in the *Circus*, which occaſioned this title given him by the *Satyriſt*.

(*q*) Ver. 244. Green Cotes] There were antiently 4 parties of *Gladiators* authorized to fight in the *Circus*, viz. the *Blue*, the *White*, the *Crimſon* and the *Green*, to which *Domitian* added the *Gold-colour* and the *Purple*.

(*r*) Conſuls] *Paulus Æmilius* and *Terentius Varro* overthrown by *Hannibal* at the dreadful battel of *Cannæ*, where the Conſul *Æmilius* ſlew himſelf, but his *Collegue Varro*, fled to *Rome*, where a *triumph* was *decreed* him, becauſe *he deſpaired not of the Common-wealth*.

(*s*) V. 253. At Ten] It was the *Roman* cuſtom to bath an hour before meat, now their uſual bathing time was at the 8 hour which is, *our* 2 in the afternoon; but here the Poet invites his friend *Perſicus*, to bathe at *their five*, which is at *our ten a clock*, ſo to eat at *eleven*, according to the preſent faſhion of theſe parts of the World.

The

The twelfth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Thoſe beaſts which he did lately *vow,*
The Poet ſacrifices now,
For his Catullus: *who is come,*
Eſcaping ſhipwrack, ſafely home.
Nor does he this for hope of gain,
Like men that ſuch Religion *fain,*
For ſordid avaritious ends.
Which neither are, *nor* merit *friends.*

MOre then my birth-day I *(a) (Corvinus)* prize
This ſweeter day, this day of ſacrifice,
Which green turf waits for, which to heaven I owe;
To *(b) Juno* an Ewe-lamb, as white as ſnow.
The like to *her*, that brings into the field
The *(c) Mauritanian Gorgon* in her ſhield.
But that kept for *Tarpeian Jove* takes ſcope,
And brandiſhing his fore-head, ſhakes his rope,
For 'tis a fierce *Calf*, ripe for the deſign
Of th'Altar, Temple, and *(d)* beſprinkling wine.
So great, that now to ſuck his dam he ſcorns,
And vexes young Oaks with his budding horns;
Had I a fortune like my Love, a *Bull*
Fatter then plump *Hiſpulla* I would pull.
Whoſe weight ſhould ſink him; not bred hereabout,
But one, that when his bloud did iſſue out,

Should

Should the rich paſtures of (e) *Clytumnus* ſhow,
And ſome great (f) Prophets hand ſhould give the
For my *friend's* landing, from diſpair late rais'd, blow
Yet trembling, and ev'n at himſelf amaz'd,
For horrors of the Sea, and lightning paſt,
When heaven thick darkneſs in *one Cloud* o're-caſt,
And in an inſtant *fire* the ſail-yards caught,
While each aſtoniſht, himſelf ſtricken thought,
And no one could the fate of drowning fear,
That ſaw the ſhrowds and ſails in flames appear.
All things fall out in ſuch a hideous form,
When there ariſes a *Poetick ſtorm.*
Another kind of miſery behold,
Hear with new pity, though the caſe be old,
And known to all that have in Temples been,
And there like fate in *votive pictures* ſeen.
(g) *Iſis* you know feeds Painters, to expreſs,
In tables, models of my friends diſtreſs;
When half his ſhip took water, Larboard now,
The reeling tree, then Starboard, forc't to bow,
And wave on wave did of his skill defeat
The *hoary Pilot*; with his wind to *treat*
Catullus falls, and for his pattern takes
The *Beaver*, who himſelf an Eunuch makes,
And to redeem his life his ſtones beſtows,
So med'cinable he his dowcetts knows.
Caſt o're-board all that's mine, *Catullus* cries,
Willing his richeſt ware to ſacrifice;
Purple for ſoft (b) *Mecænas's* to wear.
Robes of thoſe climes, that graſs ſo noble bear,
As *dyes* the fleece by *nature*, helpt by rare
And unknown fountains, with the (i) *Bætick* air.
To *Neptune* ſilver chargers he gave up
Made by (k) *Parthenius*, and a goodly cup
That held *five gallons*, worthy to be brought
To thirſty (l) *Pholus*, (m) *Fuſcus* his wives draught.
Beſides his (n) *baskets* from the *Britiſh* Mart,
He drow'nd a thouſand bowls of *Grecian* art,
Such as that *royal* (o) *Marchant* tippled in,
Whoſe money did rich plated *Olynth* win.

The horror of a ſtorm at Sea.

The *Beaver* parts with his Stones as one in a Tempeſt caſting his goods over-board.

The ſeveral goods thrown into the Sea by the Merchant.

Where's

Where's ſuch another in the world, that dare
To ſave himſelf, thus caſt away his ware?
Some do not get a fortune for life's ſake,
But blind, live that they may a fortune make.
Moſt of the goods are ſunk, nor helps the loſs,
They laſtly are inforc't, all goes ſo croſs,
To *hew* the maſt down, in their ſad diſtreſs;
This cure's apply'd, and the tall ſhip made leſs:
Go now, and to the wind commit thy breath,
Truſt planks, four fingers breadth remov'd from death;
Or ſev'n, in caſe it be the thickeſt Pine:
Yet with thy netted *Knapſack*, *Biſket*, *Wine*,
And burſten-bellied *flaggons*, be ſo wiſe
To carry *hatchets*, leſt a ſtorm ariſe. (kind,
Deſcription of a Calm. But when the Sea was ſmooth, the heav'ns grown
My friend's fate conquering both the waves & wind,
When the pleas'd (*p*) *Deſtinies* fair work begun,
And by their bounteous hands *white thred* is ſpun,
The wind for theſe poor wretches blowing fair,
And little ſtronger then a gentle air,
With miſerable ſhifts their courſe they ſped,
For *gowns* and *cloaks*, inſtead of ſails were ſpread;
Only the fore-ſprit ſail intire remain'd.
The South wind laid, now *hope of life they gain'd*
With the Suns preſence; Our white land-mark then,
The (*q*) *Alban Mountain*, came within their ken,
That ſeat which pleaſed the young *Julus's* mind,
Lavinium to his Step-mother aſſign'd,
By th'ore-joy'd *Trojans*, from the *white ſow nam'd*,
That for her thirty ne're-ſeen paps was fam'd.
At laſt they come within our *Sea inclos'd*,
Our (*r*) *Tyrrhene Pharos*, a work ſo compos'd,
The rare workmanſhip of a Sea-Harbour. That, *Italy* forſook, the forked key
Runs to imbrace the middle of the Sea;
Nature ne're made a port that equal is.
The maſter ſteers his broken bark through this,
And brings her to an anchor, in the lee,
Where (*s*) *Baian* lighters ly, from tempeſts free.
Their voyage the (*t*) ſhav'd Saylors there relate,
And with much pleaſure of paſt dangers prate.

Go

Go then boys, (u) *ſpeak* and *think* all *good ſucceſs*, Sect.
With flowers the ſoft harths, and graſs-altars dreſs, The *Roman*
Caſt bran upon your knives. I'le come anon, Altar-dreſs
And theſe our *greater Ceremonies* done,
Wee'l home again, where leſſer wreaths of flowrs
Shall crown ſome *leſſer images* of ours,
Of frail, but ſhining wax; there I will turn
My (x) *Jove's* fierce wrath away, their incenſe burn
To my paternal *Lares*, and flouriſh there
As many Colours as the violets wear.
All's neat and fine, green boughs our gates adorn,
And (y) hallow'd Tapers lighted with the morn.
Nor think *Corvinus*, this zeal counterfeit;
Catullus for whoſe ſafe return I ſet Sect.
So many altars up, hath three heirs male.
Who on a friend ſo hopeleſs, would intayle
A *ſick hen?* 'tis too coſtly; none I know
That on a *father* will a *quail* beſtow.
All court the *Childleſs*, if they *Paccius* (z) find, Childleſs
Or rich (a) *Gallita* feaveriſhly inclin'd, perſons
They poſt up prayers, and to the *Gods* vow *feaſts*; courted.
There are that promiſe (b) *hecatombs* of *beaſts*;
Elephants, that for *State* not *ſale* we feed, Elephants
Not *Italy* but *Sun-burnt climates* breed kept only by
Thoſe *Monſters*, kept in our *Rutilian* grove, the *Caſars*.
Or *Turnus* his mead-royal, (c) *Cæſar's* drove;
They ſcorn to be a *private-mans*, as they
That ſerv'd our *Generals*, and did once obey
The *Tyrian Hannibal*, and *Epires* King;
Whoſe anceſtors into the field did bring
Part of his force, and met the *Roman* power,
Each bearing on his back a moving tower.
Could *Novius*, or *Hiſter Paccuvius*, buy
Theſe *Ivory-Prodigies*, they ſhould victims die,
Gallita's Lares and *Deity* to pleaſe, The baſe &
Worthy this Goddeſs, and ſuch knaves as theſe. impious
Whereof the laſt nam'd, did the Law allow, flattery of
Would ſome of his great train of ſervants vow, thoſe that
The go odlieſt bodies his command imploys, hope for
veil-o're the foreheads of young girls and boys, Legacies

Or if he had a daughter of his own,
An (e) *Iphigenia* marriageable grown,
She ſhould to th'Altar, though he hop'd to find
No Tragick ſlight to change her for a hind.
My *Roman* puts down the *Greek* plot; who dare
A *thouſand ſhips* to a *laſt will* compare?
For if (f) Death's near-aim'd dart the ſick-man miſs,
Hee'l alter's *will*, (caught in a net with this,
This pretious merit,) and ſole heir create
Pacuvius, who, his rivals foil'd, takes ſtate.
See how this Raſcal grows a man of note,
By cutting of his *Iphigenia's* throat.
But ſhould *Pacuvius* live to *Neſtors* age,
Get more by craft, then *Nero* by his rage,
And pile his gold up, mountain-height; he can
Nor love, nor be belov'd of any man.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The twelfth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 1. *Corvinus*] The *Roman* to whom this *Satyr* is directed, and to whom an account is given by *Juvenal* of his *unfeigned joy* and *religious thankſgiving*, for the ſafe arrival of his almoſt ſhipwrackt *friend Catullus*.

(b) V. 4. To *Juno*] The Temple of *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and *Minerva* were in the *Capitol*, under one *ſeeling*, caſt into the *figure* of an *Eagle*, whoſe body covered *Jupiter's* temple, and his wings *Juno's* and *Minerva's*. To *theſe*, being the chief of the *ſelected Gods*, milk-white beaſts were offered, Bulls to *Jupiter*, Cows to *Juno* and *Minerva*. But *Juvenal* not having a purſe to reach ſo high, goes not to the *Capitol* to ſacrifice, for his friends eſcape at Sea; but builds to theſe 3 *Tarpeian Deities* altars of *living turf*, and keeping him to their pure *colour* of *white*, offers to *Juno* an *Ewe-lamb*, the like to *Minerva*, and to *Jupiter* a *Calf*, wiſhing it were a *Bull* as fat as *Madam Hiſpulla*, that was in love with the Tragedian Sat. 6. verſ. 79.

(c) V. 6. The *Mauritanian Gorgon*] Near the mountain *Atlas* in the Confines of *Mauritania* (as the fable runs) *Minerva* ſlew the *Gorgon Meduſa*; whoſe head ſhe ever after bore in her ſhield, at the ſight whereof men were metamorphoſed into ſtones: The moral is, *Minerva* or Wiſdom, makes men as conſtant and immoveable as Rocks.

(*d*) V. 10. Beſprinkling wine] As in *colour*, ſo likewiſe *Juvenal* imitates the greater ſacrifices in ſprinkling wine, which you may ſee *Dido* with her own hand perform, when ſhe offered a *white Cow* to *Juno*. *Æneid. lib.* 4.

(*e*) V. 17. *Clitumnus*] The River that divides *Umbria* and *Thuſcany*, along the banks whereof lie *rich paſtures*, to which the *water* gives ſuch *vertue*, as the Cattel therein have *white* Calves. Therefore the *ſacrifices* for the *Capitol* were choſen there. *Plin. lib.* 2. *Proper.*

(*f*) V. Prophet] The *ordinary Miniſter* that ſtruck down the ſacrifice was called *Popa*, but *Juvenal* at his *Thank-giving*, would have had an Officer of the *beſt quality*; he would have hired a *Prophet*, if his *fortunes* had been as great, as his friendſhip to *Catullus*, the Merchant, for whoſe unexpected ſafety the Poet offers ſacrifice.

(*g*) V. 33. *Iſis*] The Temple of *Iſis* at *Rome*, notorious for *Atheiſm*, (being in contempt of the *Deity*, made a *mart* for *luſt*, as you read *Sat.* 9. verſe 26.) was likewiſe as notorious for ſuperſtition, as you ſee by the pennance the Lady is willing to do, if it be *white Jo's pleaſure*, *Sat.* 6. verſe 555. To which, in this place, the *Poet* addes the *danger at Sea deſcribed* in *pictures*, vowed, when there was no hope of ſafety, and performed ſo juſtly at their arrival, that there was a *company* of *Painters* belonging to the *Temple*, and maintained by their ſuperſtition.

(*h*) V. 45. *Mecænaſes*] As *Juvenal* mentioned the ſupe *Mecænas*, *Sat.* 1. verſ. 83. ſo here he forgets not the delicacie of his apparel.

(*i*) V. 48. *Bætick air*] In *Bætick Spain* [now *Granada*] are paſtures, whoſe *air* and *water* give a *natural tincture* to the *fleece*, dying it upon the ſheeps back, of a colour *betwixt black and red*.

(*k*) V. 50. *Parthenius*] A Maſter-graver.

(*l*) V. 52. *Pholus*] A notable tipling *Centaure*, that when he entertained *Hercules*, brought out a concealed tun of wine, which being ſented by the reſt of the Centaures, they attempted to ſtorm the houſe, but it was man-

manned by *Hercules*, who killed many, routed and chaſed the reſt. *Diodorus*, *lib.* 5.

(*m*) V. 52. *Fuſcus* his Wife] Pitty two houſes ſhould have been troubled with this Couple; a drunken wife and a lazy husband, as you may read by his ſtudying war by *the map. Sat.* 4. verſ. 130.

(*n*) V. 53. Baskets] Baskauds is the word in *Juvenal*, an *Engliſh* rarity, as you ſee by *Martial*,

From *Britiſh Picts* the barbarous *Baſcaud* came,
But now *Rome* gladly would th'invention claime.

(*o*) V. 55. *Royal* Marchant] *Philip* of *Macedon*, to whom for a ſumme of money, *Laſthenes* and *Eurycrates* delivered up *Olynth* a *Macedonian City*, but rich in *Grecian plate*.

(*p*) V. 73. Deſtinies] That ſpin the thred of life, *Juvenal* calls them *Spinſters*. The Diſtaff bearer is *Clotho*, the Spinſter *Lacheſis*, and the finiſher *Atropos*.

(*q*) V. 82. *Alban* Mountain] Where a town was built by *Aſcanius*; Who 30 years after the deceaſe of his Father *Æneas*, poſſeſſed *Lavinium*, and finding it to be grown too populous, left it wholly to his Step-mother, and carrying forth a *Plantation* of men, as he marched along the Coaſt, found a *white Sow* with 30 Pigs ſucking her (according as the *Oracle* foretold, *lib.* 3. *Æneid.*) from which *fair prodigie* he named the Mountain *Alba*, and there built a City of that name, where he kept his Court, and perhaps *Domitian* kept his there too, in *Imitation* of *Aſcanius Iulus*.

(*r*) Verſ. 88. *Tyrrhene Pharos*] The port of *Oſtia*, where *Tiber* disburdens it ſelf into the *Tyrrhene Sea*, which on either hand, ſtretcheth *Stone-work* like *long arms* into the *Sea*. This ſtupendious work was begun by *Auguſtus*, finiſhed by *Claudius* (who for eleven years together kept 30000 men continually at work about it) and repaired by *Trajan*. *Sueton. Tranquillus*. *Pliny's Panegyrick*.

(*s*) V. 94. *Baian*] *Baiæ* was a Sea-town of *Campania*, famous for *Baths* naturally hot.

(t) V. 95. Shav'd] It was the *Roman* cuſtom, that when *ſlaves* were made *free*, they ſhould *ſhave* their heads, and then put on a *hat*; and when any had eſcaped an impeachment that concerned their lives, they ſhewed themſelves to *Jupiter* with *ſhaven Crowns*; this may be the Saylors caſe after ſhipwrack.

(u) V. 97. *Speak* and *think*] For of this conſiſted the *Good Omen*, the *word* being anciently the Abbreviation of *Os* and *mens*, *tongue* and *heart*. *Varro*.

(x) V. 104. My *Jove*] His *domeſtick Jove* moulded in *wax* like his *Lares* or *houſhold Gods*.

(y) V. 100. Hallowed tapers] In every publique and private thankſgiving, the doors of the Sacrificers houſe were crowned with *Tapers*, *bays* and *flowers*.

(z) V. 115. *Paccius*] A rich *childleſs man*, preſented by all the *Legacie-mongers* of *Rome*. *Tacitus* hath his name up, *lib.* 20 and *Martial*.

(a) V. 116. *Gallita*] *Cruſpilina*, powerful in *wealth* and *barrenneſs*, which, in *good* and *evil Times*, are alike prevalent, *Tac. lib.* 17.

(b) Verſe 118. Promiſe Hecatombs] Flattering knaves, that for the recovery of *ſick-men*, if they be *rich* and *childleſs*, vow to the Gods *hundreds* of *Elephants*; beaſts of *hotter Climates*, not ſo much as *fed* in *Latium* or *Italy*, unleſs about *Lavinium* in the meadows which were won by *Æneas* from *Turnus* General of the *Rutilians*, and belonged to his Succeſſours the *Cæſars*.

(c) V. 122. *Cæſar's* drove] No *private Romans* kept any *Elephants*, they being only *Cæſars cattel*, & only fit for *Cæſars*, that is, the *preſent Emperors*; and uſed in the wars by the *ancient Imperators* or *Generals*, as *Pyrrhus* King of *Epire*, that firſt brought them over to *Italy*, and *Hannibal*; whom he calls the *Tyrian*, becauſe *Dido*, the *foundreſs* of their City, came from *Tyre*. *Vide Sat.* 10. where he ſpeaks of *Hannibals* picture taken ſitting upon the back of an Elephant, v. 179.

(d) Verſ. 129. *Novius* and *Hiſter Pacuvius*] Court-Mountebanks, that *viſit* the *ſick Gallita* or *Paccius*, and ply them with *warm preſents*.

(e) Verſe

(e) Verſe 138. *Iphigenia*] The fable of *Iphigenia*, *Agamemnon's* onely Child, is ſufficiently known; that when the *Greek* fleet of One thouſand *ſhips* lay in *Aulis* windbound, the Prieſts told them they had offended *Diana*, who would not be pacified unleſs *Iphigenia* were ſacrificed to her; *Agamemnon*, perſwaded by *Ulyſſes*, conſented, and then *Diana* put a *hart* in her place and carried her away to be her Prieſteſſe in *Taurica*. *Vide Sat.* 15. verſe 130.

(f) V. 143. Death] *Libitina*. She was the funeral Goddeſs, in whoſe Temple were ſold all things belonging to burials. [So *Fran.* on *Juvenal.*]

The thirteenth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Old Calvin *of a truſt beguil'd,*
Is chid for vexing like a child;
When by experience he hath known,
How impious the baſe World is grown:
And yet this comfort he receives,
Though Law the falſe unpuniſht leaves,
Their Conſcience *will their* torment *prove,*
Nor can they ſcape the Judge *above.*

The wicked condemn themſelves.

IN evil preſidents the crime torments
The author; 'Tis the firſt of puniſhments,
That no offender can himſelf acquit,
Though the brib'd (a) Prætor's urn his doom remit.
What ſenſe *Calvinus* think'ſt thou each man hath
Of this great Crime 'gainſt thee, this *broken faith?*
Nor is thy ſtock ſo ſmall, that ſuch a loſs
Should ſink thee, no *extream* is in thy croſs.
The cheat is common, daily brought about
A Lot from Fortunes *middle heap* drawn out.
We muſt not let our grief be too profound,
Mans pain ſhould be no greater then his wound.
A little loſs ſhould not cauſe much grief.
Thou brook'ſt not a ſlight hurt, a ſcratch, a turn
Of Fortunes wheel; thy bowels rage and burn,
That a pretended friend is ſo unjuſt,
Not to reſtore to thee a ſacred Truſt;

Is

Is this news to one born when (*b*) *Capito*
Was *Conſul*, above threeſcore years ago?
Gainſt thou by long experience nothing then?
'Tis true, that Science *makes the happy men,*
That conquers Fortune with celeſtial books.
But yet, we ſtile him happy *too, that brooks*
Life's diſcommodities, and never ſhakes
The yoke, but life for his directreſs takes.
What day ſo holy, but ſome thief we find,
Perfidiouſneſs, deceit of every kind?
Vice being grown a beneficial trade,
By poyſon and the ſword, great fortunes made.
For thoſe, that we ingeniouſly may call
Good men, are rare, their number very ſmall;
I'th world, ſo many ſcarce deſerve that ſtile,
As there be gates to (*c*) Thebes, *or* (*d*) *mouths to* Nile.
'Tis the ninth *age, worſe then the iron times;*
Nature no metal breeds to name our crimes:
Yet, *O the faith of men and Gods*, we cry,
And in our paſſionate clamours are more high,
Then theirs the (*e*) *Vocal Sportula* do raiſe,
When they *Feſſelius* in his pleading praiſe.
Tell me old man, that ſhould'ſt (f) Child's bubbles wear,
Know'ſt not how many Venus's *appear*
In others gold? Nor how they laugh at thee,
That ſimply look'ſt no man ſhould perjur'd be,
But to believe in Gods would'ſt him compell,
That they *in Temples and red Altars dwell?*
Thus ſimply liv'd th'earths *Natives*, e're his crown
Old (*g*) *Saturn* flying for his life, laid down,
And took his *Country-Sithe* up, *Juno* then
A little girle, *Jove* hid in (*h*) *Ida's* den.
No heavenly feaſts above the clouds, no (*i*) boy
To wait cup-bearer, was fercht up from *Troy*.
Nor wine fair (*k*) *Hebe* fill'd, but *Vulcan* pour'd
Nectar himſelf, and his own fingers ſcour'd,
Grim'd in his (*l*) *Liparene* work-houſe; Then alone
Din'd Gods, their crowd was not ſo numerous grown.
The Stars had not took in ſo great a fraight,
But preſs'd poor (*m*) *Atlas* with a gentler waight.

Philoſophy the bt cure f the woun of fortun.

Exprience f the world wickeneſs.

Their ſimplicity that think all men honeſt.

The innocency of the golden Age.

Th'infernal

Th'infernal regions no one's (n) *lot* had been,
No grim-fac't *Dis* and his (o) *Sicilian* Queen.
No wheel, ſtone, furies, no black vultur's pain:
But Hell was free, and every Ghoſt did raign.
Fraud rare, and capital the crime was then,
If youth's would not riſe up to aged men.
The reverence given to age perſons in former ties. *A boy to any beard, although the lad*
More Straw-berries, more heaps of Acorns had.
Four years precedence was ſo much eſteem'd,
Part of old age the chins firſt down then *ſeem'd.*
Now if a man his friends (p) *Depoſitum*
Deny not, but returns the bag and ſum,
A Truſt now kept is a Prodgie. With all the ruſt, the faith *prodigious* looks,
Worthy to be, in (q) *Thuſcan Sooth ſay'rs Books*
Recorded, ev'n the *place* where it was found
Ought to be purg'd too, with a (r) Lamb that's
A goodman is grown a wonder in nature. To me an *honeſt man* more *monſter* ſeems (crown'd.
Then nature ſhakes at, when a woman teems
A child with two heads; then Mules foaling found,
Or wondrous fiſhes plow'd out of the ground.
It mazes me as much, as if a ſhowre
Of *ſtones* the clouds upon my head ſhould pow'r,
Or as a ſwarm of Bees, oth'temple top,
Hung like a bunch of grapes, as if 'twould drop.
Or as a river, with a violent ſtream,
Flow'd headlong to the Sea, that ran pure cream.
Thou cry'ſt out, that of *ten Seſtertia* hee
By ſacrilegious fraud hath cheated thee.
What if another hath *two hundred* loſt
By ſuch a truſt? if it a third hath coſt
The perfidiouſneſs of friends. As many as a ſpatious cheſt could hold?
So eaſily men with the Gods *make bold:*
When they alone behold the ſin we act,
No mortal being witneſs to the fact.
Mark in's denial, how he doth advance
His voice, and holds his fained countenance.
The Oaths falſe men imprecate and ſwear By the Sun's beams, *Joves* thunder, *Mars* his ſpear,
By th' arrows of *Apollo* he will ſwear,
By thoſe bright Arms his ſiſter doth poſſeſs,
The ſhafts and quiver o'th fair Forreſtreſs.

And

And by thy *Trident Neptune*, father to
(i) *Ægæus*; adding *Hercules* his bow,
Minerva's pike, and whatſoe're hath been,
As weapons, laid up in heav'ns magazeen.
A father cries, my ſons head be my meat,
And that with *Pharian* vinegar let me eat.
Some hold all things by *accident* were made,
And that the world's by no *firſt mover* ſway'd,
Nature returning us the day and year;
And ſo (t) touch any altars, void of fear.
To ſuffer for his crimes, another fears, The deſperate perjur'd man.
Thinks there are Gods, and yet himſelf forſwears;
Forecaſting thus, let (u) *Iſis* puniſh me,
Upon my body, what ſhe will decree,
Beat with her timbrels my eyes out; ſo I,
Though blind, may keep the mony I deny.
What is the *Ptiſick*, or the rotten cough Wealth, the cure of all Plagues and diſeaſes.
Oth'Lungs, or half a thigh, to gold enough?
So that (x) *Archigenes* it might not bring,
And herbs that in *(y) Anticyra* do ſpring,
Wherewith he layes the rage of a diſeaſe,
Poor nimble *(z) Ladas* the *rich gout* would pleaſe.
For what's the glory crowns a foot-mans brows,
Thoſe hunger-ſtarv'd *(a) Piſæan* olive boughs?
But ſay, the wrath of heaven be great; 'tis ſlow,
And if the Gods deſtroy each guilty foe, How the wicked deceive themſelves with impious hopes.
When will they come to me? Beſides I may,
As ſome do, get a pardon if I pray.
Mens fates are divers, though their crimes be one;
A croſs exalts that villain, this a Throne.
Thus their ſouls, trembling at foul ſin, they chear:
Then, if thou bid'ſt them at the altar ſwear,
They run before thee, nay pull thee along, The impudence of villany.
And vex thy ſpirits with a railing tongue:
For, in all cauſes, th'impudent defence
Moſt men believe to be juſt confidence.
He, as 'twere in *(b) Catullus* his fine Play, The paſſion of a wronged perſo
Acts in thy ear the mimick Run-away:
Louder then *Stentor* thou cry'ſt out, poor wretch,
As loud as *(c) Homers Mars* his voice could ſtretch,

Hear'ſt

Hearſt *Jove*? nor ſpeakſt thou, now when words ſhould (paſs:
Whether thou art a *marble Jove*, or *braſs*?
Elſe why our papers open we ſo faſt,
And on thy coals religious incenſe caſt?
The liver of a calf why do we cut,
And ſheeps white cauls upon thy altar put?
For ought I ſee, in ſtatues as divine
That of (*d*) *Bathyllus* is, as this of thine.
The eaſie remedy for paſſion. 'Gainſt this diſeaſe, take what (*e*) he can preſcribe
That ne're read *Cynicks*; nor the *ſtoick* tribe,
Diff'ring from them but in a (*f*) cloak; nor cares
How on poor roots pleas'd (*g*) *Epicurus* fares.
Great doctors muſt do deſperate patients good,
But thee ev'n (*h*) *Philips* prentice may let blood.
If thou on earth no crime ſo foul can'ſt find,
I'm ſilent; beat thy breſt if th'haſt a mind,
Or with thy open palm afflict thy face;
Thy (*i*) doors may well be ſhut, in ſuch a caſe.
The loſs of *money* cauſes true ſorrow. *With much more tumult and a deeper groan,*
Our moneys then our funerals we bemoan.
Here no man counterfeits, and is content
His upper garment ſhould in jeaſt be rent,
The *breach* of *Truſt* compar'd with *greater crimes*. And his eyes troubled with an humour ſtrain'd:
Loſt money is bewail'd, with tears unfeign'd.
But if thou ſee'ſt each court of Juſtice, ſpread
With ſuch complaints; if in Deeds, ten times read,
Men forſwear their own hand-writing. The hands forſworn, whoſe characters reveal
The writer, known by his (*k*) *Sardonix* ſeal,
That ſtone, which for a paragon was ſet,
And ſtill lockt up in's Ivory cabinet:
None free from misfortune. Do'ſt thou conceive thy ſelf ſo fortune-free,
That common accidents ſhould paſs by thee,
As ſon to a (*l*) *white Hen*, poor we the dregs
And baſer chickens of unhappy eggs?
Thy *little loſs* can move but *little ſpleen*,
Theft. If by thy eyes th'earth's *greater crimes* be ſeen.
Firing houſes. Compare *hir'd* thiefs; fires treacherouſly rais'd
By ſulphur, which have at our *gates* firſt blaz'd;
Sacriledge. Compare thoſe that from temples ſteal old bowls,
Whoſe very ruſt ſtrikes reverence in our ſouls;

Gifts,

Gifts, dedicated to ſome foreign State,
Or Crowns, our ancient Kings did conſecrate.
Have you not theſe? you have a leſſer knave,
Who ſacrilegiouſly the gold will ſhave
From *Hercules* his thigh, or *Neptune's* chin,
Or that thin plate which (*m*) *Caſtor's* clothed in:
And that no ſcruple in his conſcience felt,
When he the thunderer himſelf did melt.
Compare them that *buy* poyſons, or *compound*;
And them, that in the Sea are to be drown'd
In an (*n*) oxe-hide, ſow'd up with a poor ape,
Whoſe fortune is, though guiltleſs not to ſcape,
Yet theſe are *peccadilio's*, if conſer'd
To thoſe *enormous wickedneſſes* heard
By (*o*) *Gallicus*, the *Prætor* of the town,
From the Sun's riſing to his going down.
If thou would'ſt know the *nature* of *Mankind*,
In that one houſe thou maiſt their manners find,
Spend there ſome time, and, when thou home repair'ſt,
Call thy ſelf miſerable if thou dar'ſt. Sect.
Ich'*Alpes*, who thinks ſwoln throats ſtrange? or a teat
In *Meroe*, then the ſucking child more great?
Who wonders at the *Germans* watchet eyes,
And yellow locks that like rams horns do riſe,
Which unguents make not from the curle to fall?
The reaſon's plain, *'tis nature in them all.*
When the ſhrill clouds of Cranes do give alarms,
The valiant *Pigmy* ſtands unto his arms:
Straight, too weak for the *Thracian* bird, he's ſnapt,
And through the air in crooked tallons rapt:
Thoud'ſt die with laughing, ſhould'ſt thou ſee this
But though ſuch battels are fought daily there,
It is ridiculous in no ones eye,
Where the whole Regiment is but one foot high.
But ſhall thy perjur'd Cheat unpuniſht ſcape? Sect.
No ſure, his ſoul's in chains; we could not ſhape
A torment greater; what would fury more?
But ſtill thou loſeſt, he will ne're reſtore
The ſum in's hands depoſited by thee.
O'twould be envi'd comfort, might'ſt thou ſee

Barbing the Gods golden ſtatues.

Impoyſoners.

Murtherers of Parents.

The *Prætor's* Court where all theſe were cry'd.

The vitious nature of mankind illuſtrated by Simily.

Perjury is it's own puniſhment.

The deſire of Revenge.

Him

Him dying for't, and dropping his laſt blood.
Revenge then life it ſelf's a greater good.
Thus fools at no cauſe, or at toyes, take fire;
The leaſt occaſion ſerves to blow up ire.

The Philoſophers opinions for pardoning Injuries.

(p) *Chryſippus* his opinion was not ſuch,
Mild natur'd (q) *Thales* would not ſay thus much;
The good old man, that did a neighbour live
To ſweet *Hymettus*, would not, fetter'd, give
Part of the hemlock in his cup infus'd,
Ev'n to the ſlave by whom he was accus'd.

How baſe it is to rejoyce at the miſfortune of an enemy.

(s) *Happy Philoſophy! that by degrees*
Kills vices firſt, then ſouls from errour frees.
For, to rejoyce, when thoſe we hate do ſmart;
Argues a feeble and a narrow heart;
Which inſtantly you may from hence collect,
That women moſt of all revenge affect.

The terrors of an ill conſcience unavoidable.

But think'ſt thou, he eſcapes, whoſe conſcience makes
Whips that, unheard, his guilty Soul ſtill ſhakes?
The Judge Cæditius *cannot* here *invent,*
Nor Rhadamant *in* Hell, *a puniſhment*
To equal his, that's day and night oppreſt,
Bearing about his Witneſs in his breſt.

The fearfull judgement ſhown upon a Heathen but intending to forſwear himſelf.

(t) A *Spartan*, by the *Pythia*, anſwer'd was,
That he ſhould not, one day, unpuniſht paſs,
Becauſe to break a truſt he did but doubt;
And if his legal oath might bear him out,
What the God thought on't, he inquiry made,
And if *Apollo* would the fact perſwade:
Fear then, not conſcience, made him render it.
Yet all the Propheſie did well befit
Th' approachleſs oracle; he found it true,
Extinguiſh'd with his iſſue, with the crew
Of his whole family, and numerous kin:
So was he plagu'd but for a *will* to ſin.
Th' intent of fraud is taken for the act,
What is it then if one commit the fact?

The horrible fright's of the wicked man.

Perpetual anguiſh; at his meat no pauſe,
Which ſticks, and ſwells betwixt his ſickly jaws.
The wretch ſpits out the cordial of the vine;
Diſlikes the pretious age of *Alban* wine;

Bring

Bring better; in thick pleits his brows are ſhrunk,
As if he *Falerne Vinegar* had drunk.
If night his cares with ſome ſhort ſlumber eaſe,
And reſt in's tumbled bed his body ſeize;
The temple, th'altar, injur'd God, (and what
His ſoul in's agony moſt trembles at)
He ſees thy *ſacred ſhape*, then man's more tall,
That frights his ſleep, and makes him utter all.
This is the man, that when it lightens, quakes;
And when it thunders, heavens firſt murmur ſhakes
His ſoul out; not the winds not fortun's ire
Falls down, but angry and revenging fire.
That ſtorm paſt, the next greater is believ'd,
As if he were by the clear ſky repriev'd.
Then with a ſleep-leſs feaver, if he get
A plurifie, he thinks the Gods have ſet
(By whom he cannot hope to be forgiv'n)
Theſe plagues upon him, ſtones and darts of heaven.
To promiſe to his (*u*) *Lares* the bleating flock,
He dares not, nor the *comb* from off a Cock.
For, to ſick guilty men, what hope ſurvives?
No victim but is worthier then their lives.
Nature, in evil men, is wavering ſtill
And timerous, only bold in doing ill.
When once the crime's committed, to their ſight
Then come the lively forms of wrong and right.
Yet, to thoſe crimes their *conſciences* caſhiere
Nature relapſes, fix'd and conſtant there.
Who bounds his vices? when did baniſht grace
Return, where it was wip'd out of the face?
Who e're ſaw man contented to have done
One villany? Thy perjur'd knave will run
Upon this queſt, till he at laſt be took,
And ſent to the black dungeon and the hook;
Or to th'(*x*) *Ægæan* rocks, that entertain
Great *Exiles*: Thou ſhalt glory in his pain,
And odious name, and once with joy ſhal't find
No God is deaf, nor like (*y*) *Tereſias* blind.

His deſpair upon his Death-bed.

The nature of vice.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The thirteenth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(a) VErſe 4. *Prætor*] The *Prætors*, or Lord chief Juſtices, firſt ordained to be *Deputies* to the *Conſuls*, when the Warrs ſuffered them not to adminiſter juſtice to the people, and therefore in the *firſt Creation* there was but one ſworn *Prætor*; afterward, Cauſes multiplying, there was added the *Prætor Peregrinus* or *Country-Prætor*, and laſtly the number encreaſed to 18: but the two firſt *Prætors* were they that ought to have done juſtice to *Calvinus*, for to their *juriſdiction* principally belonged, the judgements of the Equity of any cauſe, with the Reſtitution of money or goods unlawfully detained, *Roſinus* Ant. Rom. lib. 7. Cap. 11.

(b) Ver. 17. *Capito*] *Collegue* in the *Conſulſhip* to *Caius Viſpanius*, ſee the life of *Juvenal*, where it appears demonſtratively (as he affirms here) that *Juvenal* writing this Satyr 60. years after the *Conſulſhip* of *Capito*, lived and writ Anno 21. of *Trajan*.

(c) Ver. 32. *Thebes*] How many gates *Thebes* had, videſis, Sat. 15. verſe 6.

(d) Ver. 32. Mouths to *Nile*] The Mouths by which the River *Nile* diſburthens it ſelf into the Sea are 7. viz. *the Peluſian*, the *Canopiack*, the *Bolbitick*, *Sebenetick*, *Phannitick*, *Mendeſian*, and *Tanitick*. *Strabo*. *Pliny*.

(e) Verſe 37. Vocal Sportula] *Men*, (or rather *voices*) which are fed by the *Sportula* or *Alms-basket* of

of *Fessidius* the Lawyer, to no other end, but that, when he is pleading, they may cry him up.

(*f*) Ver. 39. Childs bubbles] He means those golden bubbles brought out of *Hetruria* by *Tullus Hostilius*, and ever after worn by the Children of *Noblemen*, and Gentlemen of *Rome*, as I have formerly noted in the 5. Satyr.

(*g*) V. 46. Old *Saturn*] *Saturnus* Κρόνος, or *Time* pictured with a Syth in his hand, Father to *Jupiter*, but *such* a *Father* as eats his own children; what marvel therefore the Author adds, that *Jupiter* was *hid* when his father reigned: but why the Poets feign *Time* to be the *Father* of the *Gods* I confess is a moral I understand not, though they would seem to salve it by making his Son *Jupiter* banish him heaven; in which his flight, it appears by the story, that he was a while in *Latium*, which took the name from his *Latitat*; and in his reign, that is the *beginning* of *time*, was the *golden age*, so stiled from its purity, men being then *ignorant* of *vices*, which (as *Justin.* saith of the *Thracians*) brought the *barbarous* to more *perfection*, then the *knowledge* of *vertue* did the *Philosophers*.

(*h*) Ver. 48. *Ida*] A Hill near *Troy*, where *Jupiter* was concealed by his mother *Rhea*, from his devouring father *Saturn*, famous likewise for breeding *Paris* among the Shepherds.

(*i*) Ver. 49. Boy] *Ganymede* the lovely brother to *Assaracus* and Son of *Tros* King of the lesser *Asia*.

(*k*) V. 51. Fair *Hebe*] Goddess of Youth, daughter to *Juno*, whose remove from her Cup-bearers place, to make way for *Ganymede*, did almost as much incense *Juno* against the *Trojans*, as the judgement pronounced against her own beauty by *Paris* in the above named mountain of *Ida*, *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Virg.*

(*l*) V. 58. *Liparene* Work-house] The *Liparene* Islands were *Vulcans* Forge for Thunderbolts, as you may read Sat. 1. at the beginning; no marvel therefore, if he returned from thence, with hands that needed washing.

(*m*) V. 56.] *Atlas*] The highest Mountain of *Mauritania*, on whose Top their King *Atlas*, the great Astronomer, used to contemplate the Starrs (as I have formerly

noted) after whoſe death the Mountain ſtill bore his name, which occaſioned that fable of the *Metamorphoſis* of the King into that *Mountain*, where he is ſaid to ſupport heaven; the Satyriſt therefore conceives it reaſonable the Gods ſhould either allow him *Hercules* again ſome time to eaſe him, or elſe preciſely keep to the old number of deities when *Atlas* undertook to prop up the firmament.

(*n*) V. 57. Lot] The three ſons of *Saturn Jupiter Neptune*, and *Pluto*, caſting *lots* for the Empire of the univerſe. *Heaven* fell to *Jupiter*, the *Sea* to *Neptune*, to *Pluto* Hell, or the *Infernal Regions*.

(*o*) V. 58. *Sicilian*] *Proſerpine* daughter to *Ceres*, whom *Dis* or *Pluto* ſtole away as ſhe was gathering flowers upon the Mountain *Ætna* in *Sicily*.

(*p*) V. 67. *Depoſitum*] Any thing that is entruſted to anothers faith.

(*q*) V. 70. *Thuſcan* Sooth-ſayers] The *Romans* had the art of divination from the *Thuſcans*, whence he calls them *Thuſcan Sooth-ſayers*, part of whoſe office was to preſage of events by *Prodigies*, which *Prodigies* they ſtill left *recorded* in their Regiſters.

(*r*) V. 72. Lamb] All ſacrifices were crown'd with flowers.

(*s*) V. 98. *Ægeus*] Father to *Theſeus*.

(*t*) V. 106. Touch] It was the cuſtom when any perſon truſting would put his truſtee to his oath, to bring him into the temple, and to make him ſwear, laying his hand upon the Altar.

(*u*) V. 109. *Iſis*] *Iſis* and *Harpocres* were the deities to which were aſcribed the diſeaſes inflicted upon men.

(*x*) V. 115. *Archigenes*] The greateſt Phyſician of *Rome*, the *Roman Mayhern*.

(*y*) V. 116. *Antycira*] An Iſland in *Phocis* lying right againſt the *Thracian* mountain *Oeta*, in which Iſle grows the black *Hellebore* that (as *Pliny* ſays) cures the gout, and melancholly. Whence comes the Proverb, that bids a man oppreſt with melancholly *Naviga ad Anticyras: ſail to Anticyra.*

(*z*) V. 118. Nimble *Ladas*] A man famous for the

ſwift-

foot-Races, he had won in the *Olympian Games*; whence the *Greeks* had their *Æra* or *Account of years*, beginning with the first *Olympiad* in the year of the world, 3174.

(*a*) V. 120. *Piſæan*] *Piſæ* was a City in *Elis*, within the territories whereof ſtood the temple of *Jupiter Olympicus*, & near unto it a grove of Olives, whence they made Olive wreaths for thoſe that were victors in thoſe games, which was all they got by their victories.

(*b*) V. 133. *Catullus*] A Stage-Poet, who writ a Comedy call'd *Phaſma* or the *Phantaſm*, wherein, (it ſeems) there was a *ſpirit* that anſwered and mockt ſome poor man, till it made him ſtretch his voice, as low'd as *Calvin* crys out upon his perjured friend, that is, as loud as *Homers Stentor*, who was able to drown the crys of fifty ſhouting together at one time. *Homer. Iliad.*

(*c*) V. 136. *Homers Mars*] Who in th'aforecited book of *Homer*, cryed out as loud as an army of ten thouſand when they joyn Battel.

(*d*) V. 144. *Bathyllus*] A Fidler, whoſe ſtatues *Polycrates* ſet up in *Junoes* Temple at *Samos*.

(*e*) V. 145. He] That is, *Juvenal*.

(*f*) V. 147. A Cloak] The *Cynicks* wore *two* upper garments. The *Stoicks* only *one* thin *cloak*; this was all the difference betwixt them, for their *doctrine* was the ſame, that is, the *Contempt* of *Riches*: Their *Poſition* being, that *vertue* ſtood in *need* of no *addition*, but was of it ſelf *ſufficient to make life happy*.

(*g*) V. 148. *Epicurus*] Who was (ſaith *Seneca*) a moſt temperate man, contenting himſelf with a little Garden, and feeding upon Herbs.

(*h*) Verſ. 150. *Philip*] A Country Surgeon, whoſe prentice had skill enough to open the vein that would cure *Calvin*, no marvel therefore if *Juvenal* undertook him.

(*i*) V. 154. Thy doors] It was the *Roman* cuſtom, when they mourned at the Funerals of a perſon of near relation, to *ſhut up their doors* and *windows*, which the *Satyriſt* ſays, they that loſe their money may better do, becauſe theirs is more real ſorrow.

(*k*) V. 164. *Sardonix* Seal] A coat of Arms cut in

a precious *Sardonix*-ſtone, and pretiouſly kept, never being out of the Lords Cabinet, and therefore the Impreſſion not probable to be counterfeited.

(*l*) V. 169. A white hen] *Albæ Gallinæ filius, Son of a white hen*, was a *Roman proverb*, amounting to as much as ours of, *Wrapt in's mothers ſmock*.

(*m*) V. 182. *Caſtor*] Brother to *Pollux*, two twins *Jupiter* had by *Læda*; they were after their deaths made *Stars* by their father, and were adored as Gods of the Sea; but though the *gold* was layd upon their *ſtatues* far thinner then upon their Uncle *Neptune's*, yet it eſcaped not the Church-robbers kniſe, that ſhaved it clear away.

(*n*) V. 187. An ox-hide] It was a puniſhment inflicted upon Children that killed their parents, as you may read when he ſpeaks of *Nero* murthering of his mother. *Sat.* 8. verſ. 282.

(*o*) V. 191. *Gallicus*] The City-*Prætor*, what his office was, you ſee at the beginning of this *Satyr*.

(*p*) V. 221. *Chryſippus*] The gentle nature of all the *Stoicks* utterly *diſallowing* all kind of *paſſion*, as not befitting *rational men*. This is the excellent *Logitian*, whoſe ſtatue the meer *ſtatues* of *Schollerſhip* ſtrove to have in their *ſtudies*, though not a dram of his brain in their *heads*. *Sat.* 2. ver. 5.

(*q*) V. 222. *Thales*] One of the *Sages*, whoſe opinion it was, that *an injury ought to be contemned*.

(*r*) V. 223. The good old man] *Socrates* of *Athens*, (neer to which City ſtands the mountain of *Himettus*, famous for excellent honey and marble.) He at 49 years old (ſo *Cicero* in *Cato major*,) being falſly condemned for *blaſphemy*, was ſo far from ſeeking to be *revenged* of his *Accuſers* or *Judges*, that he would not ſuffer *Lyſias* the Orator to plead in his defence.

(*s*) V. 227. Happy Philoſophy] Which hath taught all theſe now-cited *Schollars* this *Maxim*, 'tis the *doer*, not the *ſufferer* of an *injury* that is *miſerable*, and that it is impoſſible any man ſhould be *hurt* but by *himſelf*.

(*t*) 233. A *Spartan*] *Glaucus* the ſon of *Epicidides*. *Herodotus*, *lib.* 7. relates the ſtory thus, that a *Miliſian* told

told *Glaucus* he had heard of his *juſtice*, and deſired to participate of it, therefore he was come to depoſit in his hands half his eſtate. A long time after (the *Mileſian* being dead) his ſons came to *Sparta* and demanded the money; *Glaucus* denied it, and turned them out of town; So they went *home*, and he to *Delphos*, who putting the Caſe to the Oracle. What if a man forſwear himſelf? the *Pythia* (or *prophetick Prieſteſs* of *Apollo*) anſwered, he that ſwore a falſhood might *gain* by it, but ſhould *die* in the end, and ſo ſhould he that ſwore *truth*; but the *perjur'd* ſhould not have any heir male, for *his* Perjury by degrees would eat out his own houſe and his whole race or *Family*, but it ſhould be better with the poſterity of one that ſwore the truth. *Glaucus* at this anſwer, ask't pardon of the *God*, but the *Pythia* told him, it was all one, to *tempt* the *God*, and to *commit* the fact. Then *Glaucus* ſending back for the *Mileſians*, reſtored the depoſited moneys, and a while after he and his Family were extirpated *root* and *branch*.

(*u*) V. 269. *Lares*] Houſhold-Gods, ſacrificed unto for the Recovery of ſick perſons; their *Victimes* being *ſheep* or *lambs*, but *Æſculapius* had a *Cock* offer'd to his Deity.

(*x*) V. 285. *Ægæan* rocks] This agrees with that place in *Pliny's Panegyrick* (as I have noted) pag. 22. His words are theſe: How much diverſity of times could do, is now ſpecially known, when to the *ſame rocks* where formerly every *Innocent perſon*, now only the *guilty* are *confined*, and all thoſe *deſart Iſlands* which late were filled with *Senators*, are now planted with *Informers*.

(*y*) V. 288. *Tereſias*] Whom *Juno* ſtruck *blind*, becauſe he determined the Controverſie about *Venereal* pleaſure for her ſex, having himſelf tryed both.

The fourteenth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Examples by ill Parents *ſet,*
Undo the Children *they beget;*
Teach them Dice, Gluttony, Rage, Luſt,
To gather wealth by ways unjuſt:
Whil'ſt Creatures Animate, *their ſeed*
To generoſitie do breed;
And man *ſhould only ſhew to* his,
What nature *and* right Reaſon *is.*

The errours Parents' commit in breeding their children. Dicing comes *ex traduce.* Epicures born.

THere are, *(a) Fuſcinus*, ſpots and flaws that (ſpoil
A handſom breeding, and fame's beauty
In many things wch in a blood do run, (ſoil
Deriv'd from the lew'd father to the ſon.
If th'old man dice, th'heir in long coats will do
The like, and caſts out of *ſmall boxes* too.
Nor better hope can any kinſman have
Of Boys, that *Muſhromes* for the *Olio* ſhave,
And drown the *(b) beccaſico's* ſwimming in't;
Taught by the knave their father; taking hint
From gray-hair'd gluttony. In their ſeventh year,
Ere all their white teeth caſt, do re-appear,
A thouſand tutours with grave beards provide
On this, as many on the other ſide;
Yet they from a great Kitchin never will
Degenerate, but love coſtly ſuppers ſtill.

That

That to no cruel paſſion juſtice yields,
That ſervants ſouls, and ours one matter builds,
Like Elements our bodies; is this taught,
Or Cruelty by (c) *Rutilus?* that's caught
With a delight to hear whips crack their ſtrings,
And thinks no *Syren* half ſo ſweetly ſings;
Th' *Antiphates* and *Polipheme* to fright
His houſe; pleas'd when's Tormentor in his ſight
Into's ſlaves forehead a hot Iron runs,
For two courſe napkins loſt; What learn his ſons
Of him, that loves chains clinking, and to ſtand
Spelling the (d) letters country hang-men brand?
Could you think (e) *Larga's* daughter would not Section.
A Wench? whoſe lips ſo faſt can never move (prove
Reckoning the partners in her mother's crimes,
But that ſhe muſt at leaſt breath thirty times.
She, a young child, knew when th'adulterer
Came to her mother, who's now baw'd to her,
By th'old-one are her *little letters* pen'd,
And ſhe has the ſame Meſſenger to ſend.
Thus nature works us; ſwiftly, in a trice
We are corrupted with domeſtick vice.
When preſidents of ſin great authors give;
Perhaps *one* youth, or *two*, untainted live,
Born to deſpiſe them, whoſe hearts *Tyrian* may
Have fram'd with more art, and of better clay:
But *others* in their Parents foot-ſteps run,
And track that beaten path they ought to ſhun.
Let us abſtain from any thing amiſs;
For which, one reaſon and a main one is,
Leaſt us our children follow; for to fall
Into foul vices we are docil all:
There is a (f) Catiline *on every ground,*
A (g) Brutus *or a* Cato *no where found.*
Every uncivil word, or action, bar
From houſes where there's children, far, ô far
From thence be wenches, and that baudy ſong
The *Paraſite* will ſing you all night long.
Ther's due unto a Child, a great reſpect,
If thou do'ſt any wickedneſs affect,

Cruelty taught Children by their fathers example.

A daughter learns the *Trade* of her mother.

The danger of living with the vitious.

A Caveat for Parents.

Slight not thy tender infant coming in,
But let him ſtand betwixt thee and thy ſin.

An ill father looſes his Prerogative.

For ſhould thy child do any thing that moves
The *(h) Cenſors* wrath; ſince he not onely proves
In face and body like thee, but the ſonne
Ev'n of thy manners, ſince all he hath done
Is walking in thy ſteps, can'ſt thou chaſtice
And perſecute him for it with thy crys,
Then diſinherit him? what can thee give
A fathers forehead, or Prerogative?
That old, art worſe; thy giddy head deſign'd
For (*i*) cupping glaſſes, to let out the wind.

The careful trimming a houſe for entertainment of ſtrangers.

When there's a gueſt to come within thy doors;
Thy men are ſet to work; Rub thou the floors,
Clean thou thoſe ſpecks the pillars beauty drown,
Dry Spiders with their Cobwebs ſweep thou down;
This ſcowrs the ſilver, that harſh iron dryes,
And all with's rod the threatning Maſter plyes.
Wretch, do'ſt thou fear foul gall'ries ſhould offend,
Or rooms, that dogs have ſpoil'd, diſtaſt thy friend?
Though e're he come, thou might'ſt help every room
With pin-duſt half a buſhel, and one groom. (ſee

Childrens *good* to be reſpected before ſtrangers *delight.*

And would'ſt thou not thy child thy houſe ſhould
Holy and ſpotleſs, from all vices free?
'Tis by thy friends and country kindly took
That thou haſt got a Roman, *if thoul't look,*
That he be fit for's country, for th'encreaſe
Of the Republick *both in war and peace;*

The intereſt of the Commonwealth in our Children.

The Common wealth minds to what arts he's brought
By thy inſtruction, and what manners taught.

The ill breeding of young *Storks* and *Vultures*

The *Stork* with deſart *ſnakes* and *lizards* breeds
Her young one, fledg'd, it on like *poiſon* feeds.
From horſe-fleſh, dogs, and gibbets, *Vultures* ſpring,
And to their *young* a *piece* of *Carrion* bring;
Which is their food, when they *great Vultures* grown,
Chuſe preys and trees to build in of their own.

The generoſity of *Eaglets* & young *Hawks.*

But th'*Eagle*, and the *Hawke* of nobler name,
Flies in the open champain for his game:
The *hare* or *Goat* he in his Aery lays;
Thence, when his progeny ſtrong feathers raiſe,

They

They haſt to tire, when hunger doth provoke,
On what they fed, when firſt the ſhell was broke.
Centronius was a builder, now upon
(*k*) *Cajeta*'s winding ſhore, on Rocks, anon,
At (*l*) *Tybur*, in (*m*) *Præneſte*'s Mountain now,
He *Greek* and far-fetcht marble did allow,
His Villa's lofty Battlements to crown,
Which *Hercules* his *Temple* did put down,
And *fortune's* (as (*n*) *Poſides Spado* late
Put down the *Capitol*:) while in this ſtate
Centronius dwelt, he did his fortunes ſtrain,
And broke; yet did a fair eſtate remain,
All which his mad ſon ſpent, while he eſſayes
New *Villa's* of far richer ſtone to raiſe.

A profuſe builder imitated by his Son.

Some one, whoſe father kept the *Sabbath*, giv'n
To worſhip nothing but one power of Heaven:
Who thinks that *mans fleſh* differs not a jot
From *hogs fleſh*, which his *Father* taſted not.
Then cuts his prepuce, ſcorns the *Roman Law*,
And learns the *Jewiſh*, therewith kept in awe,
And with preciſeſt care obſerving it,
By *Moſes* in's myſterious volume writ:
That will not, ev'n the way that he ſhould go,
Unleſs to one of his Religion, ſhow:
And of the thirſty travellers, will bring
Only the *circumciſed* to the ſpring.
His *Father* cauſ'd all this, whoſe ſev'nth day ſtill
Was vacant, nor did his life's number fill.

Deſcription of the Jewes.

Yet *willingly* youths follow *other* ills,
To *avarice* injoyn'd *againſt* their wills.
For under *vertues* ſhadow and pretext,
This *vice* deceives; a habit much perplext,
Sad looks, ſad clothes it hath; and then, who can
But think the *covetous* a *frugal* man?
Praiſe him as ſparing? of his wealth as ſure,
As if th' (*o*) *Heſperian Dragon* did ſecure
His golden fruit; add to's deſcription this,
That he a man of *Reputation* is,
For ſo the *people* term him, minds his trade;
By careful workmen are great fortunes made.

Avarice injoyn'd to children.

Avarice counted Reputation.

Although,

Although, indeed, great fortunes, by baſe wayes,
The conſtant anvil and hot furnace raiſe.

Fathers love their covetous children beſt.

The fathers then, eſteem thoſe children beſt,
Adore wealth, nor think poor man e're was bleſt.
And do exhort their iſſue, to affect
The way they go, and cleave unto their ſect.
Some *Elements* of *vice* they teach them, firſt
Poor *little ſparings, then th'inſatiate thirſt*
Of Getting; with falſe meaſure too, he cheats
His ſervants bellies, and his own defeats;
Nor ever will permit them to be fed
With *all* the mouldy cruſts of his *blew* bread;
Keeps pudding, whereon he ith'*ſpring* did ſup,
To th'middle of *September*; and layes up
Parcht Beans for the next meal, *ſeal'd* in a diſh
Wherein are pieces of ſtale ſummer-fiſh,
And counted blades of Leeks, to which feaſt ſome
Invited from the *(p) Bridge* would ſcorn to come.
But with theſe torments why do'ſt go about
To ſcrape up wealth? *'tis madneſs* without doubt,
Plain Phrenſie does thy ſenſeleſs ſoul bewitch,
To live poor, only hoping to die rich.
Mean time, down full mouth'd baggs while money
Like money's ſelf the love *of money grows*; (flows
Nay he leſs covets it that hath it not.
So that another Lordſhip muſt be got,
When thou art ſtraitned in one Counties grounds
And 'tis thy pleaſure to enlarge thy bounds:
Thy Neighbours harveſt thou do'ſt more eſteem,
For that does greater, yea and better ſeem;
That muſt be purchas'd firſt, and by degrees
Theſe woods, thoſe mountains, hoar with Olive-trees.

The ſeveral degrees of *Sparing*.

The exact deſcription of a *Miſer*.

Avaritious madneſs.

A Purchaſor.

By what plots men are inforc't to ſell their Land,

If th'owner loth to ſell, thy patience vex,
Ith' night, lean Oxen, with their wearied necks,
And thy *ſterv'd* droves, thou ſend'ſt into his Corn:
Nor come they home, till his *firſt crop* be ſhorn,
And all his harveſt in their bellies heapt,
That one would think it were wth ſickles reapt.
What numbers ſuffer thus? 'tis not to tell,
How many ſuch wrongs force their land to ſell.

But

But what is ſaid? what trumpet ſounds foul fame? The covetous regards not ill reports.
What hurt, ſayes he, is in an evil name?
Give me a bean-hull, e're the praiſe of all
The neighb'ring Village, and my harveſt ſmall.
As if thou ſhould'ſt *want* ſickneſs, grief and ſtriſe,
And better fates would lengthen out thy life,
Were as much land to thee, *alone*, allow'd,
As under (q) Tatius all Romes *people plow'd.*
In *old times* when a ſouldier, broke with age, The frugal rewards given in old time to ſouldiers.
Had ſtood the *Carthaginian* War, the rage
Of fiery (r) *Pyrrhus* and *Moloſſian* ſwords;
At length the *State*, with much ado, affords
For many wounds two acres pay, for blood
And ſweat; no man upon his merit ſtood
As greater, or his Country's faith accus'd,
As if he had ingratefully been us'd.
This glebe, the good man, the good wife, that lies
In child-bed, all the *cottage* did ſuffice.
Four infants, one ſlave, and young maſters three,
The ableſt of which brothers us'd to be
Moſt feaſted, pulſe was for their ſupper got,
Which on the fire ſmoak't in the *Greateſt* Pot,
When they came home from *digging*, or the *plow*:
So much land ſcarce ſerves for a *garden* now.
Hence almoſt ſpring all evils; *no one ſin*, The original of vice.
That to the mind of mankind enters in,
Poyſons or kills more then wealth's cruel thirſt;
For, all men would be rich, and rich at firſt.
But what *regard* of *Law*, what fear, what ſhame
In covetous rich men, flying to their aim?
Live pleas'd that you theſe ſheds, thoſe hillocks have. The Precepts of the Ancients to Children.
The (s) *Marſian*, *Hernick*, *Veſtine old men* gave
This counſel to *their* youth, To ſerve your board,
The follow'd Plough will bread enough afford;
This pleaſes beſt the (t) *Country-Gods*, that found,
And taught us th'art of tilling of the ground;
The ſweets whereof when once we underſtood, The virtuous contented with a little
We ſcorn'd the *Oak* that bore our *ancient* food.
They are not giv'n to any kind of vice,
That ſhame not to wade through the broken Ice

In

In Fiſher-mens great boots: and wear coats lin'd
With our own furrs, to keep away the wind.
All th' evil, all the wickedneſs we do,
New Principles for children to ſtudy. *The forreign unknown purple brings us to.*
Theſe precepts th'*Ancients* gave. *Now*, Autumn paſt,
The bauling Father to's ſon ſnoaring faſt
Wrangling at Law. At midnight, cries, Wake boy, take paper, draw,
Suing for command ith' Army. (And look you ſleep not ore't) a caſe in Law;
Read th'*old Law* (*u*) *Rubricks*, keep the (*x*) *Vine* in
Petitioning for a *Centurion's* place; (chaſe,
Broad ſhoulders, hairy noſtrils, uncomb'd hair,
In *Lælius*, the General's Eye, ſhow fair;
The *Mooriſh* Huts, or *Britiſh* Towers deſtroy,
At *threeſcore* a rich (*y*) *Eagle* to enjoy.
If the long labour of the camp diſpleaſe,
If Fifes and Cornets bring the looſe Diſeaſe,
Merchandize. Buy what for as much more will ſell again;
Nor do thou any Merchandize diſdain,
Though not 'o this ſide (*z*) *Tibur* to be brought;
Without diſtinction let all ware be bought,
Whether *perfumes* or *hides* thy chapmen ſell;
From whence ſo ere it riſes, gain (*a*) *ſmells well.*
Repeat this ſentence, by the *Poet* writ,
Worthy the ſtrain of a *Cæleſtial* wit,
Which *Jove* himſelf might utter, 'tis ſo juſt.
A wicked maxime propoſed. *No* (*b*) *matter whence it comes, but come it muſt.*
When *boys* beg *pence*, *old wives* this *leſſon* ſet,
Girls learn it ere they learn their Alphabet.
☞ To any, who ſhall thus his children ſchool,
The anſwer. I thus reply. Tell me thou vaineſt fool,
Why ſpurr'ſt thou him; go, make a ſure account
Thy boy his tutor ſhall as far (*c*) ſurmount,
As *Telamon* by *Ajax* his brave ſon
Or *Peleus* by *Achilles* was out-done.
Covetous children prove impious men. *Spare thy child, native evil hath not ſear'd*
His conſcience yet; but when he *comes* his beard,
And *ſhaves*, he then will a *falſe witneſs* come,
Perjur'd. Sell *Perjury* for any *little ſum*,
(*d*) Touch *Ceres* Altar, nay her foot; for dead
Give thy poor Daughter in Law, ev'n when ſhe's led,

Into

Into thy fatal houſe, a wealthy Bride,
Death in her *ſleep* by thy ſons *Touch* apply'd.
Thou bad'ſt him gather wealth, by Land and Seas, Murtherers of their Wives.
He finds *ſhort wayes*: *Great crimes are done with eaſe.*
But thou wilt ſay, when 'tis too late, I laid
No ſuch *commands*, did no ſuch thing *perſwade*;
Yet of his wicked mind art thou the cauſe, Fathers repent too late.
From thee his damned *principles* he draws;
For, they who getting of great ſums enjoyn,
And make their ill-taught children doat on coyn,
Bidding them, where advantage ſerves, *deceive*,
Do the whole reins unto the Chariot leave, No ſtopping the carriere of vice.
Which would'ſt thou ſtop, *it* knows not how to ſtay,
But all bounds broke, deſpight thee, runs away.
None ſin juſt ſo far, as he hath in charge,
But at his pleaſure will his vice inlarge.
When to thy ſon thou ſay'ſt, Fools only grant
A friends ſuite, or relieve a kinſmans want;
Thou teacheſt him to ſpoil, to circumvent,
And by all miſchiefs, *riches* to augment:
Which with as great a love thou doſt adore,
As ere the (*e*) *Decii* to their *Country* bore,
To *Thebes* (*f*) *Menœceus*, if *Greece* ſay true,
In whoſe land, ſown with Dragons teeth, there grew
Legions with ſwords and ſhields, that forthwith
As they along their *Trumpeter* had brought. (fought,
That fire, by thy ſparks kindled, thou ſhalt ſee Ill counſel turn'd upon the giver.
Flaming, devouring all, *not ſparing thee.*
The fierce young *Lion*, in his furious rage,
Will tear's old *trembling keeper* in his cage.
Though *Math'maticians* do thy ſcheme erect,
Tis tedious the *ſlow diſtaff* to expect.
He breaks thy thread, that hinders his intents,
The youth thy long and (*g*) hartlike *age* torments.
Send quickly, let (*h*) *Archigenes* be found, Children poiſon their own fathers.
And buy what (*i*) *Mythridates* did compound,
If thou wilt ſmell *another Roſe*, or eat
Another *Fig*, ere thou ſitt'ſt down to meat;
An Antidote let ſome or other bring,
As well to thee a *Father* as a *King*.

Tis

'Tis ſport, the like upon no ſtage hath been,
Nor in the *Prætor's* ſhow was ever ſeen,
Mens ridiculous follies. To note what lives are loſt, a houſe to found,
And what cheſts, lin'd with gold, with iron bound.
(k) *Caſtor* now watches, ſince *Mars* fell aſleep,
His helmet ſtoln, nor could his *own goods* keep.
Scorn (l) *Ceres*, *Flora's*, *Cybel's* paſtimes then,
A Merchant in a voyage compar'd to tumblers and dancers o'th Ropes. *No Plays, no Showes like buſineſſes of men.*
Can it ſo take, to ſee one backward ſtoop,
And caſt his flexive body through a hoop,
Or from the ſtretcht-out rope appear to ſlip?
As to ſee thee, in thy (m) *Coricyan* ſhip
Dwelling, for South and South-Eaſt winds to wrack;
Selling thy life, to buy a ſtinking ſack;
That from old (n) *Creet* to fetch fat Wine doſt *love*,
And their great flaggons, neighbours born to *Jove*:
Yet *he* that ſo his ſlippery footing ſets,
But the Tumblers do it for neceſſity. Eats by it, and the *Rope* his *Pardon* gets
From *cold* and *hunger*; *thou* doſt undertake
Thy dangers for a thouſand *talents* ſake,
A hundred *Villa's*; View the ports, ſurvey
The Merchant for Greedineſs, & Sea-voyages. Seas *fil'd* with wracks, mans major part at Sea:
And Sea-men ſail where there's moſt hope of gain,
Through the (o) *Getulian* and (p) *Carpathian* main,
Nay, beyond (q) *Calpe*, hear the ſetting Sun
Into th' *Herculean* Ocean *hiſſing* run.
For what? to bring home bags with money ſweld;
Boaſting thy wealth, and that thou haſt beheld
Mermaids and monſters; It muſt be confeſs'd
Theſe, more then with one fury, are poſſeſs'd.
The madneſs of ſuch as venture their lives for lordid ends. As, mad as (r) he, that in his ſiſters hands,
The furies haunted, with their ſnakes and brands;
(s) Or he, that when with whips an *Oxe* he goar'd,
Thought *Agamemnon* or *Ulyſſes* roar'd.
Though theſe their cloaks and coats from tearing ſpare,
Yet they are mad-men, that ſo heap their ware,
As to the upper deck they caſt a bank,
Diſtinguiſh't from the billows, by a plank:
Vent'ring for Bullion thus, whereon they print
Small faces and inſcriptions, at the Mint.

Lightning

Lightning and Clouds oppoſe, weigh Anchors, cryes
The Corn and Pepper-Merchant, let no skies,
With their black wens your manly hearts affright,
'Tis ſummer Thunder: the poor wretch, that night,
Perhaps is caſt away; and in his hand,
Or 'twixt his teeth, *(r)* his girdle bears to land; A Ship-wrack.
Who, late, was not content with all the Gold,
Down *(n) Tagus* or the bright *Pactolus* rol'd;
A little meat now ſerves, and puts about
His naked middle a cold crupper-clout;
While for a *ſhip-wrackt man he begs an alms.*
And hunger with his *(x) pictur'd* ſtorm becalms.
Goods got thus hardly, with more fear and care The cares of rich men.
Are kept; great monyed men poor wretches are.
Rich *(y) Licinus* in's houſe ſtill ſets the watch;
Trembling, for fear thieves ſhould his *amber* catch,
Statues and *Pillars* which the *Phrygians* ſmooth,
Broad *Tortois*, *Elephants* pure Snow-white tooth.
The *Cynicks tub* burns not, or if it break, The quiet minds of the contented poor.
Yet he, againſt to morrow, may beſpeak
Another, or the ſame may ſerve again
Plaited with lead; 'twas this, which made it plain
To *Alexander* (when in that poor ſeat
He viſited *(a) Diogenes* the *great,)* *Diogenes* prefer'd before *Alexander.*
How much he happier was that askt for nought,
Then he, who the whole worlds ſubjection ſought?
Like great his acts and dangers. (a) All the powers
Will be our own, if Wiſdom be but ours.
And yet to thee vain fortune, we have giv'n
The name of Goddeſs. But how make I ev'n
Th' accounts of wealth? If any ask, I tell. Nature contented with neceſſaries.
Get what cold thirſt and hunger may expell,
What th'Earth to *(c) Epicurus* did afford,
Or long ſince ſerv'd at *(d) Socrates* his board;
Nature ne're akes this thing, and wiſdom that.
But theſe ſharp rules I ſee thee ſtartled at;
Mix therefore ſomething of our manners; get Some ſuperfluity tolerable.
The ſum, that's for the fourteen benches ſet,
By *(e) Otho's* Law; and if this make thee frown,
And pouch thy lips out, to thy ſelf ſet down

Seſtertia

Seſtertia thrice four hundred, being the rates
Of juſt *three Roman Gentlemens* Eſtates.
Is't not a lap-ful, is a ſpace yet void?
The whole World cannot ſatisfie ambition.
Then all the fortunes (*f*) *Craſus* e're enjoy'd,
Nay the whole (*g*) *Perſian* Kingdom will not do,
Nor all the wealth (*h*) *Narciſſus* roſe unto,
Who govern'd *Claudius Cæſar* all his life,
And charg'd the *Tribune* to kill *Cæſars* Wife.

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The fourteenth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(*a*) VErſe 1. *Fuſcinus*] The Authors friend, to whom he directs this Satyr.

(*b*) Ver. 9. *Beccafico*] The *Ficedula* or *fig-pecker*, called by the *Italian Beccafico*, becauſe it feeds moſt on *fig-trees*, is a Bird which at this day the *Italians* eſteem one of the greateſt rarities they can put into a *bisk* or *ollio*.

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(*d*) Ver. 29. Letters] Letters ſtigmatized in ſlaves foreheads by the keepers of Country Jayls or houſes of Correction.

(*e*) Verſe 37. *Larga*] A famous Courtezan of *Rome*.

(*f*) V.

(f) V. 47. *A. Catiline*] A wicked debaucht fellow that would have ſacrificed his Country.

(g) V. 48. *A Brutus*] Nephew to *Cato Utican*, both juſt and wiſe men, that ſacrificed themſelves for their Country.

(h) V. 48. *Cenſour*] The Judge of manners.

(i) V. 66. Cupping glaſſes] Men that grew mad for want of ſleep had their heads ſhaved and capt, as you may read in *Celſus*, *lib.* 3. *cap.* 18.

(k) V. 98. *Cajeta*] A Port in *Campania* ſaid to have received that name from *Cajeta Æneas's nurſe* there buried; but *Strabo* ſays it was ſo called from the crookedneſs of the ſhoar, the *Lacedemonians* calling all things crooked *Cajeta*, to which haply *Juvenal* alludes.

(l) V. 99. *Tybur*] A town of the *Sabines*, 16 miles from *Rome*, ſtanding high as you may ſee Sat. 3. verſ. 224.

(m) V. 99. *Præneſte*] A town of *Latium*, that took its denomination from *Præneſtus*, nephew to *Ulyſſes* and ſon to King *Latinus*.

(n) V. 103. *Poſides Spadô*] Freedman to *Claudius*, and ſo powerful with him, that *Claudius* in his *Britiſh Triumph*, gave him the *haſta pura*, a *Spear* without a pike, that being then one of the greateſt *honorary rewards* a Souldier could receive for ſervice; to which the Emperour added the Government of *Judea*, making him in that Province his Lieutenant General, and inveſting him in the right to be carried in a cloſe-chair or *Sedan*, and to make publique ſhows. This *Poſides* made that ſtately Fabrick at the *warm-baths* in *Bajæ* which was called the *Poſidonian buildings*.

(o) V. 129. *Heſperian Dragon*] The golden fruit which this ever waking dragon kept, I have noted Sat. 5 v. 180.

(p) V. 151. The Bridge] Where the Beggars kept their ſtation.

(q) V. 181. *Tatius*] King of the *Sabines*, Who (after the peace made betwixt him and *Rome* by the *Sabine women*) governed joyntly with *Romulus*, but no great quantity of ground, as you ſee, when *Tyber* was the bound of the Empire, Sat. 8. ver. 344.

(r) V. 184. *Pyrrhus*] King of the *Epirots* or *Moloſſeans*, that great Souldier, with whom the *Conſul Dentatus*

 fought

fought two battels, wherein he loſt threeſcore thouſand *Romanes*.

(*s*) V. 205. The *Marſian*] To be contented with their poor *ſheds* and *hillocks*, not to build *Palaces* and *purchaſe*, was counſel which anciently the old country-men the *Marſians* near *Alba*, and their neighbours the *Hernicks* and *Veſtines*, gave unto their Children.

(*t*) V. 208. Country Gods] *Tellus* and *Ceres*, that taught us to husband the ground, and thereby to force out of it a *better meat* then *acorns*, the food of the golden age, as you may read in Sat. 6. ver. 9.

(*u*) V. 222. Law *Rubricks*] Titles of old laws writ in red letters.

(*x*) V. 222. Vine] The *Centurions* Truncheon was of *Vine-tree*, as you may ſee by his labouring the ſides of *Marius* with it, when *Marius* was the *Camp-Carpenter*, Sat. 8.

(*y*) V. 227. A rich Eagle] Wealth got by following the Eagle or *Roman colours*, which at his 60 years he ſhould enjoy, being then *Miles Emeritus*, exempted from all ſervice of the war.

(*z*) V. 232. On this ſide *Tiber*] Beyond *Tiber*, or on the *Roman* bank-ſide, were all ſordid Trades, as Diers, Tanners, &c. — not a *Trans-tiberin* skin *ſtead* from a *Dog*, *Mart. l. 6.*

(*a*) V. 235. Gain ſmells well] The Poet alludes to *Veſpaſians* anſwer to his ſon *Titus*, that ſpake his opinion againſt raiſing money by ſo ſordid an impoſt as upon urin, whereupon *Veſpaſian* pulling out a new piece of gold, asks him how it ſmelled, he replied very well, yet ſaid *Veſpatian* this comes out of the piſpot. *Suetonius*.

(*b*) V. 239. No matter] A verſe in the old Poet *Ennius*.

(*c*) V. 245. Surmount] As far as theſe were exceeded in *virtue* by their ſons, ſo far will thine ourdo thee in *vice*. This is the Genealogy of thoſe Worthies.

Jupiter.
Æacus.
Telamon. *Peleus.*
Ajax. *Achilles.*

(*d*) V. 255. Touch] Thy ſon will forſwear himſelf, touching the Altar and foot of the Goddeſs *Ceres*, which in

times none durſt preſume to *touch*, unleſs they knew themſelves to have chaſt minds and bodies, Satyr 6. v. 53.

(i) V. 275. *Decii*] That *devoted* or ſacrificed themſelves for their Country, Sat. 8. verſ. 330.

(j) V. 276. *Menœcius*] Son to *Creon* King of *Thebes*, by underſtanding by the Prophet *Tireſias*, that *Thebes* ſhould never be conquered, if he would go and lay down his life in the cave where his Anceſtour *Cadmus* ſlew the ſerpent; unknown to his Father, *Menœceus* ſtole out the Cave, and there ſlew himſelf. But this ſtory of *Menœcius*, *Juvenal* determines to be no *greater* a *truth* than that other of *Cadmus* his *killing* the *Dragon*, and *ſowing* of his teeth, which preſently ſprung up in ſquadrons of armed men, that fought and killed one another. See *Ovid Metamorph. lib.* 3.

(k) V. 287. Hart-like] The Harts, ſome ſay live 900 years, but all know they live long; for ſome were found to have collars of gold about their necks, inſcribed by *Alexander* the great, which were overgrown with their hairy skin, a hundred years after his death.

(l) V. 288. *Archigenes*] The greateſt Phyſician in *Rome*, and moſt eſteemed, becauſe his name ſhews him to be a *Græcian*.

(m) V. 289. *Mithridates*] King of *Pontus*, who invented that famous high Cordial and Antidote which bears his name.

(n) V. 298. *Caſtor*] Rich men carried their wealth to be kept ſafe in Temples, which formerly in cheſts barred with Iron they left in the *Forum* or *Exchange* of *Auguſtus*, dedicated to *Mars* the *Revenger*, where it ſeems thieves broke in, and robbed not only the Merchants trunks, but ſtole the Helmet from the *Image* of *Mars* himſelf.

(o) V. 300. *Ceres*] The *Cereal* ſhows, or horſematches were firſt ſet forth by *Cajus Memmius*, *the Ædilis Curulis* in the beginning of May; the *Floral* ſhowes were celebrated in the end of April, in honour of the Goddeſs of Flowers and gardens; therefore no beaſts but hares and ſuch like little garden-creatures were baited

:n her ſolemnities. Of *Cybel's* or the *Megaleſian* Play have ſpoken in Sat. 6. verſ. 72.

(*m*) V. 305. *Corycian* Ship] Bound for *Corycium* a P montory of *Creet*.

(*n*) V. 308. Old *Creet*] Where *Jupiter* was born.

(*o*) V. 317. *Getulian*] The *Lybian* Sea.

(*p*) V. 317. *Carpathian*] This Sea ſtretches bey *Rhodes*, *Creet* and *Cyprus*, and is named from the Il *Carpathus*, lying betwixt *Rhodes* and *Creet*.

(*q*) V. 318. *Calpe*] *Calpe* and *Abila* are the two pil of *Hercules*, that in *Spain*, this in *Mauritania*; which be in the Poets time (as you may ſee Sat. 10. v. 1.) belie to be the fartheſt habitable part *Weſtward*, they ſailed beyond it, were conceived to hear the Sun's chariot ſet hiſſing in the *Herculean* Ocean.

(*r*) V. 324. *He*] *Oreſtes*, who in his madneſs, had his keeper his ſiſter *Electra*, and ſtill imagined him to be followed with the *Furies*, ſhaking their Sn locks and flouriſhing their Torches.

(*s*) V. 326. Or *He*] *Ajax*, who being foil'd by *Aga nons* judgement, in the ſute betwixt him and *Uly* (which of them ſhould have *Achilles*'s Arms,) ran m and *routed* the *cattel*, doing *execution* upon *Oxen*, ta them to be *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes*. Afterward, com to himſelf, and underſtanding what he had done, ſlew himſelf for ſhame.

(*t*) V. 339. *Girdle*] Wherein he had ſowed ſo money.

(*u*) V. 341. *Tagus*] A River in *Luſitania*, whoſe ſa were ſaid to be mixed with gold-ore, like to tha *Pactolus* in *Lydia*.

(*x*) V. 344. Pictur'd ſtorm] The richer ſort uſed to h up the ſtory of their dangers at Sea in Pictures, within Temple of *Iſis*, Sat. 12. v. 31; but the meaner ſort beg holding the *Picture*, as ours do a *brief* or *certificate*.

(*y*) V. 348. Rich *Licinus*] Freed man to *Augu* of whom Sat. 1. at v. 129.

(*a*) V. 352. The *Cynick*] *Diogenes*. The Ancients hade then Tubbs and Boats baked by the Potter, as appe by this of the Poet, and that in Sat. 15. v. 143.

(*b*)

(d) V. 360. All the Powers] These verses conclude the
h *Satyr*, and if they were not remarkable, *Juvenal*
ld not have repeated them; therefore weigh them,
d you will find, they rectifie that errour of the blind
rld, that prefers *Fortune* before *Wisdom*.

(e) V. 366. *Epicurus*] Who lived upon Roots, and
ros.

(f) V. 367. *Socrates*] Whom at a time when all *Athens*
infected with the pestilence, only his abstinence
temperance preserved.

(g) V. 372. *Otho's* Law] That made only those *Ro-*
s capable of the Priviledges of a Gentleman, whose
te was 400 Sestertia, *vide Sat.* 3. v. 188.

(h) V. 377. *Cræsus*] King of *Lydia*, so proud of his
cessive wealth, that he thought *Solon* would have
down and worshipt him for it.

(i) V. 378. *Persian* Kingdom] In the reign of their
nest Kings *Artaxerxes* and *Darius*, touching which
d *Justine*.

(k) V. 379. *Narcissus*] The rich freed man of *Clau-*
s *Cæsar*, and so powerful with him, that had not he
ormed him of his dishonour in the publick Marriage
his Empress *Messalina* to *Caius Silius*, she had esca-
d. But *Narcissus* least the dull Emperor should cool
his revenge, ran forth of the Bed-chamber, and told
e *Centurion* and the *Tribune*, they must hasten and di-
atch her, 'twas the Emperors command; and so she
s slain by the *Tribune*, in the *Lucilian Gardens*, as you
e in the end of *Saty.* 10. Read *Tacitus*, *lib.* 11.

The fifteenth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Tentyrites *and* Combites *fight,*
Theſe drunk with wine *and thoſe with* ſpite.
Whoſe Gods *are true, that is to ſay,*
Whoſe Leeks *or* Onions, *makes the fray.*
Where they, that worſhip lawful food,
Eat up a man, and drink his blood;
Thus violating all the laws
Of Nature, *for* Religion's *cauſe.*

The ridiculous Gods of *Ægypt.*

WHo (*Voluſus* (*a*) *Bithynicus*) but knows,
For *Gods* what *Monſters* frantick *Egypt* ſhows
This place adores the (*b*) *Crocodile*, in that
(*c*) *Ibis*, with ſerpents gorg'd, is trembled at. (heard,
Where from (*d*) half-*Memnon* magick lutes are
And *Thebes* lies, with her hundred gates inter'd,
Th' huge long-tail'd *Monkey* is a Godhead there.
There *Sea-fiſh*, the *freſh water fiſhes* here. (dreſs,
Whole Cities to the (*e*) Hound, their prayers ad-
None to *Diana*, the fair forreſtreſs.

Leeks & Onions held unlawful meat.

To ſtrike a (*f*) *Leek* or *Onion* with the edge
Of the preſumptuous teeth, is ſacriledge.
O bleſſed people, in whoſe gardens ſpring
Your *Gods*! that hold it an unlawful thing,

Mans fleſh eaten without ſcruple.

The fleecy (*g*) *ſheep*, or little *kid* to eat,
But lawful to make *humane fleſh* your meat.

When

When grave *Ulysses* telling the like crime
Amaz'd (*b*) *Alcinous* at supper time;
No doubt, in some it laughter mov'd, or spleen,
As he a lying travellour had been.
Will none this fellow cast into the Main?
Worthy a (*i*) *true Charybdis*, thus to *feign*
Cyclops and *Læstrigons* that mans flesh eat,
That *Cyan* rocks meet; the (*k*) *ly's* not so great,
That *Scylla* barks, that bladders, to his hand, (wand,
Were fill'd with storms; that struck with *Circes*
Elpenor grunted with his mates turn'd swine:
To fool us sure is this old mans design.
Thus some stay'd *Phæack*, who at meal would drink
Less (*l*) *Corcyræan* wine, might justly think,
Because *Ulysses* had no witness there.
I sing, indeed, things hideous, but that were
In the late *Consulship* of (*m*) *Junius* done
At (*n*) *Coptus*, scorcht by the nere-clouded sun.
A crime no *Tragœdie* can parallel:
For search all stories, *Buskin'd* Poets tell,
From (*o*) *Pyrrha's* time; no fact, like what the rage
Of this wild people acted in our age.
An old grudge, to immortal hatred turn'd,
Betwixt the (*p*) *Tentyrites* and *Combites* burn'd;
A wound, in these adjoyning towns, past cure,
Because that neither people will indure
Their neighbours *Deities*, or will have more
Held to be *Gods*, then they themselves adore.
When at their *feast* the *Combites* set their beds (heads
And boards in Temples, and (*q*) highways; the
And Leaders of the *Enemy*, that meant
To make a sad feast, labour'd to prevent
The rising from their cups, which day and night,
Those men had set at, till the sun's seventh light.
Ægypt 'tis all debauch'd, this truth (*r*) know I,
Each *poor town* may with *Iew'd* (*s*) *Canopus* vie.
Adde, that a victory comes easie, when
The foes are tipled, lisping, reeling men, (they
With flow'rs crown'd, nointed with all unguents,
Of *Combus* dance, *here Negro-pipers* play,

Quarrels in Religion irreconcileable.

A popular Tumult deſcrib'd.

And *there* comes malice faſting; firſt they fall
To words, *Zeal ſounds the Trumpet to the brawl.*
With equal clamours then begins the fight:
Bare *hands*, inſtead of *darts*, on faces light.
Scarce any cheek eſcap'd, without a wound,
In all the ſcuffle no one noſe was ſound,
Half faces, or chang'd looks, have all the rout,
And gaping bones through broken cheeks ſtick
Fiſts full of blood, drawn from bruis'd eyes, they caught;
Yet they themſelves all this but boys play thought.

The whole World cannot ſatisfie ambition.

All all the fortunes (f) *Crœſus* e're enjoy'd,
Nay the whole (g) *Perſian* Kingdom will not do,
Nor all the wealth (h) *Narciſſus* roſe unto,
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(f) V.

And ſtoln from *Heav'n*, did on the *earth* beſtow;
I joy it, and I think it ſelf does ſo.
But he that of the carcaſe *got a bit*,
Nere taſted any fleſh ſo ſweet as it.
For 'tis not to be be queſtion'd, if the *prime*
Of pleaſures were the *guſt*, in ſuch a crime.
Nay, who to eat his ſhare, too far off ſtood,
Scrap'd with his fingers from the Earth ſome *blood*.
The (*y*) *Biſcainers*, they ſay, to mans fleſh ow'd
Their life; but how? when war and fortune ſhow'd
Their [illegible] ſpleen, *theirs was the worſt of fate*,

The horrid pleaſure of malice.

[illegible] Nephew to *Caio Iulian*, both juſt and wiſe men, that ſacrificed themſelves for their Country.

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(*l*) V. 99. *Tybur*] A town of the *Sabines*, 16 miles from *Rome*, ſtanding high as you may ſee Sat. 3. verſ. 224.

(*m*) V. 99. *Præneſte*] A town of *Latium*, that took its denomination from *Præneſtus*, nephew to *ulyſſes* and ſon to King *Latinus*.

(*n*) V. 103. *Poſides Spado*] Freedman to *Claudius*, and ſo powerful with him, that *Claudius* in his *Britiſh Triumph*, gave him the *haſta pura*, a *Spear* without a pike, that being then one of the greateſt *honorary rewards* a Souldier could receive for ſervice; to which the Emperour added the Government of *Judea*, making him in that Province his Lieutenant General, and inveſting him in the right to be carried in a cloſe-chair or *Sedan*, and to make publique ſhows. This *Poſides* made that ſtately Fabrick at the *warm-baths* in *Bajæ* which was called the *Poſidonian buildings*.

(*o*) V. 129. *Heſperian Dragon*] The golden fruit which this ever waking dragon kept, I have noted Sat. 5 v. 180.

(*p*) V. 151. The Bridge] Where the Beggars kept their ſtation.

(*q*) V. 181. *Tatius*] King of the *Sabines*, Who (after the peace made betwixt him and *Rome* by the *Sabine women*) governed joyntly with *Romulus*, but no great quantity of ground, as you ſee, when *Tyber* was the bound of the Empire, Sat. 8. ver. 344.

(*r*) V. 184. *Pyrrhus*] King of the *Epirots* or *Moloſſeans*, that great Souldier, with whom the *Conſul Dentatus*

 fought

fought two battels, wherein he loſt threeſcore thouſand *Romanes*.

(*s*) V. 205. The *Marſian*] To be contented with their poor *ſheds* and *hillocks*, not to build *Palaces* and *purchaſe*, was counſel which anciently the old country-men the *Marſians* near *Alba*, and their neighbours the *Hernicks* and *Veſtines*, gave unto their Children.

(*t*) V. 208. Country Gods] *Tellus* and *Ceres*, that taught us to husband the ground, and thereby to force out of it a *better meat* then *acorns*, the food of the golden age, as you may read in Sat. 6. ver. 9.

(*u*) V. 222. Law *Rubricks*] Titles of old laws writ in red letters.

(*x*) V. 222. Vine] The *Centurions* Trunchion was of *Vine-tree*, as you may ſee by his labouring the ſides of *Marius* with it, when *Marius* was the *Camp-Carpenter*, Sat. 8.

(*y*) V. 227. A rich Eagle] Wealth got by following the Eagle or *Roman colours*, which at his 60 years he ſhould enjoy, being then *Miles Emeritus*, exempted from all ſervice of the war.

(*z*) V. 232. On this ſide *Tiber*] Beyond *Tiber*, or on the *Roman* bank-ſide, were all ſordid Trades, as Diers, Tanners, &c. — not a *Trans-tiberin* skin *ſtead* from a *Dog*, *Mart. l. 6.*

(*a*) V. 235. Gain ſmells well] The Poet alludes to *Veſpaſians* anſwer to his ſon *Titus*, that ſpake his opinion againſt raiſing money by ſo ſordid an impoſt as upon urin, whereupon *Veſpaſian* pulling out a new piece of gold, askt him how it ſmelled, he replied very well, yet ſaid *Veſpatian* this comes out of the piſpot. *Suetonius.*

(*b*) V. 239. No matter] A verſe in the old Poet *Ennius.*

(*c*) V. 245. Surmount] As far as theſe were exceeded in *virtue* by their ſons, ſo far will thine ourdo thee in *vice*. This is the Genealogy of thoſe Worthies.

Jupiter.
Æacus.
Telamon. *Peleus.*
Ajax. *Achilles.*

(*d*) V. 255. Touch] Thy ſon will forſwear himſelf, touching the Altar and foot of the Goddeſs *Ceres*, which

times none durſt preſume to *touch*, unleſs they knew emſelves to have chaſt minds and bodies, Satyr 6. rſ. 53.

(*t*) V. 275. *Decii*] That *devoted* or ſacrificed themves for their Country, Sat. 8. verſ. 330.

(*f*) V. 276. *Menœcius*] Son to *Creon* King of *Thebes*, o underſtanding by the Prophet *Tireſias*, that *Thebes* uld never be conquered, if he would go and lay wn his life in the cave where his Anceſtour *Cadmus* d the ſerpent; unknown to his Father, *Menœceus* ſtole the Cave, and there ſlew himſelf. But this ſtory of nœcius, *Juvenal* determines to be no *greater* a *truth* n that other of *Cadmus* his *killing* the *Dragon*, and *ing* of his teeth, which preſently ſprung up in ſquaons of armed men, that fought and killed one anor. See *Ovid Metamorph. lib.* 3.

(*g*) V. 287. Hart-like] The Harts, ſome ſay live 900 rs, but all know they live long; for ſome were found have collars of gold about their necks, inſcribed by *xander* the great, which were overgrown with their ry skin, a hundred years after his death.

(*h*) V. 288. *Archigenes*] The greateſt Phyſician in *Rome*, d moſt eſteemed, becauſe his name ſhews him to be *Græcian*.

(*i*) V. 289. *Mithridates*] King of *Pontus*, who invented t famous high Cordial and Antidote which bears his me.

(*k*) V. 298. *Caſtor*] Rich men carried their wealth to kept ſafe in Temples, which formerly in cheſts barwith Iron they left in the *Forum* or *Exchange* of guſtus, dedicated to *Mars* the *Revenger*, where it ems thieves broke in, and robbed not only the Merants trunks, but ſtole the Helmet from the *Image* of *Mars* himſelf.

(*l*) V. 300. *Ceres*] The *Cereal* ſhows, or horſematches ere firſt ſet forth by *Cajus Memmius*, *the Ædilis Curlis* in the beginning of May; the *Floral* ſhowes were elebrated in the end of April, in honour of the Godeſs of Flowers and gardens; therefore no beaſts but ares and ſuch like little garden-creatures were baited

in her ſolemnities. Of *Cybel's* or the *Megaleſian* Play have ſpoken in Sat. 6. verſ. 72.

(*m*) V. 305. *Corycian* Ship] Bound for *Corycium* a P montory of *Creet*.

(*n*) V. 308. Old *Creet*] Where *Jupiter* was born.

(*o*) V. 317. *Getulian*] The *Lybian* Sea.

(*p*) V. 317. *Carpathian*] This Sea ſtretches bey *Rhodes*, *Creet* and *Cyprus*, and is named from the Iſl *Carpathus*, lying betwixt *Rhodes* and *Creet*.

(*q*) V. 318. *Calpe*] *Calpe* and *Abila* are the two pil of *Hercules*, that in *Spain*, this in *Mauritania*; which be in the Poets time (as you may ſee Sat. 10. v. 1.) belie to be the fartheſt habitable part *weſtward*, they t ſailed beyond it, were conceived to hear the Sun's chariot ſet hiſſing in the *Herculean* Ocean.

(*r*) V. 324. *He*] *Oreſtes*, who in his madneſs, had his keeper his ſiſter *Electra*, and ſtill imagined him to be followed with the *Furies*, ſhaking their Sn locks and flouriſhing their Torches.

(*s*) V. 326. Or *He*] *Ajax*, who being foil'd by *Aga nons* judgement, in the ſute betwixt him and *uly* (which of them ſhould have *Achilles*'s Arms,) ran m and *routed* the *cattel*, doing *execution* upon *Oxen*, tak them to be *Agamemnon* and *ulyſſes*. Afterward, com to himſelf, and underſtanding what he had done, ſlew himſelf for ſhame.

(*t*) V. 339. *Girdle*] Wherein he had ſowed ſo money.

(*u*) V. 341. *Tagus*] A River in *Luſitania*, whoſe ſa were ſaid to be mixed with gold-ore, like to tha *Pactolus* in *Lydia*.

(*x*) V. 344. Pictur'd ſtorm] The richer ſort uſed to h up the ſtory of their dangers at Sea in Pictures, within Temple of *Iſis*, Sat. 12. v. 31; but the meaner ſort beg holding the *Picture*, as ours do a *brief* or *certificate*.

(*y*) V. 348. Rich *Licinus*] Freed man to *Auguſ* of whom Sat. 1. at v. 129.

(*a*) V. 352. The *Cynick*] *Diogenes*. The Ancients hade then Tubbs and Boats baked by the Potter, as appe by this of the Poet, and that in Sat. 15. v. 143.

(*b*)

(i) V. 360. All the Powers] Theſe verſes conclude the th *Satyr*, and if they were not remarkable, *Juvenal* uld not have repeated them; therefore weigh them, d you will find, they rectifie that errour of the blind rld, that prefers *Fortune* before *Wiſdom*.

(k) V. 366. *Epicurus*] Who lived upon Roots, and bs.

(l) V. 367. *Socrates*] Whom at a time when all *Athens* infected with the peſtilence, only his abſtinence temperance preſerved.

(m) V. 372. *Otho's* Law] That made only thoſe *Ro-* capable of the Priviledges of a Gentleman, whoſe te was 400 Seſtertia, *vide Sat.* 3. v. 188.

(n) V. 377. *Crœſus*] King of *Lydia*, ſo proud of his ceſſive wealth, that he thought *Solon* would have down and worſhipt him for it.

(o) V. 378. *Perſian* Kingdom] In the reign of their neſt Kings *Artaxerxes* and *Darius*, touching which d *Juſtine*.

(p) V. 379. *Narciſſus*] The rich freed man of *Clau-* *Cæſar*, and ſo powerful with him, that had not he ormed him of his diſhonour in the publick Marriage his Empreſs *Meſſalina* to *Caius Silius*, ſhe had eſca-d. But *Narciſſus* leaſt the dull Emperor ſhould cool his revenge, ran forth of the Bed-chamber, and told e *Centurion* and the *Tribune*, they muſt haſten and di-atch her, 'twas the Emperors command; and ſo ſhe s ſlain by the *Tribune*, in the *Lucilian Gardens*, as you in the end of *Saty.* 10. Read *Tacitus*, *lib.* 11.

The fifteenth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Tentyrites *and* Combites *fight,*
These drunk with wine *and those with* ſpite.
Whoſe Gods *are true, that is to ſay,*
Whoſe Leeks *or* Onions, *makes the fray.*
Where they, that worſhip lawful food,
Eat up a man, and drink his blood;
Thus violating all the laws
Of Nature, *for* Religion's *cauſe.*

The ridiculous Gods of *Egypt.*

WHo (*Voluſus* (*a*) *Bithynicus*) but knows,
For *Gods* what *Monſters* frantick *Egypt* ſhows.
This place adores the (*b*) *Crocodile*, in that
(*c*) *Ibis*, with ſerpents gorg'd, is trembled at. (heard,
Where from (*d*) half-*Memnon* magick lutes are
And *Thebes* lies, with her hundred gates inter'd,
Th' huge long-tail'd *Monkey* is a Godhead there.
There *Sea-fiſh*, the *freſh water fiſhes* here. (dreſs,
Whole Cities to the (*e*) Hound, their prayers ad-
None to *Diana*, the fair forreſtreſs.

Leeks & Onions held unlawful meat.

To ſtrike a (*f*) *Leek* or *Onion* with the edge
Of the preſumptuous teeth, is ſacriledge.
O bleſſed people, in whoſe gardens ſpring
Your *Gods*! that hold it an unlawful thing,

Mans fleſh eaten without ſcruple.

The fleecy (*g*) *ſheep*, or little *kid* to eat,
But lawful to make *humane fleſh* your meat.

When

When grave *Ulysses* telling the like crime
Amaz'd (*b*) *Alcinous* at supper time;
No doubt, in some it laughter mov'd, or spleen,
As he a lying travellour had been.
Will none this fellow cast into the Main?
Worthy a (*i*) *true Charybdis*, thus to *feign*
Cyclops and *Læstrigons* that mans flesh eat,
That *Cyan* rocks meet; the (*k*) *ly's* not so great,
That *Scylla* barks, that bladders, to his hand, (wand,
Were fill'd with storms; that struck with *Circes*
Elpenor grunted with his mates turn'd swine:
To fool us sure is this old mans design.
Thus some stay'd *Phæack*, who at meal would drink
Less (*l*) *Corcyræan* wine, might justly think,
Because *Ulysses* had no witness there.
I sing, indeed, things hideous, but that were
In the late *Consulship* of (*m*) *Junius* done
At (*n*) *Coptus*, scorcht by the nere-clouded sun.
A crime no *Tragœdie* can parallel:
For search all stories, *Buskin'd* Poets tell,
From (*o*) *Pyrrha's* time; no fact, like what the rage
Of this wild people acted in our age.
An old grudge, to immortal hatred turn'd,
Betwixt the (*p*) *Tentyrites* and *Combites* burn'd;
A wound, in these adjoyning towns, past cure,
Because that neither people will indure
Their neighbours *Deities*, or will have more
Held to be *Gods*, then they themselves adore.
When at their *feast* the *Combites* set their beds (heads
And boards in Temples, and (*q*) highways; the
And Leaders of the *Enemy*, that meant
To make a sad feast, labour'd to prevent
The rising from their cups, which day and night,
Those men had set at, till the sun's seventh light.
Ægypt 'tis all debauch'd, this truth (*r*) know I,
Each *poor town* may with *lew'd* (*s*) *Canopus* vie.
Adde, that a victory comes easie, when
The foes are tipled, lisping, reeling men, (they
With flow'rs crown'd, nointed with all unguents,
Of *Combus* dance, *here Negro-pipers* play,

Quarrels in Religion irreconcileable.

A popular Tumult describ'd.

And *there* comes malice fasting; first they fall
To words, *Zeal sounds the Trumpet to the brawl.*
With equal clamours then begins the fight:
Bare *hands*, instead of *darts*, on faces light.
Scarce any cheek escap'd, without a wound,
In all the scuffle no one nose was sound,
Half faces, or chang'd looks, have all the rout,
And gaping bones through broken cheeks stick out
Fists full of blood, drawn from bruis'd eyes, they caught;
Yet they themselves all this but boys play thought,
Because as yet no carcase trampled lies,
But many thousands fighting, no one dies.
Their fury therefore sharper grows, and now bow,
With stretcht-out arms down to the ground they
To seek for stones, which sudden tumults arm;
Nor are these, *stones* that can do equal harm
With those, which (*t*) *Ajax* or strong *Turnnus* threw,
Or *weights*, such as from *Diomedes* flew,
And, hitting of his thigh, *Æneas* feld;
But such as less and weaker hands can weld.
Hands of our *time*: In *Homer's* days *that* birth
Decreas'd in stature, but upon the Earth
The little fighting fools that now are born,
No *God* can look on, but (*u*) must laugh to scorn.
But to my story; Now *supplies* come in,

The Battel.

To draw their swords the *Tentyrites* begin,
Keen arrows shoot, the *Combites run* apace,
As fast the *shady* (*x*) palm-trees neighbours *chase*.
A *Combite* falls, pusht headlong by his fear,
Him seiz'd, the *Tentyrites* to pieces tear.
That *many* may on *one* dead body sup;
Nor call for *pots*, or *spits*, to eat him up
Or *boyld* or *roasted*; the victorious throng,
To stay for fire do think the time too long.
They gobbet down his flesh, his bones they gnaw,
And are most highly pleas'd to eat him raw.
It glads me, that the *fire* scap'd unprophan'd,
That Element, which sly *Prometheus* gain'd,

And

And ſtoln from *Heav'n*, did on the *earth* beſtow;
I joy it, and I think it ſelf does ſo.
But he that of the carcaſe *got* a *bit*,
Nere taſted any fleſh ſo ſweet as it.
For 'tis not to be be queſtion'd, if the *prime*
Of pleaſures were the *guſt*, in ſuch a crime.
Nay, who to eat his ſhare, too far off ſtood,
Scrap'd with his fingers from the Earth ſome *blood*.
The (*y*) *Biſcainers*, they ſay, to mans fleſh ow'd
Their life; but how? when war and fortune ſhow'd
Their utmoſt ſpleen, *theirs was the worſt of fate*,
'Twas famine in a ſiege of longeſt date;
Thieir miſerable food ſhould pitti'd be,
The very people *nam'd*, draws tears from me.
After all herbs, all animals, the ſting
Of hunger makes them ſnatch at any thing;
The foe ev'n pittying their *morphew'd* skin,
Pale looks, and joynts for want of meat grown thin:
They famiſht fed on *others*, when they were
For hunger ready their *own* fleſh to tear.
What *man*, what *God*, but ſuch might hold excus'd,
When this ſad weight of wretched fortune bruis'd?
To whom their very *Ghoſts* might pardon give,
On whoſe *dead bodies* they were *forc'd* to live.
We better precepts have from *Zeno* won,
He does not hold *all* muſt for *life* be done.
This *doctrine* whence ſhould (*z*) *Biscain Stoicks* raiſe,
Ith' time of *old Metellus?* in our dayes,
We ſee the *Græcian Athens*, and our own, (grown,
Spread through the world; the *Britains* Lawyers
Taught by the *French*; like them will *Thule* do,
They talk of hiring *Rhetoricians* too.
But this brave people, and the (*b*) *Saguntine*,
They who alike in faith and honour ſhine,
But greater in the number of their dead;
Their juſt excuſe *neceſſity* may plead.
(*c*) *Mæotis* with leſs rage the world affrights,
Then *Ægypt*; for the bloudy *Tauriek rites*
She that ordain'd, (now truſt a Poets pen,)
Only requir'd a *ſacrifice* of men;

The horrid pleaſure of malice.

The miſery of famine in a Town beſieged.

Men ſacrificed to *Diana*.

But

But the poor wretch, that was to loſe his life,
Fear'd nothing there *more* barbarous then the knife.
What accident, what ſiege or famine held,
That *Ægypt* to ſuch monſtrous things compell'd?
For which, me thinks their *Memphian* (*d*) *Nile* ſhould
Into a rage, and ceaſe to overflow. (grow
The horrid (*e*) *Cimbrian*, *Briton*, *Agathyrſe*,
Nor wild *Sarmatian* knows a rage ſo fierce,
As this effeminate uſeleſs rout; that floats,
Row'd with ſhort oars, in painted earthen boats:
To ſuit their crime you can no penance frame,
In whoſe minds *wrath* and *hunger* are the *ſame*.

Pity and tears proper to mankind.

The ſofteſt hearts kind Nature, *it appears*,
Gave to us men, becauſe ſhe gave us Tears.
Our ſenſes nobleſt part, our grief commands
For our ſad friend; or when a Priſ'ner ſtands
In mournings at the bar: for cozening ſleights,
When to the Court his guardians th'*Orphan* cites;
Whoſe treſs-like hair, and eyes ſtill dropping pearle,
Makes us doubt whether he's a *boy* or *girle*.
Nature commands our tears, when in the ſtreet,
A marriageable Virgins *corps* we meet;
Or when a child, his death annex'd to's birth,
Too *little* for the *fire*, is clos'd in *earth*.
What good man, that (*f*) *myſterious lights may uſe*,
Such as you would for Prieſt to Ceres *chuſe*,
But thinks another's *miſeries are his?*

Mans divine knowledge.

From the dumb herd we differenc'd are by this.
Profounder knowledge therefore only ſprings
In us, made capable of heavenly things.
To learn and practiſe arts, 'tis we have power,
Deriving ſenſe from the Celeſtial tow'r:
Which creatures that to earth look downward *want*;
To them *the world's great* Architect *did grant*
Life *only*; *life and ſoul to us he gave*,
That mutual love might ſuccours *give* and *crave*.

Man ordain'd for ſociety.

Collect into a *people* men diſpers'd,
Leave hollow trees, where mankind firſt convers'd.
Build houſes, joyn to ours anothers *Lares*,
Sleep ſafe, confiding in our neighbours cares.

Protect

Protect our brother, ſtaggering with his wound,
Or ſain; charge at the trumpets common ſound;
Defend our ſelves with the ſame works and ſorts,
And be with one key lockt within the Ports.
But now at far more concord Serpents are,
The *Panther* yet his ſpotted *kind* will ſpare,
A *Lions* bloud what ſtronger *Lion* ſpills?
A *Bore*, what *Bore*, whoſe tusks are ſharper, kills?
The *Indian Tigreſſes* firm peace enjoy,
No curſt Bears one another will deſtroy;
But *Man*, when on the wicked anvil laid,
He fatal Iron malleable made,
Rakes, hooks and plough-ſhares, would not him content,
Till the more skilfull *Smith* did *ſwords* invent.
We ſee men that unſatisfi'd remain
With *killing* men, unleſs they *eat* the ſlain.
To theſe foul monſters what would he not ſay,
Or to what place would he not fly away,
If now *Pythagoras* their diet view'd?
Who of all *creatures*, heav'n with life indu'd,
Ev'n as of *man*, did th'eating diſavow,
Nor to his belly would *all* (g) *herbs* allow.

No creature deſtroys his own *kind* but degenerate Man.

Swords invented.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The fifteenth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(*a*) VErſe 1. *Voluſus Bithynicus*] The man to whom he directs this Satyr.

(*b*) Ver. 2. *Crocodile*] A Serpent, that from an Egge (like a Gooſe-Egge) grows to be 20 or 21 Cubits long; ſeeing clearly *under water*; on the *Land*, dull-ſighted, having no tongue at all, which ſleeping open mouthed is killed by the *Ichneumon*, a little Bird, that, hopping into her mouth, paſſes down her throat, and comes out at her tail. The *Tentyrites* abhorred and *killed* the *Crocodile* (ſayes *Pliny* and *Strabo*,) Therefore I may ſafely conclude the *Combites worſhipt the Crocodile*, and killed the Serpent-killer, *Ibis*.

(*c*) Ver. 4. *Ibis*] A Bird not unlike a Stork, ſaving that ſhe is all black, with legs like a Crane, and a hooked beak. The ridiculous *Egyptians* (they are *Cicero's* words *de natura deorum*) deifie no *Monſter*, but ſuch, from which they receive a *benefit*, as the *Ibes*, that *kill* infinites of *Serpents*, in as much as they are tall Birds of hard Thighes, and a long horned Beak; Theſe Birds prevent a Plague in *Ægypt*, by deſtroying *Snakes* which the Eaſt wind blows from off the vaſt Sands of *Lybia*: Theſe the *Ibes* both *kill* and *eat*, from whence it comes, that alive the Serpents hurt not by their *biting*, nor *dead* by their *ſmell*.

(*d*) Verſe 5. Half *Memnon*] For th'other half of *Memnon's*

Memnon's ſtatue or *Coloſſus* was ſhaken down with an Earth-quake; the remaining half being one of the *Wonders* of the *world* (ſayes *Pliny*,) ſtands in the Temple of *Serapis*, which ſtruck by the Sun-beams (it ſeems like a Lute with a Pecten or Bruſh) played ſtrains of *vocal Muſick*; This *ſtanding part Strabo* ſayes he *ſaw*, and both he and many others *heard* it, about one in the afternoon, yield a ſound; When *Cambyſes* deſtroyed the hundred gated *Thebes*, he cauſed this ſtatue to be *opened*, imagining ſome Mechanick ſpring and wheels to be within, but found nothing; from which time, the *ſound* was thought to be *Magical*, neither the *cauſe* nor *Author* appearing, yet the *Coloſſus* ſounding, though opened.

(*e*) Ver. 9. The Hound] *Anubis*, Son to *Iſis*, and *Oſiris*; who in his life time gave the *Hound* for his *Arms*, and after his death was adored in the figure of a *Hound*; which made *Egypt* ſo Religious towards Dogs, that if a Dog died, the whole Family *ſhaved* themſelves, which was their greateſt expreſſion of mourning; yet notwithſtanding their devotion to the *Hound*, they valued not *Diana* the *Patroneſs* of *Hunting*.

(*f*) Ver. 11. A Leek or Onion] Wherein, they conceived, there muſt needs be a *deity*, becauſe they croſt the influences of the *Moon*, *decreaſing* when ſhe *encreaſed*, and *growing* when ſhe *wained*. *Pliny*.

(*g*) Ver. 15. Sheep] The Prieſts of *Ægypt*, of fleſhmeats, did eat only *Calf* and *Gooſe*. *Diodorus lib.* 2.

(*h*) V. 18. *Alcinous*] King of the *Phæacks*, whoſe Son finding *ulyſſes* ſhipwrackt, brought him to his Father, to whom at ſupper *ulyſſes* diſcourſed his voyage, and among other paſſages told a ſtory like this of *Juvenals*, *viz.* That *Polyphemus* and *Antiphates* devour'd his Companions, which as the Poet conceives, ſeemed ſo incredible and ridiculous a *lie* to ſome *Phæacks* at the table, that he wonders how the Relator ſcaped with his life.

(*i*) Ver. 22. Worthy a true *Charybdis*] For abuſing them with a falſe *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and thoſe meneating *Cyclops* and *Sicilian Cannibals* the *Læſtrigons* and *Leontine Pyrates*.

(*k*) V. 24. The Lye] *Juvenal* makes the ſober *Phæacks* reaſon

reaſon with himſelf, that ſooner, then to believe the *Læſtrigons* eat *mans fleſh*, he can give credit to all the reſt of *Ulyſſes's lies*, viz. that *Sylla* barkt, the *Cyan* rocks on each ſide the *Thracian Boſphorus* met, that *Neptune* filled him bladders with wind, and *Circe* turned his *mates* to *ſwine*.

(*l*) Ver. 30. *Corcyræan*] Wine of *Corcyra* now *Corfu*, an Iſle of the *Phæacks*.

(*m*) Ver. 33. *Junius*] *Junius Sabinus*, *Conſul* with *Domitian Cæſar*.

(*n*) Ver. 34. *Coptus*] A Town of *Ægypt*, where there is no *Rain*, therefore no *Cloud* to keep the Sun from ſcorching.

(*o*) Ver. 37. *Pyrrha*] Since *Deucalion* reſtored the drowned world, or according to the Poets own expreſſion, *Sat.* 1. Since naked maids to men wiſe *Pyrrha* ſhow'd.

(*p*) Ver. 40. *Tentyrites*] From whoſe Town in *Ægypt*, there ſtretches an *Iſthmus* into the red Sea, ſo as it was uſually inhabited by almoſt as many *Arabians* as *Egyptians*, the City adoring the *Serpent-deſtroying Ibis*, and ſcorning the *Crocodile* worſhipped by the *Combites*.

(*q*) Ver. 46. High-wayes] It ſeems thoſe *Combites* which the Temple of the Crocodile would not hold, yet drank drunk in honour of that Goddeſs, ſetting their beds and Tables in high wayes.

(*r*) Ver. 51. Know I] This knowledge of *Juvenals* makes very much for the argument of the next *Satyr*, and that ſtory in his life, which relates to his baniſhment into *Egypt*, procured by the honourable name of a Colonel of foot.

(*s*) Ver. 52 Lewd *Canopus*] Of the Lewdneſs of this Town, read *Sat.* 6. v. 90.

(*t*) Ver. 72. *Ajax*] Who was able to wield a mighty ſtone in his ſingle combate with *Hector*; as *Turnus* and *Diomed* likewiſe were in their duels with *Æneas*; the race of men being not *quite ſhrunk* in ſtature, but yet *ſhrinking* in *Homers* dayes.

(*u*) Ver. 79. Muſt laugh] The gods (that gave *aſſiſtance* to the *Gallant* and ſtrong-limb d *Hector* and *Æneas*, when

when they fought Combats) cannot but *laugh* to ſee the preſent *Race* of *mutinous dwarfs* murder one another.

(*x*) Ver. 83. Palm-trees] The *Tentyrites* being ſeated among groves of *Palm-trees*.

(*y*) V. 102. *Biſcaners*] People of *Spain*, that beſieged the *Roman* Generals, *Pompey* and *Metellus*, were reduced to that extream neceſſity as the *living* did eat the *dead*, *Florus lib.3.c.22. Val.Max. l.7.c.6. Oros. l.5.c.13.*

(*a*) Ver. 120. *Biſcane Stoicks*] The Poet ſays it is no wonder though the *Tarracon Spaniards* the *Biſcaners*, ſhould have eaten mans fleſh without neceſſity, they having never heard of *Philoſophy* in the dayes of old *Metellus*, and therefore might be excuſed if they had tranſgreſſed againſt the *rules* of *nature*; but in *his age* he held it *inexcuſable* to be *barbarous* or baſe, when not only the *Greeks* at *Athens* read the Precepts of the *Stoick Zeno* (that held it fitter for a man to die then violate the *Law* of *Nature*,) but when Sciences were ſtudied even in the moſt uncivilized Country of *Britain* and the *Orcades*: Yet in my opinion *Zeno*, *Seneca* nor any of the *Stoicks*, could expreſs it in better terms then *Juvenal* does in *Sat.* 8.

Think it the greateſt crime,
Should'ſt thou to ſave thy breath, thy honour ſpend,
And forfeit for thy life, lifes chiefeſt end.

(*b*) Ver. 226. *Saguntine*] The Inhabitants of *Saguntum* in *Spain* beſieged by *Hannibal* againſt the Articles of the *Roman League*, and brought to ſo great a famine as to eat the bodies of their dead; and when they had no more dead left, they caus'd a pile of wood to be raiſed in the Market-place, where they burned thir goods, and themſelves to a man; This ſiege againſt the league, occaſioned the *ſecond Punick War*, that ruined *faithleſs Carthage*.

(*c*) Ver. 130. *Mæotis*] In the *Taurick Cherſoneſus*, a *peninſula* in *Europe*, lying upon the fens of *Mæotis*, was the *barbarous ceremony* of ſacrificing ſtrangers to *Diana*, which continued till the time of *Pylades*; that pretended himſelf to be *Oreſtes*, that he might be ſacrific'd for his friend, facing out *Oreſtes* that he was *Pylades*; but *Iphigenia* being the Prieſteſs (who ſhould once herſelf have been

been ſacrificed to *Diana* in *Aulis*, as I have formerly noted, but was preſerved by the Goddeſſes favour, who placed a Hind in her ſtead) now imitating *Diana*, ſtole away her *Goddeſs*, and went with her brother *Oreſtes* into *Italy*, and inſtead of ſacrificing him, preſerved him.

(*d*) Ver. 138. *Nile*] This River was the *Ægyptian* Heaven. See *Pliny Panegyrick*, *p.*19. *Ægypt* ſo gloried in cheriſhing and multiplying ſeed, as if it were not at all indebted to the *Rain* and *Heaven*, being alwayes watered with her *own* River, nor farned with any other kind of water, but what was poured forth by the *Earth* it ſelf, yet was it cloathed with ſo much Corn, that it might (as it were eternally) vie harveſts with the fruitfulleſt parts of the whole world.

(*e*) Ver. 140. *Cimbrian*] The *Danes* and the *Holſatians*, horrid indeed and terrible to the *Romans*, for they were overthrown by theſe *Cimbrians* in three battels, and had probably been *their ſlaves*, if *Marius* had not riſen from a plough-man and *Carpenter*, to be a *General* and Conquerer, See *Sat.* 8. ver. 320. Who did alone the trembling ſtate protect.

(*f*) V. 158. Myſterious] It was the cuſtome in chuſing the chief Prieſt of *Ceres*, to give him a torch burning in his hand, which if it kept lighted when they ran at full ſpeed, they were choſen; if it went out, they were rejected.

(*g*) Ver. 195. All herbs] For *Pythagoras* forbad his ſect the eating of Beans.

The

The ſixteenth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The great Court favorite, Paris, *ſells*
The Major's *place and* Colonel's,
Whoſe parts oth' ſtage he lately play'd.
For writing this, the Author's made
A Colonel *in ſpight, and ſent*
To Ægypt *with his Regiment.*
Where now the difference he records
Of People, wearing Gowns *and* Swords.

A *Souldier's priviledges* who can tell? Souldiers of fortune.
For, *Gallus*, in the Camp if all go well,
I land young valour by a happy Star.
There is an hour in fate more powerful far,
Than if to Mars *her Letter* Venus *write,*
Or (a) Juno *pleas'd when ſandy* Samians *fight.*
The *common benefits* let's firſt repeat;
'Tis ſomething that no *gown-man* dare thee beat, Souldiers priviledges
Nay if thou beat him, he puts up the blow, Gown mens
Nor ſtruck out teeth dare to the *(b) Prætor* ſhow, ſlavery.
Nor the black lump of his ſwoln face reveal,
Or eyes, no Surgeon undertakes to heal.
The armed Judge, that muſt thy wrongs repair
With ſhooes and great bootes hanging at his chair;
Obſerves *Camillus* his *old Martial Laws,*
And lets no Souldier to defend his cauſe

Go forth the trenches, or his colours leave,
A Souldiers wrong their Captains soon perceive;
A gown man if righted by the General is beat by the Souldiers. And give me satisfaction too he must,
In case the ground of my complaint be just;
But the whole *Regiment* will be quit with me,
My foes each *private company* will be.
The right you do me, you are sure to make
More grievous, then the wrong I would not take:
It were to be as desperate an ass,
As *Mutina's* Oratour (*d*) *Vagellus* was,
Against *two thighs, thousands* to move to wrath
With Bootes and Spurs; who so ill breeding hath,
He must be a gallant man dares give testimony against a Souldier in the field. Then who so much a (*e*) *Pylades*, to lend
Assistance in an army to his *friend?*
Let's wipe our eyes, nor go about to use
Men, that we know will but themselves excuse.
If the Judge puts the question, who was by
When thou wer't hurt, the witness that says, I,
Be what he will, his *hair*, in my esteem,
And *beard* might our *great* (*f*) *Ancestors* beseem.
A Souldier 'gainst a gown man, if he please,
May a false witness *bring, with much more ease,*
Then a poor Gown-man, if he shall pursue
A guilty souldier, can produce a true.
Other Prerogatives observe we now,
Appendent to the Military (*g*) vow.
If shamelesly my Neighbour-Souldier claime
A piece of ground, that bears my fathers name,
Or shall the sacred (*h*) bounder-stone dig out,
To which all my fore-fathers were devout,
I likewise, yearly, offring to the soil
My first-fruits, of Pulse, Honey, Meal and Oyl.
If, being my debtour, he not only stand
Dallying to pay me, but forsware his hand;
The delays of any suits commenced against Souldiers. We wait, till all the people be call'd in:
'Tis a whole year before our suite begin,
And then, a thousand stops, a thousand stays,
Sometimes the usher, but the cusheon lays;
His gown on, smooth (*i*) *Cælitius* having got,
And old Judge (*k*) *Fuscus*, us'd the Chamber-pot,

The

The Court's up, when we ſhould to pleading go,
within the Lawyers liſts, the fight is ſlow.
But he that wears a ſword and belt, may uſe
His pleaſure, and his day of hearing chuſe.
Nor is his ſuite in danger to be ſtopt,
Or with the trigs of long demurrers propt.
Then, Law the freedom to a Souldier gives,
To make his Will, while yet his father *(l)* lives;
For, what his ſervice in the Wars hath got,
Unto his ſtock of wealth belongeth not,
Of which his father wholly may diſpoſe.
Coranus therefore, that ſo wealthy grows
By th' ſtandard-bearer's place, his trembling father
Sends preſents to, juſt induſtry did gather
His wealth, and that's his own which he that earn'd
The *Gen'ral* ſure in honour is concern'd,
That he ſhould be moſt *rich* that is moſt *ſtout*,
That all may *trapt*, and all *elinguant* march out.

Souldiers buſineſs ſoon diſpatcht.

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The ſixteenth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

(*a*) VErſe 6. *Juno*] Who had *Mars* by *Jove*, or ſome ſay, without a husband; her chiefeſt Temple was in the ſandy *Jonian Iſland* of *Samos*.

(*b*) V. 10. *Prætor*] The *Lord chief Juſtice*, whe would not hear any complaint againſt a Souldier, that being proper for the *Centurion*, or *armed Judge*, which the Poet preſently deſcribes.

(*c*) Ver. 15. *Camillus*] The *Dictator Camillus* made a Law, at the ſiege of *Veia*, that no Souldier ſhould be compelled to leave his Colours for any ſuit in Law.

(*d*) Verſ. 26. *Vagellus*] A fooliſh Orator of *Mutina*, (now *Meodena*) in *Italy*, who would undertake to patronize any cauſe, without examination of perſons or right.

(*e*) Ver. 29. *Pylades*] Friend to *Oreſtes*, that would needs die for him, as is noted in the precedent Sat.

(*f*) Ver. 36. Great Anceſtors] Thoſe *old Romans*, that feared no death in a juſt cauſe.

(*g*) Ver. 42. Vow] The Oath to the General.

(*h*) Ver. 45. Bounderſtone] The God *Terminus* or the *bounderſtone*, was yearly ſacrificed unto, with the firſt fruits the ſoil afforded; even the very *Heathens*, by the *light* of *nature*, holding a crime committed herein to the wrong of any man, to be the *greateſt* of all *ſacriledge*: from hence came that *fable* all the *Gods* gave *place* to *Jove*, only *Terminus* excepted.

(*i*) Ver.

(i) Verſe 55. *Cæditius*] A Lawyer, that came in quirpo to the Bar, fearing to over-ſweat himſelf.

(k) Ver. 56. *Fuſcus*] *Martial* noted him for a drunkard, and (it ſeems) he taught his wife to drink off that great bowl, Sat. 12. ver. 52. that held five gallons, worthy to be brought to thirſty *Pholus*, *Fuſcus* his wives daughter.

(l) Ver. 64. Lives] No Son, *in poteſtate Patris*, who had not been *emancipated* by his Father, could give away any thing by his *will*, only the Souldier excepted, who might freely diſpoſe of all he had got in ſervice, which made *Coranus* like a common Captator or Legacy-monger court his own Son, with preſents of food, in hope be made his *Sons Heir*, if the *wars* that had enriched him, ſhould make the *old man* the longer liver.

FINIS.

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